Catholic Biographies.

VOL. I.

ALMA COLLEGE
270.04
LIBRARY
N917
Alma, California

PARISH LIBRARY
St. Joseph's Church
SAN JOSE
ALMA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
Alma, California

LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1897.

4446

The Biographies forming this Volume can be had separately, price One Penny each.

PARISH LIBRARY
St. Joseph's Church,
SAN JOSE - CALIF.

CONTENTS.

St. Patrick. By the Very Rev. Canon Arthur Ryan.

St. George. By the Rev. J. W. Reeks.

St. Bede. By the late Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

B. Thomas More. By the late Hon. Justice O'Hagan.

Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.

Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.

St. Columba. By the Rev. J. Golden.

Uniform with this volume, price One Shilling.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES.

VOL. II. Ven. Philip Howard. By G. Ambrose Lee.
B. John Fisher. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
Miss Catherine Boys. By the Rev. Ambrose St. John.
The English Martyrs. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
B. Edmund Campion. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
St. Alphonsus Liguori. By a Redemptorist Father.
St. Francis of Sales. By the Very Rev. Canon Mackey.

VOL. III. Leo XIII. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
St. Peter Claver. By the Rev. Fr. Sola, S.J.
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. John Berchmans. By the same.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the same.
St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.
St. Augustine. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
St. Benedict. By the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.

VOL. IV. Archbishop Ullathorne.
Dame Marion Boyd. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
St. Philip Neri. By G. Ambrose Lee.
B. Clement Hotbauer. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. J. Prendergast, O.S.F.
Ven. Margaret Clitheroe. By the Rev. A. B. Gurdon.
Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.
St. Columbanus. By the Rev. John Golden.

VOL. V. Ven. Julie Billiart.
Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.
Franz Witt. By H. S. Butterfield.
St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies.
Father Mathew. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
Brother Giles and Brother Juniper.
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the V. Rev. Canon Connelly.
Mary Howitt. By James Britten, K.S.G.

VOL. VI. Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Ven. Oliver Plunket. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
St. Brigid. By Mrs. Atkinson.
St. Ignatius Loyola. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Father Olivaint, a Martyr of the Commune.
St. Vincent Ferrer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
B. Juvenal Ancina. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.

VOL. VII. The Curé d'Ars. By Lady Herbert.
St. Catherine of Siena.
St. Vincent de Paul. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Frederick Ozanam. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
St. Aloysius. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Zita. By Lady Herbert.
Sœur Rosalie. By the same.
St. Cuthbert. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
And three other volumes.

St. Patrick,

Apostle of Ireland.

BY THE VERY REV. CANON RYAN.

(373 - 493)

ST. PATRICK lived through the fifth century of the Christian era, and died within a few years of its close. It was a time of wonders and of wonderworkers; yet his marvellous life-span of a hundred and twenty years was even then without a rival, while his miracles stood unapproached by the most astounding even of that age.* Roman Imperial civilization had done its work as a channel of Christianity, and, like its own mighty aqueducts which had brought for centuries the pure mountain waters to the thirsty multitudes, was now falling into picturesque decay. In the west, in Gaul and Britain, the Cross, which had advanced with the Roman eagles, fell back with them when they retired. The scattered Christians that remained when the Legions had

* A short Life like this allows no room for controversy, or for such archæological disquisitions as naturally find a place in fuller and more learned works. I have, however, admitted nothing into the text which has not respectable authority to support it, or which does not seem to throw light on the character of the Saint. In the matter of dates and places, I have, I think, nearly always gone with the majority of writers on St. Patrick. My aim has been to give a life of the Apostle of Ireland which will be quickly and easily read by his simple and loving children, and which will give them the result, in a brief and popular form, of a long and, be it confessed, a somewhat sad experience of Patrician literature.

retreated, were either lapsing into heresy, or were being swallowed up in the wave of triumphant barbarism rolling from the north. But the same Providence that let loose that avenging flood upon the sullied Empire, was not without a care for His own. As the Frank and the Goth pushed into the fertile lands of Italy, other conquerors as mighty rose in the lands those had left. Saintly heroes were given by God to the stricken peoples, and by Him strengthened with the power which is made perfect in infirmity. It was one who had first served in the Imperial armies who, as a soldier of Christ, was afterwards to plant more firmly than ever in Gaul, the Cross amid the ruins of the Roman Province: and St. Martin proved his divine commission by miracles. Such was, with the Apostles of those days, the ordinary providence of God. The dialectics of Ambrose, or Leo, or Augustine, would have had little significance for the savage hordes of Huns and Teutons that surged over the deserted provinces, and settled to feast on their fatness.

It was the time for the wonder-worker. And God sent him, with a hand strong to rouse or calm the forces of nature, gifted with life and death. The powers of evil were let loose upon him that he might triumph over their attacks: angelic presences surrounded him to attest his mission, guard his work, and be his messengers. Such manifestations were expected by the rude Europeans of those days. They have ever been looked for by the rude and simple of every age and clime, as charters of the preacher's right to speak with the authority of God. Martin, with his mission to a race then settling in a land where Christianity still survived in the broken traditions as in the ruined fanes of Rome, was less in need of that power of miracle than would be an apostle sent to a land in which Christianity had never found a foot-hold, and which Rome had never cared or dared to colonize. Such an apostle was St. Patrick, kinsman and disciple of St. Martin, sent to the Irish

people unregenerate to Christ, unconquered and untainted by Rome: and so it is that we should expect to find him, as indeed we do, gifted far beyond the Apostle of the Gauls with that power of wonder-working which, while it is the glory and the fondly nursed tradition of his children in the Faith, is also the scandal and the mockery of his enemies and theirs. We enter, therefore, on his holy and assuredly most marvellous life, prepared to find it as unlike the records of modern saintliness as his mission and his times are unlike what we are now acquainted and in sympathy with, and also—let it be written in thankfulness, not in pride—as the blessed success of his work in Ireland, through fourteen centuries, is unlike that of any other apostle's work among any other people, in the annals of the Christian Church.*

St. Patrick was a Gallo-Roman. By his mother, Concessa, he was closely related to St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, whose disciple he afterwards became. His father, Calphurnius, was, the Saint tells us, a Roman officer of good family. It seems a fairly established fact that Concessa had been in her youth, as her son was afterwards, carried into slavery; and that it was from this state that Calphurnius, won by her beauty and virtue, rescued her to make her his wife. So it was by one who had been a slave, and the son of a slave, that the Gospel was preached to a people who were for many a century to know the sorrows of servitude, and amid those sorrows to prepare for better days. The date of St. Patrick's birth was A.D. 372. The place of his birth, as in the

* Tillemont, as a rule a cautious chronicler, likens St. Patrick to the Prophets of the Old Law, and to the Apostles who, in the grace and power of Pentecost, first spread the faith of Christ. Certainly it is only in the records of the very greatest of God's saints that we can find parallels for the miracles commemorated in every page of St. Patrick's history, and in every tradition concerning him. It is in such company alone that his Life should be read and his traditions interpreted. What is in perfect perspective there, would, at a lower level, appear monstrous and absurd.

case of some of the greatest saints and heroes that have lived, is a question of much uncertainty.*

A miracle is said to have signalized the child's baptism. If so, it was a fitting opening for a miraculous life. The blind and aged priest failed to find water for the sacrament. Illuminated as to the future sanctity of the babe, the old man signed, with the infant's hand, a cross upon the ground. A spring of water at once burst up, in which the babe was baptized, and the blind eyes were washed and made to see. The wonder would indeed have been if God had not shown some such sign at the baptism of one who was to be the baptismal fountain-head of an entire race, and whose life was to be one of almost unceasing miracle. The child was, it seems, christened by the name of Succat. Patricius, or Patrick, the name so dear to-day to millions, was the gift of the Pope, and the Saint had reached the age of sixty before he received it from Pope Celestine, together with his commission to preach the Gospel in Ireland.†

* The principal claimants are Scotland and France: Dumbarton in the former, Boulogne in the latter. "North Britain," "by the shores of the Irish sea," "not far from the Western Sea;" these expressions of our Saint's earliest biographers may refer to the Island of Britain, or to the North-West of Gaul, then often called Britain, and, in our own day, Brittany. "At Banaven, in the territory of Tabernia, my father dwelt, and I was taken prisoner there." This is St. Patrick's own account in his *Confession*. But where Banaven or Tabernia may be, who can say? Some may be inclined to accept the conjecture of the eloquent author of *The Light of the West*, who, while allowing northern Gaul to be St. Patrick's birthplace, fixes on Whitehaven—English for the Celtic Ban or Bawn Haven—in Cumberland on the shore of the Irish or Western Sea, as the place where his father was stationed when the pirates made their slave-raid and took the boy with his sister into captivity. His *patria*, to which in his *Confession* he alludes so tenderly, would then be Gallic Britain, or the modern Brittany. In comparison with that distant home, the island of his captivity and of his apostolate would be indeed the "furthest end of the earth," an expression which could scarcely be used of Ireland by a native of Scotland.

† St. Palladius, our Saint's predecessor, had also received the name of Patrick when Pope Celestine sent him to Ireland.

To those accustomed to read the lives of the Saints in the Divine Office of the Catholic Church, it will be no matter for wonder, and still less for doubt, that the holy boyhood of Patrick is described, by all who write of it, as rich in miracles. It is the delight of the Creator to be with the children of men, and we seem to see Him, as He has Himself said, *ludens in orbe terrarum*, playing, as it were, with His own works, the Father condescending to be a child among His children. In the very ancient Tripartite Life, written by St. Evin,* we read of "many prodigies and miracles wrought by Patrick through his youth," of which only "a few out of many" are there recorded. By the sign of the Cross,—ever Patrick's strength and comfort from youth to extreme old age—the boy healed his wounded sister, and changed water into honey. By his breath—to bring in after years the comfort of faith and love into many a soul—he kindled a frozen hearth into flame. His young hands, destined to be so often raised in potent prayer to heaven for the distressed, stayed the devastating flood, raised the stricken cattle, and, when times were bad, paid his nurse's rent with curds and butter miraculously drawn from the drifted snow: which miracle was wrought, it would seem, for the poor woman's sake alone, for when the payment had been made, the curds and butter melted back again into the snow from which they came. But far more clearly than even the gift of miracles was the boy's

Moreover, one of St. Patrick's holiest and most trusted disciples was "Sen," that is Senior, Patrick, and he was, like his master, singularly gifted with the power of miracles. Some confusion has naturally arisen between three Patricks whose missions lay so close to one another. But the hearts of the Irish have never swerved, nor given a divided allegiance to him who alone can claim the title of Apostle of Ireland. The heart of a Catholic people is never much at fault, though the heads of even the pious and learned may, at times, get very much astray.

* St. Evin was probably a contemporary of St. Patrick. The place of Evin's minster, or monastery, is familiar to us under its modern name of Monasterevan.

sanctity foretold by his astonishing humility. So utterly did he despise himself in those young days, so far did he deem himself from God, and from all true religious obedience and observance, that in his *Confession*, written by him a hundred years after, he still holds the same opinion of himself, unchanged, and renews against himself the abasement and reproaches of his youth. When we remember his sanctity and gifts, we can hardly understand—unless, indeed, we recall the language of St Paul against himself—such passages as these: "I knew not the true God, and I was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men as we deserved; for we had forsaken God, and had not kept His commandments, and were disobedient to the priests, who admonished us for our salvation . . . and the Lord showed me my unbelief . . . and had pity on my youth and ignorance." Such humility in Patrick is more to our edification than even his wonder-working. It is of such as he there showed himself to be that the Scripture says: "He hath done wonderful things in his life." And *such* wonder-working all may strive to imitate.

Patrick was sixteen years of age when, in the year 388, he was carried into captivity. Perhaps it was, as we have seen, on the coast of Cumberland that the pirates took him from his father's home: or, possibly on the coast of Brittany. They sailed "around Erin, northwards, until they landed in the north." The lad was sold to Milcho, the chief of North Dalraida. The words of the *Confession* give simply and graphically a picture of the young captive's life: "After I had come to Ireland, I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God, and His faith and fear, grew in me, and my spirit was stirred; so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same; so that I remained in the woods and upon the mountains, and before the dawn I was called to pray by the snow, the ice, and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me

as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

Such generous prayer and penance had its own reward from Him who never suffers Himself to be outdone in generosity. God sent His angel, Victor, down to the lonely shepherd on Mount Slemish, to give him the strength and comfort that he could no longer draw from priest or sacrament; and to show him in vision, from that northern mountain-side, the future glories of Erin. May we not hope that St. Patrick has been often moved by the memories of those days to give like aid to his lonely children in their exile, where the cruellest part of their cruel lot has been their banishment from the helps and comfort of the religion of their far-off home?

For six years the captive suffered and prayed, and at last his day of emancipation came. A voice from Heaven told him to go to that beloved *patria* which he so longed to see. "'Behold, the ship is ready.' And the place was not near, but perhaps about two hundred miles away, and I had never been there, nor did I know any one who lived there." So writes the Saint in his *Confession*. He goes on to relate how, having found the ship, and being refused a passage, he had recourse to his never-failing prayer: the shipmaster relented, sent for him, and carried him to Gaul. His companions soon reaped the benefit of their kindness. Their provisions failed, but Patrick's prayer brought abundance again, while, with the Word of God, he fed their hungry souls. After a terrible assault from the Evil One, who strove to crush him as he slept, and after a second brief captivity of two months—a not uncommon experience of travellers by sea and land in those days—he reached his journey's end. He had left Erin a fugitive to return a conqueror. The long eight-and-thirty years now before him were to be spent in preparing in the homes of penance, prayer and learning, for that mission of conquest.

St. Martin was then Bishop of Tours. The aged

man, who had been consecrated bishop the very year before Patrick's birth, welcomed his kinsman to his monastic home at Marmoutier, by the Loire. There, in a rock bound spot, hard by that rapid river, the Bishop had planted his monastery. No high-soaring towers or pointed gables in those days, but only the huts and caves of the monks of the East. And well must the new-freed captive from Erin have loved that quiet home of peaceful austerity, and deep must he have drunk of that monastic spirit which was afterwards to be poured forth in fullest abundance upon the island in the west. Here the Saint vowed a life-long abstinence from flesh-meat; and if his pious Irish children are even to this day singular in their devotion to this form of penance, they can defend their conduct against modern effeminacy by a reference to their Apostle's vigour during his hundred and twenty years. But Marmoutier was soon bereft of its saintly founder. The aged Bishop died, illustrious by a life of sanctity and miracle, and leaving a disciple who was to carry back to the Irish people the devotion to St. Martin, the savour of St. Martin's virtue, and a love for St. Martin's day.

It was, probably, in the hermitage of Marmoutier that Patrick saw in vision the angel Victor, his companion on the heights of Slemish, who came to him with God's message and mission. "And I read the commencement of the epistle containing 'the voice of the Irish.' And as I read aloud the beginning of the letter, I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Foclut, which is near the western sea. And they cried out: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us.' And my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more." Thus doubly called, by God and man, our Saint set himself to his long thirty years' preparation for the apostolate.

St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, was Patrick's guide, teacher, and friend after the death of St. Martin. It

was he who perhaps, of all men living, had the greatest share in forming the religious character of our Saint. There is, in the accounts that reach us of the saintly Bishop of Auxerre, a masculine courage and a sweet but firm ruling power, which seem to have been inherited by his disciple. The records of Patrick's life as student, monk, and priest, are scanty. Probus tells us how he spent the years with St. Germanus "in patience, obedience, charity, and chastity, in sanctity of heart and soul." From Auxerre he went to the famous Monastery of Lerins, near the present town of Cannes, on the Mediterranean Sea. Some thirty years before, that island had no trace of man upon it save the ruins of a pagan temple, round whose mouldering walls the vipers swarmed in such multitudes as to render human habitation impossible. One day a solitary anchoret, Honoratus by name, landed on its shore. At his prayer, and before his industry, the poisonous reptiles fled. Hermits soon crossed over to join the lonely islander: gradually the fame of Lerins spread: and at the date when Patrick seeks its shore, the island of serpents has come to be called the nursery of saints and scholars. Strange biding-place for him who on that balmy southren isle was to nourish in his heart the sanctity and learning that was to purge the reptiles from distant Erin, and to make her, away there in the wild Atlantic, another and a grander island of saints and scholars. It is touching to read, in the monastic records of those days, the expressions of passionate attachment towards that "happy island" of Lerins. St. Cæsarius died blessing it. Hearts detached from all else on earth clung fondly to the memories of what seemed to them an earthly Paradise. And there are few spots on earth more sacred to a lover of St. Patrick, since perhaps there was no other, save Erin, dearer to his heart.

From Lerins we learn that our Saint visited Rome, and pursued for some time his studies in the great College of the Lateran. And so the years wear on. Patrick

is still young in heart, still preparing for his life-work, though he is approaching his sixtieth year. St. Germanus, his aged friend and guide, sent by the Pope to Britain to attack in its stronghold there the heresy of Pelagius, calls Patrick to assist him. There is little more than the mere fact recorded. But surely it is a most interesting one—that the island which was to receive so much of its earliest that of its latest Catholicity from Ireland, should have been the field of the first missionary labours of the Irish Apostle. And perhaps there is a blessing too in the thought of Patrick's feet having hallowed a land from which so much sorrow has come to his children. He has shown in his life how sanctity may ripen in years of servitude, and how a saint may repay a hard master by bringing, in return for slavery and oppression, the light and freedom of truth.

It was probably from his work with St. Germanus in Britain, that Patrick was sent to Rome. Palladius, Archdeacon of Rome, had been commissioned by Pope Celestine to preach the Gospel to the Irish. Where could he find a better helper than Patrick? So thought St. Germanus; and he sent our Saint with a priest, Segetius, to the Pope, recommending him as "a strong husbandman, well fitted for cultivating the harvest of the Lord." "O Lord Jesus," prayed the holy missioner, "lead me, I beseech Thee, to the seat of the Holy Roman Church, that receiving authority there to preach with confidence Thy sacred truths, the Irish nation may, through my ministry, be gathered to the fold of Christ." And now the hope of long years is about to be realized. The call of the Irish children is to be at last answered. Patrick receives from the Pope, the fountain-head of all authority in the Church, the commission to preach the Word of God in Erin. Hurrying back towards what was his "Isle of Destiny," his Innisfail, he hears of the death of Palladius. He turns back, in consequence, to receive the episcopal consecration, which he now requires as the Apostle of Ireland. At Eboria, in Northern Italy, the

modern Ivrea, by the command, and it would seem in presence, of the Pope, and at the hands of St. Maximus, Bishop of Turin, Patrick was consecrated. The Christian Emperor Theodosius is said to have assisted, as well as the Pope, at the ceremony which, could the secrets of the future have been revealed, would have filled both Church and Empire that day with gladness.*

It was the year 432. The Fathers of Ephesus had proclaimed against Nestorius the doctrine of the Incarnation, and the honours of the Virgin Mother of God; and St. Celestine, as successor of St. Peter, had just confirmed the decrees of the Council. Eastward to Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, westward to Patrick, Bishop of Ireland, the holy Pope sent his blessing to those who were through the whole earth to champion the honours and spread the name of Jesus and Mary. With the joy and strength of that blessing on him, and in the springtime of that auspicious year, our holy Patrick sailed for Erin. Some rays of Christian light had long years before pierced the pagan darkness of that island, but they had faded away. The mission of Palladius, short as it was, was long enough to be pronounced a failure. And now, when Patrick, after his thirty-years' absence, stepped again on Irish soil, it seemed as though he too would fail. He had gone ashore at the lovely spot where, flowing from the wooded Wicklow mountains, the river Dargle breaks the coast-line at Bray. The Leinster men of those parts would not hear him. They had driven away the first Patrick: the second should go too. So the Saint sailed out again, and landed a little to the south of the Boyne, in fertile Meath. Here a boy came on the Saint while he slept. Struck with love and veneration for the old man, he culled sweet flowers, and strewed them on the sleeper; nor would he afterwards

* The first Irish "Patrick," Palladius, being no more, our Saint received from the Pope his name as well as his mission: a name to be borne through many labours for sixty years, and through honour and invocation for all time.

depart, but clave to Patrick from that day. "He will be the heir of my kingdom," said the Saint; and the prophecy was fulfilled when, years after, Benignus, as the boy was called, succeeded his master as Bishop of Armagh. Again sailing northwards, Patrick, together with his followers—some, probably, the fellow-workers or disciples of Palladius—landed at Strangford Lough, in Down. There he miraculously stayed the arm of the fierce Dichu, who would have slain him; and as miraculously softened his heart, and opened his mind to the love and light of Christianity. Dichu was the first of Patrick's converts, the first to succumb to that power of miracle which was, by the Providence of God, to prepare the way in Ireland for the Gospel of Peace. From Down our Saint again sailed north. The hills and vales of Antrim, the scene of his sufferings and prayers, where, close on half a century before, he had folded his flock upon the heights of Slemish—these must he see. He must save, too, if they will be saved, those whom he knew in those far-off days. Tradition tells us that the aged Milcho, consumed with avarice and remorse, perished miserably by his own hands before the Saint could reach him. His children however became Christians, and died in the odour of sanctity. The historian naturally lingers over these dim records—the first glimmerings of the dawn which was soon to break with such dazzling radiance over the whole island.

Easter, 433, found Patrick already assured of success in his mission. King Laeghaire, Ardrigh (chief-king) of Erin, was about to hold his solemn festival at Tara. Princes and priests of Erin were gathered round him. The sacred fire that he would light should be the first in all the land to pierce the gloom. But Patrick, not knowing and not caring, as St. Evin says, lit high upon the hill of Slane, over against the hill Tara, the Easter fire; for it was Holy Saturday. The angry king saw it and stormed against the offender. But the Druids said;

"If that fire is not put out before morning, it never will be put out." Summoned to the royal presence to answer for his act, Patrick advanced with his little Christian band, chanting, as he had learnt to chant in Lerins and in Rome, the litanies of Easter. The king received him with coldness—for had he not broken the laws of Erin? One bard, with instinctive reverence, rose at his approach, and received, in reward, the gift of faith.

To the assembled court, as they sat "with the rims of their shields against their chins," Patrick declared his mission. The Druids saw that the hour was come when they must conquer, or for ever disappear. The powers of evil were at hand to help them. And then and there, in the sight of King and court and people, Patrick, in the might of God, wrought such terrific miracles as Druid never dreamed of. The tempest in the heaven was not as awful as the devilish rage of those pagan breasts. The heaving earth was strewn with the corpses of men who had been fallen on by their fellows and slain, no one knew why. The King's treacherous vengeance was evaded by the miraculous escape of the Saint and his followers. Next day the Saint returned boldly, though he knew they had a mind to kill him. With the sign of the Cross he drove the poison from the cup prepared for his destruction. When, by the powers of darkness, the Druids wrought malignant miracles in the plain before Tara, Patrick undid their evil and far surpassed their wonders. If they were allowed by God to bring on snow and darkness, Patrick alone had power to remove these. In more terrible proof still, the boy Benignus, clothed in the Druid's robe, was to be placed on dry faggots, and the Druid, in Patrick's cloak, on wet, green faggots; then fire was to be set to both. The trial was accepted. The flames on the one hand touched not the dry wood nor the Christian boy; only the robe he wore was consumed; while on the other, the green wood and the miserable magician were reduced to ashes, amid which lay, un-

scorched, the cloak of Patrick. Even this miracle was powerless to move King Laeghaire's heart. It was only when the earth opened and engulfed many of his followers that he seems to have relented. He granted Patrick the freedom he craved to preach the Gospel unmolested, though he himself remained, as the Saint had called him, "a son of death." Tradition has it that it was on this occasion that Patrick, in his sermon on the Blessed Trinity, plucked the green shamrock from the sward of Tara, making this triple leaf at once an illustration of his sacred subject, and an emblem of Christian Erin. It was at Tara, also, that we first hear of his famous prayer, called his "Lorica" or "Breastplate." Amid the perils of that awful day some such defence was surely wanting. And what could be more suited for all who are under stress of temptation than invocations such as these?

"Christ be with me, Christ before me,
Christ be after me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right hand, Christ at my left
Christ in the fort, Christ in the chariot,
Christ in the ship;
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me."

Such a trust was never yet confounded; and we read in the Acts of the Bollandists that after this "Patrick with his disciples went through the whole land baptizing all that believed in the name of the Blessed Trinity; and God was his helper, and confirmed the word by the signs which followed."

It seems to have been very soon after the Saint's first great victory at Tara that he passed from Meath into Cavan, to the "Plain of Adorations," where whatever of idolatry flourished in Erin had its centre. The huge

Crom Cruach of Milesian days was still standing there, with twelve smaller idols. Patrick with his staff overturned them all, and raised on the spot a church to the living God. Indeed, the Irish seem not to have had much taste for the worship of figures of wood and stone. Their favourite god was the sun, and their religion was characterized by the freedom and picturesque beauty of rite always found in that form of worship. Of the staff before which Crom Cruach fell, there is a world of legend, but little of authentic history. It was called the "staff of Jesus," and was said to have been made or carried by our Lord, and given in a vision to Patrick, while he prayed on his "happy isle" in the Mediterranean. It is described by St. Bernard as one of the great relics of the Church of Armagh, where it was preserved in a richly jewelled case of gold. Its sanctity and its value tempted the fanaticism and cupidity of the Reformers, one of whose bishops burned the staff and kept the gold and jewels. It mattered little to him that it had been treasured by the Irish Church for more than a thousand years.

Connaught was next visited. Churches and monasteries were now beginning to mark the Apostle's path. At Elphin, Assicus, deft worker in brass, as well as saint and bishop, was left to rule the church. It was also westward of the Shannon at Cruachan, in Roscommon, that Patrick converted the two Princesses, Ethne and Feidelm, daughters of King Laeghaire.* Won by the Saint's eloquence, the maidens ask for Baptism and Holy Communion. Their request is granted, and in the joy of their first morning of Christianity they pass away to the joys of Heaven. But where Croagh Patrick towers over the western wave the interest of our Saint's Connaught mission centres. A very miracle of penance at all times, Patrick is about to rival the fasts of Moses and

* This story, touching even in the rough Tripartite Life, is nowhere more beautifully told than in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's pure verse.

Elias. It is Shrovetide when he goes up to his lonely mountain of prayer. It will be Easter-tide when he comes down. He goes up there, that in that high solitude, with the desert of ocean on one side and the scarcely less deserted land-track on the other, he may fast and pray for Erin. It is the culmination of his life-struggle; his crowning victory over the foul spirits that were striving with him for the land he loved. His arms for the fight are prayer and penance, the "strong cry and tears" with which his Master, in His dark hour of dereliction, conquered for all mankind. To understand that awful wrestling—now with the Evil One, like Anthony, now with the Almighty, like Jacob—we must remember how great was the prize, and how wonderful the Saint's demands. The island where demons seemed to have their fullest liberty, like the envenomed reptiles which in strange multitudes found there a northern home, was to become the island of sanctity and of learning. The people that sat in darkness were to shine brightest of all on earth, and to carry the light, not only to the eastward continent, but, in long centuries to come, to the unknown lands that lay beyond the western wave. It was to be a victory won for hundreds of millions of souls; and we need not wonder that the battle raged fierce and long. Patrick's cowl was drenched with tears. God's angel made him offer of souls innumerable as the wavelets on the ocean below; he would have more—the sands of the shore should be added. The angel bade him go—he had been promised enough. Enough? No, not though the promises of salvation for his own, upon the judgement day, were multiplied sevenfold for every hair upon his habit. That mount he would not quit, nor stay his fast or prayer, until God should promise to give into his hands upon that last day the fate of the men of Erin. It was a mysterious request, seeming above God's power to grant. But, we are told, the angel brought at eventide the answer that this too was granted to the intrepid man of prayer. His joy was full.

"That thou soughtest
Shall lack not consummation. Many a race,
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink
Back to its native clay: but over thine
God shall the shadow of His Hand extend,
And through the night of centuries teach to her
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance."*

His struggle over, Patrick, at the angel's word, knelt and blessed the land for which he had prayed. Every poisonous presence fled before that potent benediction, and his hermit's bell, as he descended from the mount that Easter evening, proclaimed the new birth of a Catholic Ireland. His was the victory of confident, persevering prayer; and that great lesson, far more than the miracles that accompanied it, has through the ages fixed the eyes of Christians on Croagh Patrick and on him who there strove against Hell and Heaven with the only sword and the only breastplate that could in such a strife prevail.

Patrick's labours in Connaught extended over seven years. We read of thousands whom he baptized, of churches without number which he built, and of miracles which he wrought wherever he went. More edifying for us even than those proofs of God's favour to our Saint, were his increasing acts of love and devotion to God and souls. His use of the sign of the Cross was itself a marvel, as was the reverence he paid to those crosses which already began to be erected through the land. "It was a custom with Patrick to place the Cross of Christ over himself one hundred times each day and night; and he would go aside from his path, even though the cross were one hundred paces away, provided that he saw it, or knew it to be in his vicinity; whether he was in a chariot or on a horse, he would proceed to each cross." So writes St. Evin. The same holy chronicler tells us

* De Vere, *Legends of St. Patrick.*

how "thrice Patrick went across the Shannon into the land of Connacht. Fifty bells, and fifty altar chalices, and fifty altar cloths, he left in the land of Connacht, each of them in his church. Seven years he was preaching to the men of Connacht; and he left them a blessing, and bade them farewell." After further missionary work in Ulster, the aged but indefatigable Apostle passed into Leinster. There, as we read, "churches in thirties and forties" were given to him—a statement no one need deem exaggerated who knows how small and easily built were even the largest Irish churches in those days. From Ossory in Leinster we find him journeying to Cashel,* the royal citadel of Munster. The idols on that famous rock fell prone at the approach of the man of God; so that Aengus, the Prince, went down with reverence to welcome him. He preached to him and his people at Cashel, and Aengus, and "the men of Munster" were baptized. During the ceremony the Saint inadvertently pierced with his crozier's point the Prince's foot. Aengus made no sign; and when Patrick asked him in wonder why he had not cried out, the noble sufferer only said, "I thought it was the rule of faith."

> "I thought, thus called to follow Him whose feet
> Were pierced with nails, haply the blissful rite
> Some little pain included."

St. Evin tells us that Patrick blessed the Fort upon the rock "and the men of Munster besides, and left a blessing and prosperity upon them." After this we hear of Ailbe, first Bishop of Emly and saintly founder of its famous schools. At Patrick's bidding he raised to life the boy Ailill. The devotion of the people of Emly to St. Ailbe is unchanged to this day, although time and sorrow have effaced almost every trace of the former

* To the Dean of Cashel, the Very Rev. T. H. Kinane, the children of St. Patrick owe the most popular and devotional of the many Lives of their Apostle.

glories of his see. From the districts about Emly Patrick passed to Limerick. Every local tradition concerning him tells of the wonders he wrought there; and close on twelve hundred years after, when evil days had come on the fair city by the Shannon, it was by St. Patrick's well, and from the ruins of St. Patrick's church, that the baffled enemy stormed at the men of Munster.

The Apostle's fame had by this time gone before him into every part of the island. We are told by St. Evin of the fleet of boats that brought the inhabitants of Thomond up the reaches of the Shannon, that they might be baptized by the Saint and receive his blessing. Into Clare and Kerry he did not pass; but he foretold the mission and sanctity of those who were, generations after, to be the Patricks of those parts: Senan, who in his Isle of Inniscattery was to give his name to the noble river that there flows into the Atlantic; and Brendon, the Columbus of his time, whose shadowy glories still hang round the lonely coasts of Kerry. Northwards Patrick's face was now set. In his years of labour in Munster he had "founded cells and churches, and had ordained persons of every grade, and healed all sick persons, and raised the dead." He bade the Munster men farewell, "and left his blessing with them." St. Evin goes on to tell how they could not part with their beloved Apostle, but followed in such numbers that the hills seemed alive with their loving multitudes. Again they knelt for that dearly-prized blessing, before they turned homewards. And from those homes of Munster the loving loyalty of that day has never since departed.

Dearly loved as Patrick was by his children, there is every evidence in his history that he was terrible towards their enemies. The destruction which came swiftly and with awful portents on those who obstinately thwarted his work for souls, reminds one of the terrors of the Old Testament; and we have seen that our Saint has been

likened to the Prophets of Judea. But even without the records we possess of the avenging miracles of Patrick, we have a letter from his hand showing us the spirit in which he met the raveners of his flock. His Epistle to Coroticus may be, to some, unpleasant reading; but it should be remembered that with love of justice the Scripture joins the hatred of injustice; and that it was only when gentle words had proved useless that the Saint, in his ardent charity for his own, adopted the language of denunciation. The "tyrant," as he styles Coroticus, or Caradoc, had fallen on some newly baptized converts, and had slain some and sold others into slavery. He had laughed at Patrick's gentle entreaty to free the Christian captives, And so the Saint pours out on him and his abettors the torrent of his wrath. "Fellow-citizens of the devil, ... patricides, fratricides, and ravening wolves, who devour the people of the Lord as if they were bread." With these the holy and humble ones of God are neither to eat, nor drink, nor receive their alms, until they do penance with many tears and liberate the servants of God. And then his love for his oppressed ones seems to overcome him, and he cries out to God. "Lo, Thy sheep are torn around me, and plundered by those robbers, aided by the soldiers of Coroticus . . . . Ravening wolves have scattered the flock of the Lord, which with the greatest rapidity was increasing most prosperously in Ireland. I cannot count all the sons of the Irish and the daughters of the kings who are monks and virgins of Christ: . . . O my beloved ones! I grieve, I grieve for you." At the end of the Epistle there is a word of mercy for those who will accept the warning and repent, "that they may deserve of God to live and thrive here and hereafter. The praise to the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Apostle's burning zeal, not only for the eternal but also for the temporal interests of his children, stands

sufficiently proved by the terrific words above cited. From the slavery of the body, as well as from that of the soul, he would guard his dear ones; and it is worthy of remark that, in the passage just given from his letter to Coroticus, the ostracism to which he condemns the tyrants is to cease only when they repent, "and liberate the servants of God." But a proof as striking, and certainly more lasting, of his devotion to the temporal welfare of his Irish flock is to be found in the Senchus Mor, or great law-code of Erin. Patrick saw that it would be impossible that a people, whose civil law was corrupt or unjust, could observe a religious law of exalted purity and equity. He saw too that the surest way to ensure obedience to the laws of man was to make those laws conformable to the laws of God; and that the maintenance of both codes as an abiding power in the land depended on welding them, as far as might be, into one, the code of the Christian citizen. Such was Patrick's work, his apostolic and truly patriotic work, in the Senchus Mor. It was in the early part of his ministry, when his religious teaching had won the hearts of the wise men of Erin, that he first ventured to interfere in the political life of the country. His desire to confer with the civil rulers was anticipated by them. In a conference, on the thought of which Christian statesmen might profitably dwell, the bishop, the chief, and the sage, met to revise the ancient law-code of Erin. Much of that code Patrick found to be wise and just, and seeing that it was hallowed by the usage of centuries, he gladly approved and blessed it. That part of the code, which paganism had corrupted, he condemned and struck away, substituting for it the high morality of Christianity. The Senchus Mor, thenceforth the law-code of Christian Ireland, had thus those elements of divine justice and human liberty which alone secure for legislation permanence and popularity. For over a thousand years the work of the holy law-giver remained; and his children loved "Patrick's law," as the Brehon code came to be

called, for the sake of the Saint who blessed it, and for the love of the Faith and the Fatherland of whose rights and liberties it was so long the charter.

What time our Apostle founded the church of Armagh is a matter of uncertainty. The site was, as we read in the ancient Book of Armagh, miraculously pointed out by God. Conquered by the patience of the Saint, Daire, the chief of that territory, gave the land demanded. By what we may well regard as a special providence of God, the site then chosen is the very one on which now stands the new Cathedral: the gifts of God are without repentance. Patrick would have chosen to be laid to rest there, where he had fixed his see. He loved the spot. There he had with a century of years upon him, settled down to prepare for his last great journey. There the lepers came to him, sure now to find him and to be cleansed. And there it seemed to him that he would like to make what, in his faith, he called "the place of his resurrection." But now as in his earliest days, he would go where God should send him. It was His will that not in Armagh, but in Saul, by the shore of Strangford Lough where he had landed sixty years before, the old man should die. His successor was already in the primatial see. The Confession of that wonderful life—wonderful in its simplicity as in its heaven sent power—had been committed to loving hands. Visions of the future, clear to the aged seer, but dim and contradictory to those to whom he related them, foretold at once his approaching death, and the vicissitudes of the Irish Church. Brigid, the "Pearl of Erin," who had made Patrick's shroud, should go for it now, for the time was short. Full of years, like the prophets of old in this as in much more; with the prayers and blessings of a people whom he had so often prayed for and blessed; in a land which he had found in darkness, and which he left to be the brightest jewel of the Church, the old man lay down to die. Borne on the

cold March wind the watchers heard sounds of angelic voices—the first notes of that chorus of praise which should last in Erin as long as the waves should break on the shore of Strangford Lough. It was on the 17th of March, 493:—day to stand beyond all saints' days in Erin's calendar; yes, and in thousands of churches and in millions of hearts, and in lands as yet unknown. Victor, faithful angel once upon Mount Slemish, faithful to the end, summond Bishop Tassach: Patrick must have the Viaticum for his last journey, and the God-speed of the people.

That journey was easily made—for the saint's road from labour to rest is very short.

St. Evin shall tell us what manner of man this was whose body lies in Saul, and whose soul lives with God. "A just man indeed was this; with purity of nature like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim like Abraham; gentle and forgiving like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist like David: an emulator of wisdom like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth like the Apostle Paul: a man full of grace and the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like the beloved John; a fair flower-garden to children of grace; a fruitful vine-branch; a flashing fire, with force and warmth of heat to the sons of life, for instituting and illustrating charity; a lion in strength and power, a dove in gentleness and humility; a serpent in wisdom and cunning to do good; gentle, humble, merciful to the sons of life—dark, ungentle towards the sons of death; a servant of labour and service of Christ; a king in dignity and power for binding and loosening, for liberating and convicting, for killing and giving life . . . Though great his honour here, greater honour will be his in the day when judgement will be given on the fruits of his work."

Here, standing out clearly recognizable amid so much that time has dimmed, is the personality to which the eyes and hearts of the Irish race have ever fondly turned. About dates and places and the authenticity of this

miracle and that, there might be question; but there can be no question about the person whom we see and love. He is strong and tender: strong, terribly strong, against wrong-doers, and above all, as a father is, against those who would his children wrong. He is tender too: tender to the dwellers in that land which he first trod as an Apostle—the land of Britain; but above all tender to his own who call him father, who cherish his traditions and cling lovingly to the land which he made to be an Island of Saints, and which, through much sorrow, he has kept faithful until now. The almost fierce devotion of his children to him seems to share that twofold character of strength and tenderness which made St. Evin call him a lion and a dove; "gentle, humble, merciful to the sons of life: dark, ungentle towards the sons of death." May that love remain, strong and tender, until the day on which, according to the promise of the Mount, Patrick shall be told to count his flock upon the right hand of the Judge.

> "Thus therefore saith the Lord, 'So long as sea
> Girdeth this isle, so long thy name shall hang
> In splendour o'er it like the stars of God.'"

St. George,

PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. W. REEKS.

1. Little known for certain of the Life of St. George.

WRITERS of the Lives of the Saints usually give St. George a page or two, or less. They say so little about him that persons not of a particularly inquiring turn of mind may well conclude that there is nothing to be said. Yet no one who has studied the plays of Shakspeare and the old dramatists, who has conned the military records of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and has made himself even tolerably familiar with the home life of the English people of those times, can doubt that St. George was the centre of a real and widespread devotion. The man of an inquiring turn of mind consults his two pages or less, and thinks there must be a mistake somewhere. He has seen so much of St. George in the records of the past; has found him carved in stone, pictured in panel, worked in silk and gold on battle-flag, or chasuble, or orphrey, that he cannot rest satisfied with his meagre two pages. It almost appears to him that St. George must be some bright, beautiful creation of the mind of man—as bright and beautiful,

but, alas! as unsubstantial, as the figure of him in the window of the old parish church, which lights up for a moment with the glow of the setting sun, full and grand and lifelike, and then, in the twilight, fades away.

We may then start with an admission, which we shall afterwards qualify, that very little is known about the life of St. George.[1] Even if we made the admission without a shadow of qualification or reservation, it would still be useless as an argument to those who contend that St. George is a myth. The mere absence of positive evidence is very useful in its way in argument, if we do not stretch it too far. It is quite possible that you did not see the house on fire, and you may be able to certify the same on oath: but the mere fact of your not seeing it is no proof whatever that the house was not on fire, because it may have been utterly burnt to the ground while you were absent and could not see it. In the same way it may be perfectly true that you personally know very little of the life of St. George or of his great deeds. But even if the page

[1] St. George is not the George who was introduced into the patriarchal chair of Alexandria by the Arian heretics in place of St. Athanasius. This man, once a victualler to the army, was selected for the post by the Arians, who relied upon his well-known ferocity for the extermination of the Catholic party in Alexandria. He was murdered in 362, about sixty years after the martyrdom of St. George. Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall*, gave a modern currency to the story of the Arian George; but fortunately Gibbon's authority is not what it was. At the present day the editors of non-Catholic cyclopædias and handbooks in general use, such as Chambers's *Cyclopædia* and Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*, refute Gibbon's arguments. Happily for the cause of truth it is popular, widely-read writers like these latter who exercise a greater influence on the mind of the rising generation than historians of the stamp of Gibbon, who are always referred to in respectful terms, and seldom read. In 1792, in answer to Dr. Percy, Protestant Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Milner published his "Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, Patron of England, of the Order of the Garter and of the Antiquarian Society; in which the assertions of Edward Gibbon, Esq. (ch. xxiii. Hist. of *Decline and Fall*, &c.), and of certain other modern writers concerning this Saint, are discussed; in a letter to the Right Hon. George, Earl of Leicester, President of the Antiquarian Society, by the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A. 1792."

of history were a blank with regard to St. George, it might at the same time be perfectly true that he was the greatest of saints, and had done greater deeds than were ever done by man before—deeds known to God alone.

2. Very little trustworthy History of early Times, or of early Martyrs.

The historian or critic of modern date, who demands evidence in black and white for every assertion, would find himself sadly at a loss in treating of the lives of individual men who belonged to the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era.

We are apt to be misled by the bulk of modern Roman histories, and are almost led to believe that the information they contain is absolutely great. But it is not. With every disposition to give praise where praise is due, we must recognize the fact that when we take Roman history to pieces and divide it out into centuries, the actual amount of information given is small. Of the lives of men we know next to nothing. A few great Emperors, a dozen military commanders, four or five great orators, a score of tyrants, profligates and criminals, and the actual biography of Roman history is exhausted. We do not take into account the legends and fables which at one time did duty for authentic history, and were possibly just as edifying. We deal simply with admitted facts. The Romans were amongst the most careful preservers of old records, and the materials of future history, and yet we must confess that the result is disappointing. Now, if some of the most noted names in Roman history are to us as names and nothing more, what can we expect to know of the lives of the martyrs? If mighty Rome can hand down to us only a scanty outline of the lives of her favoured sons, it is almost useless to look to her for any information concerning the lives of those whom she considered her enemies. She exalted her own sons, and magnified their deeds: her enemies she crushed out, names and deeds together. As she ploughed up and sowed with

salt the very soil on which once stood her old enemy, Carthage, so she would dig up and rake out from the hearts of men all memory of those who for good or for evil had come in conflict with her colossal power. We can expect no help then from Pagan Rome. Fire and sword and the greed of the barbarian made away in after years with the priceless treasures of knowledge stored up in the Imperial City: the records were destroyed or burned, and their guardians slain. Rome never tried to keep green the memories of those who were martyred as Christians. Even had she tried, the result would have been the same.

But curiously enough, the Roman law, without intending it, did provide for the piety of future ages some record of the lives of the martyrs. When a criminal was tried for his life—and a Christian was considered a criminal—the whole of the trial was taken down verbatim by a scribe appointed for the purpose. Every question asked by the judge, every answer made by the accused, was written down at full length, word for word. These reports seem to have served their purpose when the trial was over and the criminal condemned. At any rate, the reports could always be bought from the scribe, or, in the last years of the Empire, from the avaricious judge: and the Christians, when they could afford the large sums demanded, did buy them. Thus it is that we have in the lives of some of the martyrs, especially those who belonged to wealthy families, the most minute account of some of the comparatively unimportant incidents of the trial, whilst of the events of their previous life we have hardly a word. The account of the trial, carefully and accurately written out by the scribe, was bought and kept, whilst the events of their life outside the trial were never written down, and were forgotten. When the early Christians had no written account of their martyred friends, we can easily understand the almost total forgetfulness into which their names and deeds would fall. No one thought of fame. If the deeds of the martyr were recorded, it was that God might be honoured, and that the remaining members of the

little band might be encouraged to die as these had died, gloriously, for Christ's sake. Their tomb was cut in the wall of the Catacombs, a flask of the martyr's blood was imbedded in the soft sand of the grave, and a light burnt before it, like their own faith and love, unquenchable. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by preference over their tombs. And it has even happened that the satellites broke in unawares, whilst the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ was taking place upon the martyr's tomb, the ground in front of it was reddened with the blood of the worshippers, and the buried and the unburied martyrs were left there in silent companionship for ever.

Even when the lives, or, as the history of the death of a martyr was usually called, the acts of the martyrs, were carefully written, they stood little chance of surviving to the present day. If the power of Rome could not preserve its own records from destruction, the Christians were in a still worse plight. Men living in daily peril of their lives were not likely to cumber themselves with heavy rolls of parchment, even when the rolls contained the acts of the martyrs. When such rolls were written or bought, the causes which led to the destruction of the records of the Empire would be fatal to them also. When the Christians were taken and condemned, the written documents they possessed would certainly not be valued by the persecutor, and would be lost or destroyed. The positive evidence of this sort, therefore, which remains to us is very slight.

3. How little the Bible says of the Lives of our Lord and the Saints.

To return to our argumentative admission that very little is known about the life of St. George, known, that is, as certain undoubted truth. Admitting this, how does his case stand? In just the same position as that of many of the greatest saints, including the Apostles,

our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, and our Lord Himself. How much do we know of certain undoubted truth concerning their lives? The Apostles, or some of them, stand out prominently in the Gospel narrative, and St. Paul has given us a number of particulars concerning his own life in his Epistles. But, after all, the Bible was written for a distinct purpose, which was not simply to serve for a life of the Apostles; and if their actions, or some of them, are recorded there, it is chiefly because the narrative would be incomplete without them. Even so we know next to nothing of the lives of some of the Apostles, although their lives after our Lord's death must have been of a by no means commonplace character. Take our Lady and St. Joseph. Of St. Joseph even the Scripture seems purposely silent. Perhaps the most saintly man that ever lived, his life is only faintly sketched for us. The work of filling in the picture is left to our feeble hand. Our Lady is mentioned more than St. Joseph. But here again, notice how the Mother of God is brought in time after time, as her own humility doubtless suggested to the Evangelists, only when her presence is needed to prove or help to prove the real Humanity or real Godhead of her Son Jesus Christ. The best of sons knew He could safely trust the honour and worship of His Mother to the Church which He had founded on earth. Tradition has handed down to us many particulars of her wonderful life which we take as authentic; yet if we leave out of account the lives of other persons and the history of her times which are usually treated of in the same volume, the life of our Lady will make a small book.

If there is one life more than another of which we should like to have a complete and particular account from day to day, it is the life of our Lord. And what do we find in Scripture and tradition? Just enough to prove our Lord's Divinity and Humanity. There is a practically complete account of His birth and the wonders attending it, and then He comes before us only once during the space of thirty years. During His public life, so little is written for us of the words of wisdom that fell from His

lips that a talkative man says as much, so far as words are concerned, in one day as our Lord is recorded to have said in three years. Yet He was continually preaching. His Death, Resurrection, and Ascension are given fully enough to convince, but leave us strangely hungry for details. We are not quarrelling with the Gospel narrative; we are only working out a comparison, which is this: If our Lord has chosen to leave so scanty a record of His own life, a life every detail of which would be of the most absorbing interest for us, every word bearing its message to our soul, how can we wonder that He should leave some of His greatest saints in the same position? His own life was certainly a perfect model for imitation. We might say the same of our Lady and St. Joseph. With regard then to St. George, we may say that the non-existence of undoubted records of the great deeds of St. George does not prove that he never did them; nor is the shortness of his written life any slur upon him, since our Lord deliberately chose to have a short written life for Himself and our Lady, for St. Joseph and the Apostles.

And further, we cannot pretend to ignore the life of St. George as a model for imitation, simply because we cannot all be soldiers and martyrs, nor think that in this impossibility of imitation lies the reason of the non-existence of his written life. We long for a full life of our Lord: yet we know that it is an utter impossibility to imitate Him at all fully. Our Lord Himself knew it too, yet He invites us to be imitators of Him, and even tells us to imitate the perfection of God, which He knows we can never do. If we can find a full life of St. George we may feel sure that the reading of it will help us on the road to Heaven. The Saint may have trodden a harder and more difficult path than we shall ever be called to tread; but in our degree, with our poor strength, our task may seem as hard, and we may sadly need the encouragement of his heroic example to cheer our drooping heart.

4. St. George in the Eastern Church.

St. George has always been honoured in the Eastern Church as "the Great Martyr." The name is significant. Not as *a* great martyr is he honoured, but as *the* Great Martyr, as if no other martyr were so great. Men do not single out one of their number for exceptional honour without reason. If we were to hear any one speak of the Great King, we should think he meant a king who was acknowledged by all the world to be greater than other kings. If some professor were to be continually and seriously spoken of as the Great Professor, we should certainly conclude that he was so eminent, so clever, so far above all other professors, that the world had agreed in considering him the greatest of living professors. So with St. George. Had he not been a most wonderful martyr, had he not seemed to outshine all other martyrs, they would certainly not have glorified him in such unmistakable fashion. Churches were dedicated in his honour in the East, and his feast was kept as a holiday of obligation. One of the many churches of St. George in Constantinople is said to have been built by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. It would thus appear that the worship of St. George began very early, for Constantine, in restoring the Christian religion, which had been persecuted so long and so cruelly that the Christians had scarcely a church to meet in, would naturally dedicate his first churches to the most popular saints.

5. St. George in the Western Church.

From the East the devotion to St. George spread to the West. St. Gregory of Tours tells us that he was held in great veneration in France as early as the sixth century. We know that churches were dedicated to him there. Many countries, as time went on, chose him for their Patron Saint. He may be said to have been the Patron of the whole of the Christian East. In the West, Sicily, the Republic of Genoa, as well as several of the provinces and towns of Spain—Aragon, Barcelona,

Valencia —and Malta, chose him formally for their Patron. Venice instituted an order of knighthood in honour of St. George in 1200, Spain in 1317, Austria in 1470, Genoa in 1472, Rome in 1492; and, in modern times, Bavaria in 1729, Russia in 1767, and Hanover in 1839.

At the present day the devotion to St. George in Germany, Austria, Northern Italy, and Switzerland, takes the form of a medal of the Saint worn on the watch chain. The jewellers' shops are full of these medals, in gold, silver, and white metal. They bear an equestrian figure of St. George slaying the dragon, with the inscription *Sanctus Georgius, equitum patronus*—St. George, Patron of horsemen.

A church was built to St. George in Rome in the fourth century, not long after his martyrdom. It was rebuilt three hundred years after, by Leo II., and the name of St. Sebastian, who, like St. George, was a soldier-martyr, was added in the dedication. It has been frequently restored since, but still stands on the same ground, just south of the Forum, and goes by the name of S. Giorgio in Velabro. There is preserved in this church a fragment of the banner of St. George. When Leo XIII. created Dr. Newman a Cardinal, he very thoughtfully gave him S. Giorgio in Velabro for his titular church.

6. How St. George came to be Patron Saint of England.

But the country with which the name of St. George is chiefly associated is England. When and why the English people took St. George for their Patron Saint are questions not altogether easy to answer. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries nearly every country had its Patron Saint, officially recognized as such. Before that time, and certainly up to the tenth century, although some saint of great renown may have more or less eclipsed the glory of the other saints of his own nation, and may have drawn to himself more honour and devotion, he was not officially recognized by the Church or nation as their Patron Saint. In England this was especially the case.

England had no one saint who had converted the whole nation, as St. Patrick had converted Ireland. There was no saint who had so arisen at some time of special need, and had so drawn to himself the affection of the whole people, that from north to south there would arise one voice proclaiming him their great and chief protector and patron. Many saints had flourished during the time of the Saxons and the early Norman kings, but their fame was local. Venerable Bede and St. Edward the Confessor, it is true, were known and honoured throughout the Christian world. It may have been that the different kingdoms which were supposed to have been welded into one still retained a large measure of local self-government, and kept to their own customs, and even their own popularly-accepted patron saints, long after the abolition of the Heptarchy. Certainly we do not hear of any widespread national devotion to any one particular saint in those times. St. Edward was, in a manner, the Patron Saint of England for a couple of hundred years; and had England been a country so placed that it could neither attack nor be attacked by hostile neighbours, St. Edward might have remained her Patron Saint to this hour. For what gave the impetus to the choosing of national patron saints was the necessity felt by the war-like nations of Europe for putting themselves under the protection of some heavenly patron, amid the daily perils of a soldier's life. Other nations had their saint, and their war-cry: and England must have hers. In those days men believed in the intercession of the saints. Nowadays the mention of the Name of God in the despatches of a victorious general announcing his victory is sneered at as a piece of hypocrisy. When we know that either the statesman who decided on the war, the general who gained the victory, or the soldiers who fought under him, may have been wanting in the knowledge of the elementary principles of Christianity, it does seem a mockery. But in those days men believed, as generations had believed before them, that a patron saint is a powerful protector appointed by God as a second guardian angel, to watch over and pray for the individual or town or nation who had chosen him as a patron.

The Norman and Plantagenet Kings were in continual conflict with their neighbours, and seemed to divide their time pretty equally between waging war and wringing money from their subjects to pay for it. Many of their wars may have been unjust; but every man believes in the justice of his own quarrel, and if he is a man of faith will certainly ask God to grant him the victory.

Whatever may be said about the justice of the wars waged by England against France and Scotland and Ireland, no man doubted the justice, nay, the holiness, of the wars which England, in common with all Christian Europe, undertook against the infidels for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. The nobles and peoples of England, in whose veins ran the blood of the fiercest rovers of the seas, the Saxons, the Danes, and other Northmen, seemed to feel again the restless longing for battle and conquest, the same longing that had once prompted their ancestors to point the prows of their warships against the shores of England. When the Crusaders swept down upon the East, one of the most prominent figures amidst the warlike throng was Richard I. of England. He, too, like the men of his time, wanted a patron saint under whose protection he might fight the battle of the Lord. With a soldier's instinct, he chose a soldier saint, St. George; and chose him, too, in that very Eastern country where the Saint had won his own renown eight hundred years before. However he governed or misgoverned his subjects at home, Richard of the Lion Heart did valiant service against the infidel. At Acre and Ascalon and Jaffa, he, who stood a head and shoulders taller than the rest of men, made himself the terror of the foe, and came to be looked upon as invulnerable. But the name and the war-cry of "St. George" were ever on his lips, and he seemed to rely more upon the protection of his patron saint than upon the weight of his own giant frame or the swinging crash of his huge battle-axe. Once, in the battle, when the infidel forces were pressing the Christians closely, and even the reckless valour of Richard seemed powerless to restore the fortune of the fight, St. George is said to have appeared, mounted on a white horse,

leading on the Christians to victory. The Crusaders attributed the victory to the intercession of St. George. He had previously appeared, in like manner, to Geoffroi de Bouillon, at the siege of Antioch; and this second apparition convinced military men, and especially the English knights, that their best patron for future ages would be the soldier martyr, St. George. Under his patronage they determined henceforth to live and fight, and, if needs be, die. The English people took up the devotion of St. George as the knights had taken up the war-cry, and St. George became the national patron saint of England. The Order of the Garter, the most highly-prized order of knighthood in the world, consisting originally of twenty-five knights and the Sovereign, was founded by Edward III. in 1349. The ceremony of installation took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and St. George was made the patron of the order. From this date St. George was recognized officially as the patron or tutelar saint of England.[1]

[1] The feast of St. George, first solemnly observed in England in 1222, was abolished by Elizabeth in 1567: although there appears to have been a celebration of the feast on the 23rd of April by James I. Nearly every writer on the Order of the Garter gives a different date for the institution. Although we give 1349 as the generally received date, the institution most probably took place sometime between June 24th and August 6th, 1348. In *Hierurgia Anglicana*, 1848, p. 157, there is given a quotation from Ashmole's *Order of the Garter*, referring to the "*rich copes* of cloth of gold, cloth of bodkin, or most costly embroideries . . . at all times worn at the grand procession" on St. George's Day, "even to the beginning of the late wars in which the covetous barbarism of the then reformers (the Puritans) sent most of them to the fire." In the picture by Hollar of the procession in the reign of Charles II., there are seventy-one persons in copes. The author of *A Brief Discourse of the False Church*, p. 84, quoted in *Hierurg. Ang.*, p. 95, after speaking in the most irreverent manner of the Catholic custom of celebrating the feasts of our Lord, our Lady, and the Saints, is especially moved to indignation at the honour paid to "the Captain of them all, St. George, their borrough (A. S. *borh*, a surety), the patron of the land, a worthy warrior, our Lady's knight, I ween;" and at "his solemn procession . . . with his cornets, trumpets, harp, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimer, and all instruments of music," &c. He even resents "the red cross in white field that he beareth in banner displayed."

It seems most probable that it was the military element in the English character which not only determined the choice of a patron saint, but kept him ever before the eyes of the people as their protector from actual bodily harm. At the same time, it must not be supposed that St. George was unknown or unhonoured in England before the time of Richard I. (1189–1199). The principal church in London south of the Thames, St. George the Martyr, Borough High Street, certainly existed in 1122, although the present restoration dates only from 1736. Selden,[1] speaking of the Saxon Martyrology in Bennet College, Cambridge, says he doubts St. George's name being first taken under Edward III., because "in a most ancient Martyrology peculiarly belonging to this kingdome, he is the only saint mentioned for the three and twentieth day of April, though both in the Greek and Latin Martyrology there be divers more beside him on that day. Unless there had been singular honour given him from this nation, why should his name be so honoured with it?"[2] Most likely the devotion to St. George had been gradually growing and spreading in the land, and the apparition to Richard and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders did the rest.

St. George was declared Protector of the Kingdom of England by Benedict XIV. But ages before the time of that learned Pope, the English people had taken him for their patron. At home his feast was solemnly kept, and the association of the leading men of the realm in the order of the Garter under the patronage of St. George tended to throw a magnificence round everything connected with his feast, and to keep his name prominently before the people. In the battlefield the English knights followed Richard's example, and the name of St. George sounded over the length and breadth of France for many a decade.

> The Frenchmen shout forth, "Notre Dame!"
> Thus calling on our Lady's name.
> To which the English host reply,
> "St. George! St. George!" their battle-cry.

[1] *Titles of Honour*, p. 2.

[2] Lingard says that the name of St. George came in the Canon of the Anglo-Saxon Mass.

Peter Suchernwart, who records this for us, in speaking of the devotion of St. George amongst the people of Poictiers, might have added that, in the battle fought near this very town in 1356, Edward the Black Prince took prisoner King John of France, with his son Philip, "in the name of God and St. George."

7. The Reformation.

The Reformation did away with saints' days, and, as far as it could, with the reverence paid to the saints. "The illustrious House of Hanover and Protestant succession" has indeed given us a line of unsaintly Georges, one of whom has been elevated in effigy to a very cold and undignified position on the top of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. Is it possible that the worthy brewer who paid for the statue thought that the church was dedicated to *King* George and not *Saint* George? If so, we have no right to complain: because the church was built by the brewer and men of his stamp, who no doubt meant to worship therein, and they certainly had a right to select their own patron saint. Judging by the morals of the time, King George I. would have been a more sympathetic patron than St. George. The good-natured ridicule which greeted the appearance of this dissipated old person, clothed in Roman costume, at the top of the church steeple, is well expressed in Horace Walpole's epigram:—

> When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
> The people of England made him "Head of the Church:"
> But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the Church made him "Head of the Steeple."

St. George's Day goes by now, and the people of England hardly recognize it as the feast-day of their patron.

8. St. George and the England of to-day.

But in spite of the Reformation, Catholics are at liberty, in these days, to worship their patron saint, and even to build churches in his honour. And there is still left to us St. George's cross, the blood-red cross of the martyr saint: fit emblem of a country whose children laid down their lives so gladly at Tyburn for the Faith for which St. George shed his blood. St. George will not desert his children, even though they have forgotten him: for they are still marked with his sign, the red, red cross. Joined with the red cross of Ireland and the white cross of Scotland, blazoned on the Queen's colour of every regiment in the service, it has waved amid the smoke and fury of many a hard-fought field; and still flings out its folds grandly from the mast-head of the big ships of the proudest navy in the world.

That one red streak in the national flag is about all that is left in these days to remind us of the martyr saint who was once our patron. He is our patron still, in the providence of God, though the greater portion of his children have rejected or forgotten him. A national saint truly: one whose soldier-life commended him to the martial spirit of the English in days gone by; a true national saint for us in these degenerate days, when a man is hardly allowed to speak the truth. The Catholic Englishman of to-day needs a soldier-saint for his protector and guide, for he fights a daily battle against the powers that be. His tongue must be, like the sword of the Roman legionary, bright and sharp and two-edged, used only when really necessary, and then with such sweeping, fatal blow as to decide the contest between man and man. He needs a patron like St. George, a man with heart stout and true, and ever ready for the fray; keeping within the lines of duty, calmly and patiently; but with the faculty of seeing, on occasion, that a thing has to be done, and then of doing it. What we want, if St. George is ever to be patron of a Catholic England again, is a little less verbal and written declamation about St. George and the English martyrs, and a little more solid hard work, joined with a spirit of self-sacrifice in

little things. We must cling to St. George as our national saint in all loyalty and filial love; but not for the sake of fostering a mere national spirit—the setting up of nation against nation. That has done harm enough already. It helped Henry VIII. to effect the Reformation; and in the past few years it has done palpable mischief in keeping asunder those who should be members of one family—English and Irish Catholics. England, who was once so impartial that she deliberately chose a foreigner for her national saint, may well, in choosing her friends, look first across St. George's Channel, before she goes farther and fares worse.[1]

9. Why there is no authorized life of St. George.

The absence of a life of St. George in English might well lead one to suppose that none existed. A further conclusion would naturally be that the written life had been lost, or that no life had been written, or that there was no life in particular to write. All these conclusions would be wrong. Many lives of St. George were written in the early ages. The reason of the non-existence of an authentic authorized life is peculiar. St. George was, as we have seen, held in the greatest veneration throughout the East, as the Great Martyr. It was natural that his admirers should write his life: and they did it, and more. For as time went on, anxious to add to the glory of the Saint, they decided many doubtful miracles in his favour, and gave an account of them in his life. There were other saints also of the name of George, who had worked miracles in their day; and when, long after their death,

[1] Red is so generally accepted nowadays as St. George's colour, that it may be interesting to record the wearing of a different colour in honour of the Saint. "So late as 1614, it was the custom for fashionable gentlemen to wear *blue* coats on St. George's day, probably in imitation of the blue mantle worn by the Knights of the Garter" (*Book of Days*, i. 540). "Blue being the national colour in honour of the Saint" (Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, p. 106, edit. 1877). This custom explains the otherwise puzzling couplet of T. F. Forster—

> On St. George's day, when blue is worn,
> The blue harebells the fields adorn.

men spoke of their miracles as being worked by St. George, and were uncertain which St. George was meant, they naturally gave the credit of them also to the Great Martyr. Very possibly some of the miracles attributed to the various St. Georges were never worked at all; but the pious though indiscreet zeal of his biographers added them to the already long list. Heretics, too, in order to bring the worship of the saints into ridicule, forged false acts of St. George. At last truth and falsehood became so mixed one with another, that it was impossible to distinguish the real life and miracles of St. George from the false or doubtful. Therefore Pope Gelasius I., in the year 494, less than two hundred years after the death of St. George, prohibited the faithful from reading the popular Life of the Saint, called, according to various authorities, the "Acts" or the "Passion" of St. George. It was a measure of necessary prudence; for, much as the lovers of the Saint may grieve, it is far better to rest content with the knowledge that he was a martyr—the Great Martyr—than to take as true a history of his life which would be, to say the least of it, very, very doubtful.

One of the most accessible of the apocryphal Lives of St. George is the one which professes to be written by Pasicrates, the servant of St. George. It was first given in Latin by Aloysius Lipomanus, Bishop of Verona, in his *Lives of the Saints*, published in 1568, in eight volumes. In the prefatory note by Lipomanus, prefixed to this Life in the folio edition of 1572, the Bishop gives his reasons for printing it. He says that he does it the more willingly because amongst the Latins no Life worth reading is to be had of this glorious and renowned martyr, since every one knows that the *Passion of St. George*, condemned by Pope Gelasius, is apocryphal. He adds that this is not the condemned Life, and that a compendium of it is read every year in the Churches of the East. Many of the Lives given by Lipomanus are rather curious than trustworthy. Tradition asserts that the martyrdom of St. George took place on Good Friday, which that year fell on the 23rd of April.

10. St. George was a Martyr.

We do know one thing about St. George: he was a martyr. He laid down his life for Christ's sake. What more could man do? "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." Life is just the one thing that man clings to: there is nothing else that he guards with so jealous a care. And rightly so, for it is his own, given to him—or lent to him if you will—by God, but still his own. And the law of the land upholds him in this view. A man, in defending his own life, may take the life of another; and he who is taken red-handed, having spilt a brother's blood, knows that his own life will pay the forfeit. A man cannot give a greater proof of his belief in a person or thing than by offering to lay down his life in defence of his belief; and this because all other things—wealth, honour, and the rest—if given away, or lost, may be regained; but life, once lost, can never be regained. Even the most wretched and degraded of the human race, men weighed down by every kind of sorrow, poor, diseased, starving, dishonoured, are unwilling, except in a few rare cases, to accept death as a release. They cling to life, and will not give it up at any price. This love of life, this clinging to it in the face of all difficulties, was implanted in us by God, and is necessary for the preservation of the human race. From this love of life springs the glory of the martyr's crown: for in suffering a willing martyrdom for Christ's sake, he lays down the precious life he loves so well.

If some poor wretch whose life, from a merely human point of view, is not worth the living, still clings to life with the desperation of a drowning man, how great must be the love of life in the heart of one who has no earthly care, whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, and who can look forward to the years to come without a shadow of any sort of anxiety?

11. What Tradition says.

Just such a man was St. George. Young and strong, wealthy and well connected, a favourite with his king,

and a true lover of the true God, he might well have clung to life. Tradition tells us that in the very outset of his career he had been ennobled by the Emperor, and might have looked forward to still greater—nay, the greatest—rewards in the power of the Emperor to give. For he was a good specimen of a class whom the Romans delighted to honour—a brilliant, successful soldier who had led their legions to many a victory, and had added fresh lustre to their arms. He seems to have hitherto accomplished the always difficult task of serving faithfully his God and his King. But the time came when he had to choose between them. The struggle within him was short and severe; but God's grace, which had always reigned in his heart, gained the victory; and when he strode up the hall of the Senate and addressed Diocletian on behalf of the persecuted Christians, he knew that his own words were his death-warrant. Visions of wealth and honour and military renown faded from his mental vision like a dream, and he stood calmly waiting his doom. Life that, a few moments before, had appeared to him so intensely full of pleasure, the life that God had given him, he now willingly lay down—flung it away joyfully for Christ's sake. He had now only one more thing to do on earth, one more glory to win, and that must be fought for without the good sword that had helped him so often to victory: for in the army of God the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. There was only one decoration, one brightly shining lustrous jewel, which it was beyond the power of the almost omnipotent Roman Emperor to give as a free gift; and George by God's grace would wrest it from his hands that day—the regal decoration, the lustrous jewel, the purple glory of the martyr's crown.

Can we say, then, that we know nothing of St. George? He died a martyr's death! Only five words! Do we want to know more? Only five words: few in which to write the history of a life. Yet would to Heaven that our life could be written in as few words, and as glorious! He died a martyr's death. Add to it if you can. Pile up, by the hands of angels, all the watchings, all the

scourgings, all the devotion of a lifetime, and they are all swept away in the red tide of the martyr's blood that was shed for Christ's sake. This, then, is the title that St. George has to worship in this world and a crown of glory in the next, the fact that he died a martyr's death. And if we never knew more of him than one fact, it would be quite enough to fix upon him our loving gaze, and to draw towards him the affection of our poor hearts for ever.

NOTE.—The publication of the first edition of this little book drew from Mr. M. Fitzpatrick an interesting letter (*Tablet*, August 14, 1886), in which he calls attention to an article in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1880, on "Greek Christian Inscriptions," by the Rev. George T. Stokes, which gives some interesting facts as to devotion to the great martyr in the age immediately after his death; and proves that at least one church had been dedicated in his honour within forty years of his martyrdom. Having alluded to the completion of the great work of Boeckh, on Greek Christian Inscriptions, the Rev. G. T. Stokes says: "The study of Greek Inscriptions dissipates legends that have grown up concerning the Early Church. The instance of St. George the Martyr, of peculiar interest to us as the national saint, is a case in point. . . . In Boeckh (No. 8627) we find the following inscription, copied by Dr. Porter at Edhra, the ancient Edrei of Scriptural fame, in the Hauran, east of the Jordan: 'The abode of demons has become a house of God. A saving light has shone forth where darkness did conceal. Where there were idol sacrifices there are now choirs of angels. Where God was provoked, now God is propitiated. A certain man, the lover of Christ Joannes, the son of Diomedes—from his own funds offered a gift to God, an edifice worthy to be seen; placing in this the esteemed relic of the gloriously victorious holy martyr George, who appeared to Joannes himself, not in a vision, but manifestly in the year 9 of the year 410.' This date, the writer of the article in the *Contemporary* very conclusively shows was the year A.D. 346. Another inscription, No. 8609, which Burckhardt found at Shaka, twenty miles east of Edhra, completes our case. It runs thus: 'A church of the holy victorious martyr, George, and of the holy men (martyrs) with him, was built from the foundations with the offerings of Bishop Tiberinus. But the care of Georgius and Sergius erected the sanctuary and the addition to the temple in the year 263.' Computing this date according to the Bostrœan era, we find the addition to have been made to the church in A.D. 367, while the church itself must have been erected in honour of St. George at a still earlier date."

APPENDIX.

The Dragon.

THE Dragon has been an important feature in popular story from the earliest times. Constructed as he was of the most aggressive and terrible component parts of different reptiles and beasts, his conquest and death have been set down as the most noteworthy deed of many a saintly and unsaintly hero. His origin may be variously accounted for. The devil is so often represented as a dragon that it is only natural to find him pictured occasionally, pierced and bleeding, beneath the feet of a popular saint, who has done much to curb his power on earth. The dragon thus often represents the devil, sin, or paganism. The dragons slain by St. Martha, St. Romanus, and St. Martial, typified the rivers Rhone, Seine, and Garonne, whose inundations were curbed by the three Saints. The name of the Seine dragon, Gargouille (a waterspout), is, in his case, conclusive. Formidable and destructive animals and reptiles, destroyed by knightly valour, have often been dubbed "dragon"; but the more accurate naturalists of later times have usually found their remains to be those of crocodiles; the well-known Rhodes dragon, slain by one of the Knights of the Order, turned out to be a hippopotamus.

England from the earliest times seems to have cherished a special fondness for dragon stories. The dragon was the device on the banner of the ancient British Kings: and Pendragon (Pen, chief; dragon, leader in war) was the proud title of Uther, father of Arthur (Tennyson, *Guinevere*, and Shaks., 1 *Hen. VI.*, act iii. scene 2). The Anglo-Saxons brought with them the fame of the slaying of the monster Grendel by Beowulf; and the old rhyming story of *Sir Bevis*, and in later times the *Dragon of Wantley* (Percy's *Rel.* iii. 3, 13), show the tendency there was to create additional dragon-slayers, whose deeds might be chaunted by the minstrels for the delectation of the people. There is a distressing sameness about these

stories. The dragon is always a huge, scaly, fire-breathing monster, with an enormous appetite. Sheep, oxen, and even the leaves and branches of trees are all welcome to him as food: but he usually develops an especial fondness for the flesh of young women. When the last maiden, often the king's daughter, had been led out for sacrifice by an unfeeling populace, a knightly champion appears upon the scene, engages off-hand in a terrific combat with the dragon, whom he slays, marries the princess, and lives for ever in popular memory as a hero.

Why St. George should have been credited with this sort of thing it is hard to say. Probably his terrible martyrdom had given him, from the earliest times, a right to be represented as slaying the dragon of persecution and paganism. The slaying of somebody or something would be in any case an appropriate feature in the statue or picture of a soldier-saint. The English people, who, in common with others, believed in the existence of dragons, would naturally think their patron saint as valiant a warrior as their pagan dragon-slayers of old; and seeing the dragon of sin beneath his feet, would believe it a real dragon such as was sung of by the minstrels. Ecclesiastical symbolism must not be left out of account in considering the dragon of St. George. St. Sebastian, St. Maurice, and St. George would be very much alike, were it not for the arrows, the divided cloak, and the dragon which mark them out. If some such distinction had not existed, the mediæval heralds would soon have hinted to the painter, or sculptor, or embroiderer, that these three saints must be "differenced" somehow.

In pre-reformation days the dragon was always a prominent and popular feature in municipal processions. Many dragons, in wood or wickerwork, were kept for Rogation processions before Ascension Day. A dragon always accompanied the clergy and people round the bounds of the parish. At the end of the third day the dragon, typifying the devil, was stoned, kicked, and ill-treated, but not destroyed. Hence the names of localities to this day: the "dragon's well" being the place where the people stopped during the long procession;

the "dragon's rock" where the dragon sat whilst God's blessing was asked on the fruits of the earth. When the procession was over the people went into church, but the dragon sat on the "dragon's stone" outside.

Snap, the famous green and gold Norwich dragon, went in procession with the civic dignitaries on St. John's Eve till 1835. He was a relic of the magnificent processional properties of the Gild of St. George. Edward VI. confiscated the armour and harness of St. George and the Lady, who used to be represented in the procession. Elizabeth forbade all representations of the saints, but did not seem to have the same rooted antipathy to the devil: "There shall be neyther George nor Margaret, but for future the dragon to come in and show himself:" which he accordingly did till abolished by the Municipal Corporations' Act of 1835.[1]

The New Fourth Lesson of St. George.

The following is the Fourth Lesson of the New Office of St. George- conceded August 14, 1883. It has, therefore, the same amount of authority as the other lives of the saints in the Roman Breviary and supplements.

"George—dignified among the Eastern martyrs by the name Great—suffered a glorious death in the persecution of Diocletian. Soon after, when peace was given to the Church under Constantine, honour began to be paid to the Martyr's memory, and churches were built in his name near Lydda in Palestine, and at Constantinople; and, as time went on, the faithful, first of the whole East and then of the West, cherished a wonderful devotion towards him. From the earliest times the Christian armies, before engaging in battle with the enemy, called upon St. George, St. Maurice, and St. Sebastian as their patrons. The Supreme Pontiff, Benedict XIV., declared St. George Protector of the whole Kingdom of England, where he had long been specially honoured."

[1] The Gild of St. George at Norwich was founded in 1385, and received its charter from Henry V. in 1418. We find the names of an Archbishop, four Bishops, and several knights and gentlemen at the head of the list of members (*English Gilds*, Toulmin Smith, E.E.T.S., 1870, p. 17; and *Append.* i. p. 443). Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk* (1745), vol. ii. p. 894, gives a full account of the Gild, and mentions as still in existence the ancient wooden sword with "the dragon's head carved at top, sent by King Henry V.," which used to be carried before the Aldermen of the Gild.

Hymn to St. George.

Leader now on earth no longer,
Soldier of th' Eternal King,
Victor in the fight for Heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.
Great St. George, our patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh;
Help us in that daily battle,
Where each one must win or die.

Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapon,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.
Great St. George, &c.

Who when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown;
Fought, and won a nobler glory,—
Won the martyr's purple crown.
Great St. George, &c.

Help us when temptation presses,
We have still our crown to win:
Help us when our soul is weary
Fighting with the powers of sin.
Great St. George, &c.

Clothe us in thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onward towards the heavenly land.
Great St. George, &c.

Onward, till, our striving over,
On life's battlefield we fall,
Resting then, but ever ready,
Waiting for the angel's call.
Great St. George, &c.

J. W. R.

St. Bede,*

surnamed the Venerable,

MONK AND MASS-PRIEST.†

By the late Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

I.—His Birthplace.

The birthplaces of saints and of men of renown are objects always of interest—oftentimes of contention. That of St. Bede is both the one and the other. The two foremost claimants for the distinction are Jarrow on the banks of the Tyne, and Sunderland on the banks of the Wear, situated within a few miles of each other in the north-eastern corner of the county of Durham.

The Saint himself, little foreseeing that this question would become in after-ages such a bone of contention, merely tells us that he was born "on the folclands of

* Lingard, Stevenson, and others use the Latin form Beda. In this sketch the form popular in the North of England is adopted. The name signifies *Prayer*. There were two other illustrious men of the name, namely, one a monk at Lindisfarne, a companion of St. Cuthbert, and another a Genoese, a canonized Saint.

† Mass-priest is the title given him by King Alfred. Every priest is essentially a Mass-priest, having been ordained "*to offer gifts and sacrifice.*" The prefix was used to distinguish the priest from the deacon and others who served at the altar, and who were called *Preost*. In Bede's case, it was given "because it was his employment to sing every day the Conventual Mass" (Alban Butler).

the Monastery."* These were the seventy folclands or farms, some thousand acres in extent, given by King Egfrid to Benet Biscop. The Monastery built thereon comprised two Houses—St. Peter's at Monk-Wearmouth, and St. Paul's at Jarrow—under one rule and government, the estate being common to both. Each had its own Abbot, yet such was their unity and concord that St. Bede calls them "one single Monastery built in two separate places."†

Sunderland, otherwise Bishop-Wearmouth, which is on the south side of the river, rests its claim on a certain word in the translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* by King Alfred. In the Latin original the word is *territorium*, which the King translates into Saxon as "*Sunderlonde*," or "*Sunderland*." On the strength of this word the champions of Sunderland's claims defiantly say, "Behold! the controversy is at an end. Bede himself proclaims that he was born in Sunderland!"

It happens, however, that the word "Sunderlonde" used by Alfred is simply a Saxon noun, signifying a territory or parcel of land set aside for a monastery, and not necessarily the name of a place.

Then the authority of Lingard is invoked. In his *History of England*‡ he unquestionably says, without note or comment, "Bede was born in Sunderland." But what does he mean by Sunderland? Is it Sunderland proper, as distinguished from the two Wearmouths, or is it the borough or the postal town, which includes both? It would seem to be the latter; for in the first edition [1806] of his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, he says, "Bede was born in a village between the mouths of the Wear and the Tyne." This excludes Bishop-Wearmouth. In his last edition [1845] he says that the Saint was born on one of the seventy folclands which King Egfrid gave to St. Benet. Now these lay on the north side of the river, reaching from the Wear to the Tyne, and embracing both Monk-Wearmouth and Jarrow. The contest, then, lies between these two.

* *In territorio ejusdem Monasterii* (*Eccl. Hist.* lib. v. 25).
† Leland. ‡ Vol. i. ch. iii. edit. 1849.

Let us now hear what the advocates of Jarrow have to say. An anonymous and unknown biographer,* who is the earliest authority after Bede himself (for Cuthbert, his disciple, is not explicit on the subject), and who wrote at the close of the eleventh century, says: "Bede was a native of a petty village on the territory of Jarrow, past which flows the deep river Tyne, falling at no great distance into the ocean."

Alban Butler follows Mabillon, who demonstrates that Bede was born "in a village, which soon after his birth became part of the estate (the Sunderlonde) of the new neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, but was gained upon by the sea before the time of Simeon of Durham." Does not all this seem to point to the neighbourhood of Monkton, near the mouth of the river Don, which flows into the Tyne at Jarrow Slake, and which is said to have been in days of yore a branch of the sea, where the King's fleet found shelter? Must not Bishop-Wearmouth's claim, otherwise that of Sunderland proper, be cancelled outright? And must not Monk-Wearmouth's give place to Jarrow's? Must not the Wear yield to the Tyne?

The bulk of evidence and the dominant tradition are, it cannot be gainsaid, in favour of Monkton, a village on the Don, which empties into the Tyne at Jarrow Slake.

2—The Date of his Birth and his Boyhood.

The precise year of his birth is a matter of controversy, but it may be set down as A.D. 673, or thereabouts, in the days of the Anglo-Saxons, when England was a Heptarchy, made up of seven kingdoms—when Egfrid was King of Northumbria, Deusdedit II. Pope of Rome, Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury, and Wilfrid Bishop of "the nation of the Northumbrians"—in the year in which the Synod of Hertford was held.

* A translation of *The Life of Venerable Bede* by this unknown writer, who wrote prior to the twelfth century, is given by Rev. J. Stevenson, in his Preface to Bede's Works, xxxix. et seq.

Of his parentage or family nothing is recorded. It would seem that he was left an orphan in childhood, for at the early age of seven years little Bede was taken by his kinsfolk to the monastery at Monk-Wearmouth, and handed over to the care and custody of the Abbot, Benet Biscop. On the completion of the buildings at Jarrow, two or three years later, he was transferred thither, and placed under charge of Abbot Ceolfrid. Once within the precincts of the monastery he never quitted it, except on occasional brief visits to Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, Egbert at York, to Bishop Acca of Hexham, a learned man and patron of learning, who had gathered together a magnificent library, and to the king, Ceolwulf, at whose request he wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*. Therein he spent the remainder of his long life "of toil stupendous," and therein he died.*

The boy was yet in his early teens when, A.D. 686, an appalling calamity befell the House. The whole choral community, save two, fell victims to a most virulent plague. The aged Abbot Ceolfrid and the boy-postulant Bede were spared. In simple unaffected language Bede—without naming himself—records how the two survivors steadfastly kept up the daily recitation of the Divine Office in choir, until the vacant stalls began to be reoccupied.† What a spectacle for men and angels! What a matchless instance of heroic constancy!

3—His Vocation and Ordination.

Bede, from the outstart, was a talented and virtuous boy, and rapidly became a prodigy of learning, a burning light of the Church, a living Saint. Of his vocation to the religious life there seems never to have been a doubt. The schoolboy soon became a postulant, then a novice, and in due time a full-fledged monk and Mass-priest, clad in his Benedictine habit, cowl, and scapular, and bound by a triple cord, or vow, of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience.

* *Eccl. Hist.* v. 24. † *Bedæ Opera*, tom. vi. App. p. 421.

From whose hands he received the Sacrament of Confirmation, the four Minor Orders, and the Subdiaconate is not told us. The Diocese of Hexham, which comprised Jarrow, having been founded A.D. 678, when Bede was five years old, it may be presumed that the officiating prelate was St. Wilfrid, who from 686 to 692 ruled over the Church of Hexham.

He tells us himself that he was ordained Deacon at the age of nineteen, and Priest at the age of thirty, by John, Bishop of Hexham, afterwards known as St. John of Beverley, who returned to the see of Hexham A.D. 692, and did not retire till A.D. 705.

4.—His Mode of Life.

A monk's life is not one of sloth, nor of ease. Many and laborious were the offices and employments in which the Fathers were employed—many, indeed menial. Bede himself relates how their great founder, Benet Biscop, delighted to help in winnowing the corn, and in threshing; in giving milk to the lambs and calves; in the bakehouse, in the garden, in the kitchen, and in other like places and occupations.

Bede, no doubt, would occasionally have to lend a helping hand in such works at the beginning of his career, but, afterwards, it would appear that the whole of his time, even to the last hour of his life, was sedulously employed in praying, studying, teaching, and writing. Paradoxical as it sounds, the summary of his life is that he was *always* praying, *always* reading, *always* teaching, *always* writing. It has been said that, if you count up the works he wrote, you cannot conceive how he ever did anything but write; if you study his character and holiness of life, you cannot comprehend how he ever did anything but pray.* He studied under Trumbert, disciple of St. Chad. His sweetest of all delights was to read and expound the Sacred Scriptures, and in doing so the tears flowed down his cheeks, and his voice was as

* Mabillon, *Traité des Etud. Monast.*

the voice of an angel. That his time might not be otherwise occupied, he persistently refused the office of Abbot, with its honours and dignity, its anxieties and responsibilites.

5.—His Writings and his Fame.

St. Bede, three years before his death, appended to his *Ecclesiastical History* a full catalogue of all the other books he had written. He enumerates forty-five different works, many of which are divided into several books. Thirty-eight relate to the Books of the Old Testament; twenty-six are on those of the New Testament; one is of Epistles to different persons; Histories of Saints, viz., two of St. Cuthbert,* first in heroic verse, and then in prose; of St. Felix, and of St. Athanasius; Lives of the first five Abbots of Monk-Wearmouth and Jarrow; a Martyrology; a volume of Hymns, also one of Epigrams; a treatise on the Nature of Things and on the Times; on the Art of Orthography; on Poetry; and finally a little book of Tropes and Figures.

From this catalogue of the works and writings which posterity owes to his pen—of which his *Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons*, in five books, is the most celebrated—it is readily seen how varied were his talents and acquirements, how profound his erudition. He was well versed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues; he was an eminent theologian, commentator, canonist, linguist, astronomer, philosopher, poet, and musician—in short, the mightiest intellect and most accomplished scholar of his country and age.

He has earned for himself the unique title of VENERABLE—he has been designated the Sun of the Western and the Lamp of the English Church—the Father of English learning—he has been enrolled among the

* This Life, re-edited and translated into English, with copious notes by Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., was issued at the beginning of 1887, on occasion of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert.

Fathers and Doctors of the Church*—he has been canonized as a Saint. In all the great libraries of Christendom his works are deemed a priceless treasure. They have been translated from the original Latin into the tongues of many nations. King Alfred rendered them into Anglo-Saxon. Protestant dignitaries and divines have published versions in English.†

The fame of such learning and such sanctity spread rapidly and far. Many disciples—in number six hundred—were drawn to the twin monasteries of St. Peter's at Monk-Wearmouth and of St. Paul's at Jarrow, and sat at the feet of the illustrious Anglo-Saxon Gamaliel. Many strong friendships were formed, and learned correspondences kept up. Among his most intimate friends and correspondents St. Acca, the fifth Bishop of Hexham, held the first place. He addresses him as "the most loved and longed-for of bishops," and dedicated several of his works to him—indeed, wrote them at his request.

"The most competent authorities," says Montalembert, "have recognized in Bede a chronicler well-informed and systematic, on whom the rigorous precision of his language and the scrupulous accuracy of his narrative bestow the full right of being heard and having his testimony weighed."

Elsewhere the illustrious author of *Monks of the West*‡ adds: "The name of Bede, after having been one of the greatest and most popular in Christendom, still remains invested with an unchangeable fame. He is the type of the studious and learned life which, in the eyes of many, sums up the entire mission of the monk. He was a most cultivated man; the greatest intellectual personage of his country and age; but he holds a still greater position in the eyes of those, to whom he has

* In all the Breviaries and Missals of the Benedictine Orders, his Office and Mass are those of a Confessor and Doctor.

† Dr. Giles (who revises the translation of Mr. Stevens), and the Rev. Joseph Stevenson. The latter has since become a Catholic and a Jesuit.

‡ Vol. v. p. 58.

been a guide and master throughout a laborious and bewildering task. By the student who has passed several years almost entirely in his company, he is venerated as a saint and loved as a friend; and, without absolving him of his patriotic prejudices and partialities, the spirit does reverence to his character still more than to his glory."

As specimens of his style and as evidences of the tone of mind and spirit of piety in which he wrote, the Lessons in the Breviary selected from his compositions may be referred to.

But let him speak for himself. In the Preface to his master-piece he writes thus pathetically: "I entreat all those of our nation who read this History, or hear it read, to recommend often to the Divine clemency the infirmities of my body and of my soul. Let each man in his province, seeing the care which I have taken to note down everything that is memorable or agreeable for the inhabitants of each district, pay me back by praying for me."

Listen also to the touching prayer which he appends to his list of literary labours. It runs thus: "O good Jesus, Who hast deigned to refresh my soul with the sweet streams of knowledge, grant to me that I may one day mount to Thee, Who art the source of all wisdom, and remain for ever in Thy Divine presence."*

Camden calls him "the singular and shining light," and Leland, "the chiefest and brightest ornament of the English nation—most worthy, if ever any one was, of immortal fame." William of Malmesbury tell us that it is easier to admire him in thought, than to do him justice in expression. Another authority places Bede for eloquence and richness of diction above Gregory the Great.†

* Conclusion of *Ecclesiastical History.*

† Bale, an apostate monk, who under Edward VI. became Bishop of Ossory.

6.—His Summons to Rome

From Tyne to Tiber is a long distance, but the name of Bede, the humble young monk of Jarrow, soon became well known in Rome. It was spoken with veneration in the courts of the Supreme Pontiff. Sergius then sat in St. Peter's Chair, from 687 to 701. Wishful to do honour to so great a scholar and theologian, and also to consult him in many grave matters then affecting the interests of the Church, His Holiness by letter desired Abbot Ceolfrid to send the servant of God, Bede, *ad limina Apostolorum.* The letter, as given by William of Malmesbury, is as follows:

"*Sergius, Bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to Ceolfrith, the holy abbot and priest, sendeth greeting.*—Yielding to the timely and worthy prayers of your laudable anxiety with the closest devotion, we entreat of your pious goodness, so acceptable to God, that since there have occurred certain points of ecclesiastical discipline, which should not be published without more matured deliberation, which have made it necessary for us to confer with a person skilled in the literature of the arts, as becomes an assistant of God's Holy Catholic Mother-Church, you would not delay paying ready obedience to this our admonition, but would send without loss of time to our lowly presence at the venerable Church of the chief Apostles, your friends and protectors, the lords Peter and Paul, Beda, a religious servant of God, a venerable priest of your monastery, whom, God willing, you may expect to return in safety, when, by God's permission, the necessary discussion of these aforesaid points shall have been solemnly completed. For whatever shall be advantageously added to the Church at large, and to the holy and devout College, will, we trust, be profitable to all those persons also who are committed to your own immediate care."*

No reason is assigned for his not obeying the Pope's mandate, but certain it is Bede did not go "to see

* *Gesta Regum*, § 57, vol. 1.

Peter." It was, no doubt, owing to the death of Sergius, which took place in the September of the same year, 701.

7.—His last Illness and Death.

Life ebbs at last, and great as well as little, saints as well as sinners, must die. At length, then, as some assert, at the age of four score and ten, or, as others, on better ground, say, at the age of sixty-three, after a life of assiduous labour and austere self-abnegation, while yet busily occupied in writing and teaching, Bede fell into a state of exceeding debility. He had hitherto been his own secretary;* but now, unable any longer to write with his own hand, he dictated and continued to expound the Sacred Scriptures to his disciples to the last hour of his life.

How the great master bore himself in the last tremendous hour—with what faith and fervour he received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction—with what pathetic tenderness he bade a last farewell to the Abbot and his fellow-monks and disciples—how feelingly he bespoke a lasting remembrance in their prayers and Masses—all this has been told to us, mainly by one of his disciples, an eye-witness of the death-bed scene, in words of inspired beauty and exquisite pathos—in words that can never be read without tears.

Reverently, and with deep attention, let us listen to a few passages from the letter of the well-beloved disciple Cuthbert, called also Anthony, who afterwards became Abbot of Jarrow, to a former school-fellow, Cuthwin, and to a few words from an old chronicler:

"Your letter gave me much satisfaction, wherein I found what I greatly desired, that Masses and prayers are diligently said by your monastery (Lindisfarne) for our late Father and master.

"About a fortnight before Easter he fell into a state

* Letter to St. Acca.

of extreme weakness, in consequence of difficulty of breathing, but without much pain. He continued thus until Ascension-Eve, always cheerful and happy, praying through every hour of the day and night, with his arms in form of a cross, and giving us lessons. In reciting the anthem of the day—'*O Glorious King, Lord of Hosts, Who triumphing this day didst ascend above all the heavens, leave us not orphans*'—he burst into tears and by turns we wept—nay! we wept always, even when we read.

"Thus passed the forty days of Easter to Ascension Day. On the Tuesday before the feast of the Ascension he began to be much worse, his breathing became more difficult, and his feet were swollen. ('He thereupon,' relates the old Chronicler, 'received Extreme Unction and then the Viaticum,* and gave the kiss of peace to all his brethren.'†) All that night he lay awake praising God: and at dawn on the Wednesday morning he ordered us to write quickly, which we did until the hour of Tierce, that is, nine o'clock. At that hour we walked in procession, bearing the Relics, as the rubrics prescribe, for it was Rogation Wednesday. At three o'clock in the afternoon he said to me, 'I have some valuables in my little chest. Run quickly, and bring the Priests to me, that I may make to them such presents as God has given me—pepper, napkins, and incense.' I did as he bade me. He spoke to each in turn, entreating them to celebrate Masses and to pray for him diligently, which all readily promised to do. 'The time of my dissolution is at hand,' said he. 'I wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ.' All burst into tears. He himself continued to speak cheerfully until sunset.

"At that hour a youth, Wilberth by name, said, 'Beloved master, there is still one sentence unwritten.' 'Then write quickly,' said the Saint. In a few minutes' time the youth again spoke, and said, 'Master, it is finished.' 'Thou hast spoken truly,' replied the dying

* See Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist*, i. p. 255.
† Ranulph Higden's *Polychron*, v.

monk; 'take my head between thy hands, for it is my delight to sit opposite to that holy place in which I used to pray; and let me invoke my Father, Who is in Heaven.' Sitting thus on sackcloth on the pavement of his cell, he sang for the last time, '*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;*' and, as he pronounced the last of the three Divine names, he gave up the ghost, and took his departure for Heaven.

"I have much more to relate of him. At a future time I intend to write more fully what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my ears."

"From Jarrow's tower the Vesper bell
Tolls solemnly across the Tyne;
Resting his oar, the mariner
Stays listening to its sacred chime.

"The chaunt begins, but low and sad;
For full of grief the monks are all;
Since one, by all revered and loved,
Is missing from his wonted stall.

"Their Vespers sung, they leave the choir;
And crowd around his couch with speed
To see once more, ere he expire,
Their own dear Venerable Bede.

"O glory of the Saxon Church!
Beam forth again, within thy hand
Bearing the torch of truth, to chase
The gloom that shrouds thy native land.

"Behold, thy shrines are desolate;
Lo! Durham, Jarrow, Wearmouth mourn;
Build up the Altars now laid waste,
Bid faith and peace again return."

8.—His Burial-place and his Relics.

His body was buried in the south porch at Jarrow, but was afterwards translated to a more honourable place within the church, and pilgrims came from far and near to pray at his tomb, until his relics were removed by stealth to Durham Cathedral. This was the doing of

one Elfred, a priest of Durham, whose wont it was, every year, on St. Bede's anniversary to go on pilgrimage to Jarrow to offer up his prayers at the tomb.

"On one of these occasions," says Simeon of Durham, "he went to Jarrow as usual, and having spent some days in the church in solitude, praying and watching, he returned in the early morning alone to Durham, without the knowledge of his companions—a thing he had never done before—as though he wished to have no witness to his secret. Now, although he lived many years afterwards, yet he never again visited Jarrow, and it appeared as if he had achieved the object of his desires. When, also he was asked by his most intimate friends: 'Where were the bones of Venerable Bede?' he would reply: 'No one can answer that question as well as I. You may be assured, my brethren, beyond all doubt, that the same chest, which holds the hallowed body of our Father, Cuthbert, also contains the bones of Bede, our reverend teacher and brother. It is useless to search beyond that little corner for any portion of his relics.'"

In 1104 they were discovered in the coffin of St. Cuthbert, and were afterwards deposited by Bishop Pudsey in a casket of gold, silver, and precious stones in the Galilee. There they rested in peace and honour until the reign of Henry VIII., and the great apostacy, when the tomb in the Galilee was profaned, and rifled of its gold and jewels. Its sacred contents, more precious by far than gold and jewels, were thrown out upon the dunghill!

Miracles were wrought at his shrine, both in Jarrow and Durham; and the fame of his sanctity grew and spread, and his name was soon enrolled in the calendar of Saints.

There are two feasts kept in his honour, namely, the 27th of May, the day of his death: and the 29th of October, the day, no doubt, of one of his Translations.

An old oaken chair, now reverently kept in the chancel, is popularly believed to have been the one in which the Saint sat and wrote.

9.—His Personal Appearance.

In great measure we are left to ourselves to pourtray the outward form and lineaments of this great servant of God. No painted portrait nor marble bust has been handed down by his contemporaries; yet on very old and very good authority he is described to us as follows:

"He was of goodly stature and of grave deportment. His face was handsome, and his countenance pleasing: in which severity was blended with a certain charm of sweetness. Hence to the good and well-behaved he was all amiability; but to the proud and ill-conducted he was austere and terrible. He had a fine tenor voice, and great fluency of speech."*

From the day on which he made his three solemn vows of voluntary poverty, perpetual chasity, and entire obedience, became a monk, and was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Hexham, St. John, called of Beverley, until the day of his death, his dress was the black habit, cowl, and scapular of the monks of St. Benedict.

The reader can now picture him to himself as he was actually seen, more than eleven hundred years ago, standing at the altar saying Mass—sitting in his stall in choir chanting the Divine office—pacing the cloisters—walking in the gardens and shrubberies by the side of the Don—strolling on the sands of the Slake when the tide was out—or occasionally sailing with his fellow monks up and down the Tyne in one of the coracles, or small fishing-boats of the monastery.

10.—His Creed and Religion.

1.—Christian and Catholic.

St. Bede has not composed a Creed, nor a Catechism nor an Abridgment of Christian Doctrine. He has not left behind him any didactic treatises on theology or dogma, nor any work of controversy. His writings are

* *Breviarium Rom.* Lectio ii, Noct. read on his feast, the 29th of October.

historical and biographical—commentaries on portions or books of Sacred Scripture, homilies and sermons, essays or treatises on astronomy, geography, and chronology, on music, poetry, and kindred matters, and finally some lengthy letters to his friends, especially to St. Acca, Bishop of Hexham, and to Egbert, Bishop of York.

Yet from the pages of these miscellaneous books it is no difficult task to cull the articles of the author's creed, and satisfy ourselves what his religion was; with whom and in what church or chapel, were he now to revisit his native place, he would worship; at what altar he would say Mass.

In a long epistle written to his friend, Bishop Egbert, of York, occur the following well-weighed and emphatic words:

"*With regard to the preaching of the Gospel to the people, I am of opinion that above all things the utmost diligence and care should be used that the Catholic Faith, as it is contained in the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, should be rootedly fixed in the memories of all. For by this means the whole body of the Faithful will learn upon what grounds they believe, and will acquire that steadfastness of Creed by which they ought to fortify and arm themselves in their conflict with unclean spirits. On this account I myself have frequently given to the unlearned a translation of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer.*"*

It is impossible in the teeth of these words to deny that Venerable Bede was a Christian; that he believed in the Unity and Trinity of God, in the Incarnation of the Son of God, in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, and in the Holy Ghost; that the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed, as we have it to this day, were the articles of his Creed. Equally it is impossible to deny that he was a Catholic—a member, as he terms it, of the Catholic Faith. So far, so good.

Time was when the name Christian and the surname Catholic had a clear, well-defined, incommunicable sig-

* Epistle, § 5.

nificance, and an exclusive application. They belonged and were freely given to one sole Body with one Faith and one Baptism—to one Fold with one Shepherd. Now they are claimed and usurped by a motley multitude of sects, denominations, and so-called churches, some of whom have no Creed, and others no Baptism—all of whom "vary with every wind of doctrine"—are as "sheep going astray without a Shepherd," as "the blind led by the blind."

This being the case, we must, if possible, ascertain more precisely what is Bede's idea of the Catholic Church.

2.—Three Marks of his Church.

Among many evidences one is found in his Commentary on the Canticle of Canticles.* It is a passage of great power and eloquence. The words are Bede's own, but what lends emphasis to them is the fact that he puts them into the mouth of our Blessed Lord Himself.

Our Lord is supposed to be standing and contemplating the wondrous work of His own hands—the Church which he had built upon the impregnable rock—the Spouse whom He had purchased with His Precious Blood.

"*O Catholic Church!*"—he exclaims in rapture—"*in every feature and limb of thy body—stretching, as thou dost, far and wide throughout the universe—thou art to me all-beautiful and immaculate.*"

Now, here we have two prerogatives or marks of the Church of God—the Church of Bede. Firstly she has the beauty of holiness; that is, she is without speck, spot, or wrinkle—without a stain of error or shadow of deformity—holy and infallible. Secondly, she has Catholicity, or universality, by which she is the Church, not of a nation, but of "all nations under the sun;"—not of an island, nor a continent, nor a hemisphere, but of the whole universe; not of a people, but of all peoples of whatever colour, complexion, climate or tongue. To

* *Expos. in Cant. Canticorum*, iv.

call a Church Catholic which is simply of the English-speaking people, or of one tongue, is an utter and monstrous contradiction of terms. It is the molehill taking to itself airs and presuming to lord it over the snow-capped mountain! It is as grotesque a contradiction in terms as to call a square round, or to speak of a black white, or a hot cold, or *vice versâ*.

Nor is this all. In Bede's eye there is something transcendently more beautiful than the beauty of holiness; something transcendently more precious than Catholicity. What is it? What can it be? It is *Unity*—the two-fold unity of Faith and Communion. "The unity," as Bede describes it, "of all the members, great and small, the rulers and the ruled, whereby the Church in one heart, and in one mind, and in identically the same religious conviction, bound together by one comman head or Supreme Pontiff, leads men on to the life in which reigns the unity of true peace and glory evermore."*

Bede's Church had, therefore, three undoubted marks. Firstly, it was essentially *Holy* and divine, needing no man's reforming; essentially free from all doctrinal error in the past and from such a possibility in the future—infallible. Secondly, it was *Catholic*, comprising all the nations under the sun in all ages even to the consummation of the world—indefectible. Thirdly, it was yet *One* with oneness of Baptism—and linked together in one body by one common bond of unity, a sovereign head—one fold, under one Shepherd—a countless multitude of believers but only one belief. †

3.—Papal Supremacy

Now let us go on and apply some crucial tests. If there be one thing or one dogma more than another that, to use a coarse and somewhat vulgar, though expressive, phrase, stinks in the nostrils of every Church save one, of every denomination, sect, persuasion, or community—that one thing, and that one dogma, is the Pope's

* *Expos. in Cant. Canticorum*, iv.
† Acts iv. 32.

Primacy, or Papal Supremacy. Acceptance of this fundamental principle of Christianity implies submission, obedience, surrender of private judgment, annihilation of self in matters of faith, collapse and subversion of all national, schismatical, or heretical Churches. It rolls in the dust the standard of revolt and the flag on which, in Lucifer's handwriting, are the words, "I will not serve." It exacts that Unity which had such a magic charm and such a marvellous value in great Bede's eyes. Underneath its shade nothing but pure and unadulterated Catholicity can flourish. The Papal Supremacy is almost the one sole point which stands in the way of the union of the Greek and Russian Churches with the Church of Rome. "We will have no King over us but Cæsar—down with Christ, let Him be Crucified." This was the cry that rang through the streets of Jerusalem on the first Good Friday. The Jews preferred Herod to our Blessed Lord, aye! even Barabbas to Christ. The echo of that cry is still heard in the East. "Down with the Pope, Christ's Vicegerent. We will have no Pontiff save the Czar or the Emperor." It was heard in this island in the sixteenth century: "Down with the Pope—King Harry VIII., Queen Bess, and their successors, shall be the Supreme Governors of our Church"—and so it came to pass. The golden cord was broken, and the Church of England, severed from the unity of Christendom, became finally under Elizabeth "established by law," A.D. 1559—331 years ago.*

Now, what are Venerable Bede's views and belief on this vital test question? He records in his *History* with evident zest how Britain owed its Apostles, its conversion, and its faith to the Pope of Rome; how Pope Eleutherius, A.D. 156, at the request of King Lucius, sent him missionaries, and how "the Britons preserved the faith, which they had received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity until the time of the Emperor Diocletian."†

Then he tells us how, some four centuries later, A.D. 582, another Pope, Gregory the Great, who had "been

* 1 Eliz. † *Eccl. Hist.* i. ch. iv.

raised to the Apostolic See of Rome," sent St. Augustine and other missionaries to the English nation; how the missionaries derived their mission, their jurisdiction, their bishoprics, and their doctrine from "the Lord Pope." He tells us how his own great master and Abbot, St. Benet Biscop, went six times to Rome "to see Peter," to pay homage to the Pope, to consult with the Head of the Church, to ask authority for sundry projects, and various grants, privileges, and charters of protection; how there was an almost continuous stream of pilgrim-monks going and coming between Jarrow or Monkwearmouth and Rome.

He designates the Pope as "the first Pastor of the Church," "the Prince of the Apostolic College," "the exalted Head of the whole Church," as "holding the first Episcopal office in the whole world," as "set over the Churches converted to Christ," as "entrusted with the government of the whole Church."*

4.—The Holy Eucharist, Transubstantiation, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Next to the Pope's Supremacy there is no dogma so distinctively Catholic, so exclusively "Roman," as that of the Blessed Eucharist, otherwise called Transubstantiation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is not unknown that in the last decade two or three certain ministers of the Church of England have impiously professed and pretended to say Mass. In the words of a departed statesman, this is neither more nor less than "Mass in masquerade." They stand condemned by their own ecclesiastical authorities. What do their Thirty-nine Articles or the Protestant Confession of Faith say of the Mass? The thirty-first Article declares it to be "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit!" What say their Bishops? what their Supreme Governess?

Now let us open the pages of Bede and see what he, whom King Alfred designated as the Mass-priest, says

* *Eccl. Hist. passim.*

of Transubstantiation and the Holy Sacrifice. St. Paul does not speak more explicitly: our Lord Himself is not more forcible. Bede says: "*The elements of bread and wine are through the ineffable hallowing of the Spirit, made to pass into the Sacrament of Christ's Flesh and Blood.*"* He speaks of the Sacrifice of the Mass as "the celebration of the most sacred mysteries, the celestial and mysterious Sacrifice, the mysteries of our Lord's Flesh and Blood, the most holy mysteries of the Altar, around which the angels hover in respectful silence and adore." He calls it a "Sacrament," as well as a "Sacrifice"—"the Sacrifice of the Mass," and "the solemnity of the Mass."

5.—Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead.

As an interesting evidence of his faith and the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church in Purgatory, Transubstantiation, and the Mass, Venerable Bede relates in his *History* how "the brethren of the Church of Hexham went out every year on the evening before the day on which King Oswald was slain in battle, and kept vigil or watch-night with many psalms for the salvation and the good estate of his soul, and on the morrow offered up for him the Victim of the Holy Obligation."†

No one will be so foolhardy as to deny that Venerable Bede was a priest, a Mass priest, raised, he tells us himself, to that dignity by St. John, the Bishop of Hexham. No one will venture to gainsay that he believed in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and in Transubstantiation, as fully and firmly as he believed in the existence of God or the Redemption; or to deny that he set infinite value upon the Mass as a propitiatory Sacrifice both for the living and the dead.

For the sake of having Masses said for himself and his soul's repose after death, he, Saint that he was, had himself enrolled in the brotherhood of the monks of Lindisfarne; and when in his feebleness he could no longer stand at the altar, when his feet began to swell,

* *Hom. on Epiph.* p. 178. Edit. Giles.
† *Eccl. Hist.* iii. ch. ii.

and death stood waiting and knocking, as it were, outside his cell, when he had been "iled, anoynt, and ihouseld" (*i.e.*, received Extreme Unction),* what was his last dying request? As the Fathers came to receive from him his parting kiss of peace, the dying Saint begged of them to be persevering in their prayers and saying of Masses for him after he was gone.†

As further evidence of the belief in the Communion of Saints and in the Church Militant, Suffering, and Triumphant, an interesting vision is recorded by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History:*‡ and the Saint adds: "*Many are relieved before the Day of Judgment by the prayers, alms, and fasting of the living, and more especially by the celebration of Masses.*"

6.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Saints.

On the invocation of the saints and angels, and the honour due and paid to them, and eminently on the question of the devotion, or, as it is called, the worship of the Blessed Virgin, Bede will be found perfectly orthodox and eminently Catholic. The most extreme Ultramontane could not be more staunch or explicit. He proclaims the praises of "the august Mother of God," both in prose and verse;§ he enumerates her exalted prerogatives, he lavishes upon her the noblest titles of honour, he has left behind him sermons of surpassing eloquence and of much feeling preached on her festivals.‖ The most devoted client of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin could not wish for anything more beautiful, more devotional or more Catholic. *Mary stands*, says he, *in the presence of her Son, praying unceasingly for sinners.*

Perhaps the best praise that can be bestowed upon

* Ranulf Higden, *Polychron*, v.

† Cuthbert's Letter to Cuthwin. ‡ Bk. v. ch. xii.

§ See hymn in elegiac verse in *Eccl. Hist.* iv. 20.

‖ See *Our Lady's Dowry*, By Father Bridgett.

him, and the strongest proof of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin is that *her* enemies—though otherwise *his* admirers—charge him with Mariolatry.*

II.—His Shrine and Epitaphs.

Of his shrine at Jarrow no remant nor record remains. It was a spot to which pilgrims flocked, where miracles were wrought—but it is not. The massive block of stone which Bishop Pudsey reared to Bede's honour in the gorgeous Galilee of Durham Minster, A.D. 1104, still stands, but in a bald and mutilated condition, bereft of its sacred treasure, and stripped of its magnificent and costly ornamentation. Lust of gold and diabolical loathing for "the Communion of Saints," have left nothing but the abomination of desolation standing in the once holy place.

It would be not only interesting, but also edifying, to make a collection of epitaphs that have been composed in his honour. They are many, and some of rare merit. Space only admits of two.

The one most familiar, with the well-known monkish rhyme, is from the tomb in Durham.

Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa.

Here lie beneath these stones Venerable Bede's bones.

* The following extract is an example of what used to be the Anglican estimate of the Venerable Bede with regard to his Catholicity: "Beda. . . . was miserably ensnared with Popish errours, which in those times had overspread like a gangrene every nation, wherein there was a possesion of Christianity, so that it might be said, that as the whole world was once called Arian, so then it might have been stiled *Antichristian*" (*Speculum Patrum: a looking-glass of the Fathers.* By Edward Larkin, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, and now Minister of the Word at Limesfield in Surrey. London, 1659, p. 83).

Leland, in his *Collectanea*,* gives the following:

Anglia te celebrat: te totus personat orbis.

England proclaims, and all Christendom echoes thy praises.

12.—The Great Revolt: its Work at Jarrow.

A Protestant church stands on the site of old St. Paul's. In the old Saxon arch, at the entrance into the sanctuary is still extant the dedication stone. It relates that the church was built A.D. 684, being dedicated to the service of God on the 9th of the kalends of May (24th of April), in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and the fourth of Abbot Ceolfrid, the founder.

The ruthless hand of the destroyer, three centuries ago, laid low the cloisters of St. Paul's at Jarrow, and blotted out every trace of the cell, ennobled and sanctified as the home of the Venerable Bede, as if it had been an unclean spot—a den of thieves and of evil spirits. Strangers that abhorred, vilified and anathematized what he had cherished, believed, and taught, planted themselves on the ruins, and proclaimed a new Gospel of man's devising.

The old glories of Jarrow have passed away. The spot is no longer the abode of Benedictine monks—no longer the hearth of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Faith. That imperishable Faith is, however, still preached and bearing good fruit in the locality. St. Bede's and St. Acca's churches and schools in old and new Jarrow, and those of SS. Peter and Paul at Tyne Docks, under the charge of secular priests, supply the place of the old Anglo-Saxon St. Paul's in the holy work of the cure of souls and in the education of children.

Yet, what the Monastery was may be seen to-day in other parts of England, and on the Continent, where houses of the Benedictine Order flourish in primitive

* Vol. iii. bk. iv. ch. 23.

fervour and discipline, where St. Bede is not only honoured as in his own country, if not more so, but imitated —imitated in his dress and daily routine of spiritual exercises, in the observance of his sacred vows, and in the practice of his eminent virtues. He who wishes to realize what Jarrow was of old time and what St. Bede, must go on pilgrimage to one or other of the many Benedictine abbeys—to Monte Cassino in Italy, for instance, or to Einsiedeln in Switzerland, where monks and Mass-priests are to be found in tens and scores, if not in hundreds, and where the rule of their Patriarch and Founder is duly observed.

Blessed Thomas More.

(1480–1535.)

By the Hon. Justice O'Hagan.

Birth and Early Years: 1480–1509.

It is now more than four hundred years since the birth of Sir Thomas More. He was born in the very centre of London, in the year 1480, while the Plantagenet House of York still held the throne. What his family had been cannot now be well known, the family records having, as his great-grandson says, been seized upon at the time of his attainder by Henry VIII. and never recovered. But he says they were of honourable lineage, and were connected with the Mores of Ireland, though whether the English or the Irish were the parent stock he had no materials for ascertaining. Thomas's father, Sir John More, was one of the Judges of the King's Bench, and he seems to have possessed many of the qualities by which his son was afterwards distinguished, especially those of piety and gaiety. He lived to a great old age—lived to see his son Lord High Chancellor; and I may here anticipate what occurred fifty years later, and mention a trait of manners which marks the difference between those times and our own. When Thomas More was Lord Chancellor and went each morning to take his seat in Westminster Hall, it was his

invariable custom to enter the court of King's Bench where his father sat, to kneel down and ask his blessing. What in our time would excite unmeasured ridicule was then a simple act of filial and religious piety.

That the son of such a father was carefully and well educated was a thing of course. He was sent to one of the best schools then existing in London, St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street. At the age of fourteen he was transferred to another theatre of education according to a custom which prevailed in the middle ages, but which has now been for centuries abandoned. He was sent to be a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury. To be a page to some great man, so far from indicating anything of a menial position, was looked to as a most important part of the training of a young gentleman. The idea was—and, like all ideas, it was more or less perfectly realized, or not realized at all, according to the character both of the individual who was the subject of it, and of the household which received him—but the idea was that youths should in the plastic and flexible period of life be fashioned into obedience, courtesy, and knowledge of mankind, should have illustrious examples to look up to, should receive what is now so little thought of—an education of the habits—and at the very lowest be moulded into what was most dignified and gracious in external manner.

Cardinal Morton, into whose establishment at Lambeth More was thus received as a boy, was himself no ordinary man. He was the same Morton, formerly Bishop of Ely, who in the reign of Richard III. had succeeded in making his escape beyond seas and joining Richmond, who was then meditating an invasion of the realm. His single defection brought more home to King Richard the danger in which he stood than the armed insurrection of the Duke of Buckingham:—

> Morton with Richmond troubles me far more
> Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

After the overthrow and death of Richard III., Morton's

fortunes rose to a high pitch under his successor, King Henry VII., whose friend and counsellor he had been. He became successively Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, and Cardinal. When More was put under his charge, he was far advanced in years—of the age of eighty-four—but with all his faculties vigorous and alert.

Cardinal Morton, as Roper tells us, was not slow in discerning the very remarkable talents of the young page who had been confided to him. "For the Cardinal would often make trial of his present wit, especially at Christmas merriments, when, having plays for his recreation, this youth would suddenly step up among the players, and, never studying before upon the matter, make often a part of his own invention which was so witty and full of jests that he alone made more sport than all the players besides; for which his towardliness the Cardinal much delighted in him, and would often say of him unto divers of the nobility who at sundry times dined with him: 'This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it will prove a marvellous rare man.'"

After having been two years under Cardinal Morton, More was by his advice sent to Oxford. At Oxford he remained for two years—no longer. He left it at the age of eighteen, with a thorough knowledge of the classics and a mastery over the Latin language which made his name earlier and more widely known on the Continent than it was in England. One circumstance will manifest what his endowments were. In 1497 Erasmus came to Oxford, being then a man of established fame in the world of letters. He was thirteen years senior to More, being then thirty, while More was but a lad of seventeen. Yet so strong were the admiration and attraction with which Erasmus was drawn towards him that a friendship began which was constantly fostered by the most friendly correspondence, and which only ceased with More's death. I shall have occasion later on to refer to the colours with which Erasmus depicts his friend in a letter to the well-known Ulrich Hutten.

Leaving Oxford at eighteen, he entered the Inns of Court of London, and gave himself to the study of law with like ardour and like success. He himself was strongly disposed to embrace a religious life, and for a time he practised extraordinary austerites in order to test his capacity to endure the strict discipline of the Franciscans; but he became at last persuaded that such was not his vocation. He was so advised by his director, the famous Dean Colet, who told him that to be a layman and a married man was best for him. The strong desire of his father that he should be a lawyer may have added its weight. However that be, I gather from some words which he spoke in the Tower to his daughter Margaret, shortly before his execution, that a hankering after the cell of the monk never quite left him.

After his call to the bar his rise was wonderfully rapid. His son-in-law says he made by his profession £400 a year, which Lord Campbell, having regard to the difference in the value of money and to the amount of customary professional fees, thinks might represent a position equivalent to what would be indicated by an income of £10,000 a year made at the English bar at this day. Lord Campbell may be right upon the simple basis of comparing a first-class bar income of that day with one in his own time; but, taking the mere value of the money, it would be absurd to say that £400 a year then represents £10,000 a year made now, or anything like it. I would estimate the difference in money value, having regard to the cost of the necessaries and conveniences of life, as about one to eight—that is, £400 a year then would represent about £3,200 now.

At the age of twenty-four he became a member of the House of Commons and distinguished himself by his opposition to the exactions of King Henry VII., who, though he has left a fair name behind him in comparision with his son's, was in his own day regarded, and rightly regarded, as an avaricious tyrant. More's opposition to his exactions inevitably aroused the wrath of the King, who, having no means to wreak it upon Thomas himself, took a mean revenge, of a kind

common to princes, and made his father feel his resentment. Upon slight pretence he mulcted the old man in a fine of £100, equal say to £800 or £1,000 of the present day.

But in the year 1509, when More was twenty-nine years of age, King Henry VII. died, and Henry VIII., then a youth of eighteen, succeeded. At his accession there was a universal outburst of joy. Nothing was known of the new King that was not favourable; and at such an age everything is hoped and everything is pardoned. The avarice of Henry VII., and the unscrupulous means taken to satisfy it, had so repelled and disgusted the people of England that the accession of his successor in the flush of youth and hope was as the advent of an angel. So did Thomas More regard it, and his feeling broke out into Latin verses on the accession of the new King. They are almost the counterpart of Virgil's Eclogue, singing the return of the golden age and the glorious days that are to be. This poem, which celebrates the gentleness, and clemency, the cultivation, the humanity of King Henry VIII., reads strangely now in the light of his after history.

Married life: Royal Favours: 1503-1529.

I have not yet spoken of More's marriage and domestic life. He was twice married—first at the age of three or four-and-twenty to the daughter of an Essex gentleman, Colt of New Hall.* This first union brought him happiness unalloyed. The young lady was, according to all the accounts of her which have come down to us, of disposition and tastes kindred with his own; but bred as she had been in the country, her education was somewhat behind what he desired. This gave him the happy occasion of superintending and completing her education. Erasmus says: "He married a maiden of good family, very young, and as yet untaught, having

* The same New Hall which, having fallen to such a curious succession of owners as would almost make its history an epitome of the history of England, is now a convent of nuns.

spent her life hitherto in the country with her parents and sisters. Wherefore he had the greater opportunity to fashion her to his own mind. He instructed her in literature, and had her taught every species of music."

More's happiness was not of long duration. His wife bore him three daughters and a son, and died about six years after their marriage. When two or three years had passed, he married again. The same felicity was not found in his second union. He married a widow, seven years his senior. The avowed motive of his marriage was that he might have some one to govern his house and bring up his children. In these respects he had no reason to complain of the result. She was an attentive and thrifty housewife, neither was there any lack of kindness to the children—she bore him none of her own: but she was hard, narrow, worldly, and never had the least comprehension of More's character, which was quite above and beyond her. Owing to this total want of sympathy, she, though an excellent woman in her way, became an adversary instead of a consolation to him in his last great trial.

In the meantime, he was growing into high favour with Henry VIII. and the King's great minister, Cardinal Wolsey. Both appreciated his talents and qualities. They desired to draw him from his legal and literary pursuits, and to win him over to the life of a courtier and politician. He wisely preferred the independence which his profession gave him. Still he was from time to time employed in missions to the continent to negotiate treaties of trade and commerce. In all these he acquitted himself well, yet the employment was repugnant to him. He made friends abroad, amongst them Peter Giles of Antwerp, to whom he inscribed his *Utopia*. He loved the works of art and the evidences of higher civilization to be found in the foreign cities, yet he always yearned to be in his home again or busied with his daily occupations at Westminster Hall.

Yet in the midst of all this activity, with a professional business full enough to engross him, and with those

occasional inroads on his time made by Wolsey or the King, he was able to find leisure for literary composition. His *Life of King Richard III.* was written about the year 1513, when he was three-and-thirty years of age. It is evidently most authentic as a narrative, for More had mixed on the most familiar terms with the survivors of those who had been the chief actors in the events of that reign, Cardinal Morton among the number.

His next literary production was written in Latin, and is the most widely popular and enduring of all his works—his famous *Utopia*. In my judgement, the most interesting part of More's *Utopia* is the introduction, in which he puts his finger on the real and flagrant defects of the law of England, some of which were not removed till near three hundred years afterwards, and some remain unabolished till this hour. He dwells with great force upon the iniquity of the law as to the punishment of theft. Theft was a felony punishable with death and confiscation of all the goods of the offender. It has been computed that in the single reign of Henry VIII., some 12,000 human beings were put to death for this crime. Even supposing this to be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that the law, and the execution of the law, were sanguinary in the extreme. Sir Thomas More anticipated Beccaria and modern jurists by showing that such unmeasured penalties absolutely tended, instead of stifling crime, to increase it by rendering men desperate; and he proposed, first, a statesmanlike examination and removal, as far as possible, of the causes; then the substitution of a milder punishment for the extreme penalty; and, lastly, instead of the forfeiture of the offender's property to the King, he proposed a measure of simple justice, which, I regret to say, has not even yet been made law—namely, that a restitution should so far as possible be made to those who had been defrauded by the theft.

Another part of the introduction which is by no means devoid of interest to us, is where he dwells upon a social change then taking its course in England—namely, the decrease of tillage and the great increase of pasture, by

which (as he pithily put it) sheep, the mildest of animals, might be said to devour men, and unpeople not only villages, but towns. This was one of the causes to which he ascribes the great increase of crime of theft and robbery, multitudes being thrown out of employment and means of living, and having no other resource but to beg or steal.

I have been somewhat led away by these observations on More's writings, his history, and his *Utopia*, from his personal story. I now return to it. His favour, both with the great Minister, Cardinal Wolsey, and with the King himself, was daily mounting. He was made successively, and without his own seeking, a knight, a Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. King Henry took great delight in his companionship and conversation. I will quote some passages from his biographer, which show upon what terms they stood: "King Henry finding still more and more sufficiencie in Sir Thomas, used him with particular affection for the space of twentie years together; during a good part whereof the King's custom was upon holiedaies, when he had done his devotions, to sende for Sir Thomas into his traverse, and there, sometimes in matters of astronomie, geomitrie, and divinitie, and such other sciences to sitt and conferre with him; otherwhiles also in the cleere nights he would have him walk with him on the leads, there to discourse of the diversitie of the courses, motions, and operations of the starres, as well fixed as the planetts; and because he was of a verie pleasant disposition, it pleased his majestie and the queene at supper-time, commonly to call him to heare his pleasant jests. But when Sir Thomas perceaved his wittie conceipt, so much to delight him, that he could scarce once in a month get leave to goe home to his wife and children, whom he had now placed at Chelsey, three miles from London, by the water side; and that he could not be two daies absent from the Court, but he must be sent for again; he, much misliking this restrainte of his libertie, began there-upon to dissemble his mirth, and so by little and

little to disuse himselfe, that he from henceforth at such seasons was no more so ordinarillie sent for."

I think I may say that this is an almost solitary instance of a man conscious of the high favour in which he stood with the King, and of the natural gifts and graces which won him that favour, yet prizing other and better things so much beyond the courted smiles of royalty, that he absolutely dissembled and concealed the natural charm of his conversation, so that the King might let him go back to his family and his books. But even to his own house, the King would follow him: "The King used also, of a particular love, to come on a suddain to Chelsey, where Sir Thomas now lived, and leaning upon his shoulder, to talke with him of secrett counsell in his gardin, yea and to dine with him upon no inviting."

And again, as his biographer relates: "King Henry tooke such extraordinarie love in Sir Thomas, his companion, that he would sometimes on a suddin, as before I touched, come over to his house, at Chelsey, and be merrie with him; whither on a time unlooked for, he came and dined at his house, and after dinner walked with him the space of an hower, holding his arms about his necke most lovingly in the gardin. When his majestie was gone, my uncle Rooper, rejoiced thereat, and tolde his father how happie he was, for that the King had showed him such extraordinarie signes of love as he had never seen him doe to anie other, except the cardinal, whome he saw with the King once walke arme-in-arme. Whereto, Sir Thomas answering, said: I thank our Lord God, I finde his grace my verie good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as anie other subject, within this realme; howbeit, sonne Rooper, I may tell you I have no cause to be proude thereof; for if my head would winne him a castle in France (for there was warres between France and us), it should not fail to go off."

It is to be remembered that when More thus spoke of King Henry VIII. with such marvellous insight into his real character, that monarch was, to all outward

*

appearance, one of the best that ever sat on the throne of England. I will not myself say anything as to this extraordinary discernment on the part of More, but I will quote here the words of Lord Campbell: "This authentic ancedote shows in a very striking manner, how More had early penetrated the intense selfishness, levity, heartlessness, and insensibility to remorse, which constituted the character of the King, while these bad qualities were yet disguised by a covering of affability, hilarity, and apparent good humour, and before they had shed the blood of a wife or a friend. The world could little anticipate that Henry would actually one day cut off More's head, even without any such substantial advantage as the winning of a castle. For the present his Majesty delighted to honour him."

This must have been about the happiest period of his life. Middle age had come upon him with its usual stealthy footsteps, but it had brought with it all its brightest natural accompaniments, "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and, high above these, the certainty of an unclouded religious faith, and the serenity of a conscience perfectly at ease. His daughters had grown up and were married, but they were not separated from him. Daughters, sons-in-law, and all, lived with him in his house at Chelsea. It was of this period of his life that Erasmus wrote to Ulric Hutten: "More hath built neare London, upon the Thames side (to witt at Chelsey, that which my lord of Lincolne bought of Sir Robert Cecile) a commodious house, neither meane nor subject to envie, yet magnificent enough; there he converseth affably with his family, his wife, his son and daughter-in-lawe, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children; there is not any man living so loving to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a young mayde, and such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happenethe that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academie, but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academie, where-

in there was only disputations of numbers, and geometricale figures, and sometimes of moreal and virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or universitie of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readith or studieth liberal sciences ; their special care is pietie and vertue, there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard, none seen idle, which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not governe by proude and loftie words but with all kind and courteous benevolence : everybody performeth his dutie ; yet is there always alacritie, neither is sober mirth anie thing wanting."

Yet even then he had deep instinctive misgivings as to the future of England. His son-in-law Roper, afterwards his biographer, himself a truly religious man, began one day to speak exultingly to him of the happy state of the realm that had so Catholic and zealous a prince, so learned and virtuous a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, such loving and obedient subjects, all agreeing together as if they had but one heart and one soul. Sir Thomas answered ; "And yet I pray God that some of us may not live to see the day in which all this will be changed, and in which we will be glad to be permitted to possess our own churches and our own religion in peace."

But, in truth, the time of that change was hard at hand. I do not desire to dwell upon the history of King Henry VIII. further than is absolutely necessary for my subject. The King having lived for nearly twenty years with his excellent and virtuous wife, Catherine of Aragon, was suddenly seized with a passion for Anne Boleyn, and professed to be struck with a tardy scruple as to his marriage with his deceased brother's wife—though there is no doubt she had been his brother's wife only in name, and that Henry's marriage had been ratified by a full dispensation from the Pope. Cardinal Wolsey, fatally for himself, and in utter blindness as to the King's real intentions and desires, had fostered these scruples, in the hope of marrying the King to a sister of the king of France, and thus dissolving the alliance between England and the Emperor Charles V., who had stood in the

way of his own personal ambition to obtain the popedom. Henry, after vain efforts to obtain from Rome the sanction for his divorce, procured it at last to be pronounced by his own servile instrument, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his court at Lambeth. When all the modern sophistry that has been written upon this subject has been fully weighed and considered, we must own that what has been always the popular verdict is the true one, and that the actual facts of the case are admirably condensed by Shakespeare, when, after the Lord Chamberlain says to the Duke of Suffolk: "The King's marriage with his brother's wife has crept too near his conscience," he makes the Duke of Suffolk answer; "No, his conscience has crept too near another lady." Anne Boleyn wrought the fall of Wolsey, the great Cardinal, a truly splendid statesman and administrator: who, if his virtues had been commensurate with his mental faculties and powers, would have left the foremost name among English ministers. It is to be said of him that whatever may have been his faults of pride and worldliness, yet so long as he was at the right hand of Henry and governed his councils, Henry's character at home and abroad stood as high as that of any sovereign in Europe. Anne Boleyn was Wolsey's enemy, and he fell. He was deprived of the Great Seals, and was banished (for it was to him a banishment) to his diocese of York. He would infallibly have soon afterwards lost his head, if death from a broken heart had not anticipated his doom.

Lord Chancellor: 1529-1532.

On Wolsey's fall, Henry cast about for a successor to him, and, with the approbation of all the kingdom, his choice fell upon Sir Thomas More. This was in the year 1529, when More was forty-nine years of age. He held the Seals for about two years and a half. He was the first layman who, for a considerable period, had been raised to that dignity. Lay Chancellors had from time to time been appointed in the reigns of the Edwards, but afterwards, as previously, the office

had been committed to ecclesiastics. There can, I think, be little doubt—strange as it may seem to our modern notions—that our system of equitable jurisprudence is, in the main, owing to the succession of great churchmen in that place, versed in the Roman and civil law, and the canon law, by which, as Burke truly says, the jejuneness and barrenness of our municipal law was enriched and strengthened. But to More all the great repertories of jurisprudence were familiar. It is conceded that he made one of the best Chancellors who ever sat. He even attempted, three centuries before the time, to effect that fusion of law and equity so loudly demanded and partly accomplished at the present day. He called the Judges together, expounded to them how the writs of injunction from Chancery restraining proceedings at common law had their origin in the utter injustice which the rigour of the common law in many cases occasioned, and said that if the common law were only modified, so as to give judgement according to the real right and equity of the case, there would be little further occasion for any Chancellor to interfere with them. To this they declined to listen, their motive being, as More thought, that they did not wish to assume a responsibility in the judgement of causes which the common law enabled them to cast upon a jury. For myself, speaking as a lawyer, I must say I think it fortunate that Sir Thomas More did not then succeed in his attempted fusion of law and equity; for the great Chancellors who have succeeded in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries have given a fulness and completeness to equitable principles, which judges bred to the strictness and rigour of the common law would hardly have done. Sir Thomas More devoted himself to his duties as Chancellor with the utmost zeal. Cardinal Wolsey, notwithstanding his rare talents for business, yet occupied as he was with the concerns not only of the kingdom but of all Europe, had left a large arrear of causes unheard. All these were cleared off. So that Sir Thomas More, one day sitting in his court and calling for the next cause, was told that there was none.

This gave rise at the time to the following punning epigram:

When More some years had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain:
The like shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again.

In the midst of all this, his pleasant and mirthful disposition never deserted him. An amusing little anecdote has come down to us of a lap-dog, or, possibly, as it might be now termed, a toy terrier, having been stolen from a poor woman, to whom it belonged, and sold to the Lord Chancellor's lady. The woman having discovered that her dog was at Chelsea, laid claim to it. This claim Lady More indignantly denied. Sir Thomas, having come in in the midst of the dispute, said: "Well, I am Lord Chancellor, and I will decide this cause." Accordingly he placed his wife at one end of the hall and the poor woman at the other, and sat himself in the middle, having the dog in his lap. He bade them both call him, whereupon the dog jumped down and ran to his former owner, to whom Sir Thomas More at once adjudged it. Solomon or Sancho Panza could not have decided better. Accusations of corruption in his high office were made against him, such as were, unhappily, too well founded in the case of some who went before and some who came after him, amongst others his great successor, Lord Bacon. But from the high-tempered armour of proof in which More was clad, they fell utterly harmless. A lady who had a suit before him sent to him a glove filled with gold pieces. He said it would not be polite to refuse a lady's present, so he kept the glove, pouring all the gold into the hand of the messenger who brought it. Almost the same thing occurred with a gold cup sent to him by another suitor. He poured a little wine into the cup, drank it, and then restored the cup to the bringer.

But I must hasten onwards to the end. Things went their destined way. King Henry was determined to have his will in the matter of the divorce. So long as

the question was undetermined by the Court of Rome, More assisted Henry in trying to procure a final judgement; but when it became plain that the decision of the Holy See would be adverse to the wishes of the King, then came the parting of the ways, in which More had to choose between his conscience as a Catholic and the honours and rewards of this world. He supplicated Henry to relieve him from his office of Chancellor. The King, with reluctance, accepted his resignation, still promising to him "that, for the good services he had done him, he should not fail to find him a good and gracious lord." How that promise was kept we shall see. This resignation took place in the year 1532, when More was fifty-two years of age.

We cannot help contrasting his feelings upon this abandonment of worldly honours with those of his great predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey. Comparing the two men, it can hardly, I suppose, be doubted that Wolsey, to use a cant phrase of the present day, was a man of the greater brain-power. He was a great founder, a great administrator; a man of action and achievement; ambitious, sumptuous, and proud in his prosperity. But when he lost the favour of the King, and the world turned against him, all failed him. "He wept like a woman, and wailed like a child." Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. More's heart had never been set upon the world, and so he retired from the Chancellorship with unaffected delight to his literary pursuits at Chelsea, giving himself up with the greatest content to writings in defence of the Catholic Faith against the errors to which Luther's revolt had given birth. He found little sympathy from his wife. "Tilly vally, Mr. More," she said—we may remember how Shakespeare puts this exclamation, equivalent to our "pooh pooh" or "tut-tut," into the mouth of Mrs. Quickly,—"tilly vally, will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother always told me it was better to rule than to be ruled." More received these observations with much the same composure as Socrates did those of his wife Xantippe. After all his gains at the bar, after all his employments in the

State, he was poor—such had been his unselfishness and his generosity. He had realized about £100 a year, worth say, £700 or £800 a year at the present day. "Well," he said to his household—his daughters and his sons-in-law—"before I was Chancellor I had experience of poorer fare, the commons of Oxford and the commons of the Inns of Court. We will fall back first on the one, and then, if necessary, on the other; and if we fail in providing even such meagre fare, we can but beg at last, and we will sing boldly the *Salve Regina* from door to door, in spite of all that Tyndall and others have said against hymns to our Lady."

But he was not to live unmolested in his retirement. First, Henry VIII. summoned him to be present at his public marriage with Anne Boleyn. With this invitation he refused to comply, and so earned the implacable hatred of both. Henry had now determined to sever himself wholly from the jurisdiction of the Pope, and to declare himself sole head of the Church of England. This was, of course, complete and absolute schism, a total separation from the body of the Catholic Church.

Imprisonment: Trial: Execution: 1534–1535.

There does not appear to have been a single voice of dissent, or even hesitation, in either House of Parliament when the law was passed which not only ratified the schism, but made it high treason to declare a contrary opinion. To attribute all this to dastardly fear is impossible. There were no braver people than the English for anything in which they had their hearts. We are forced to the conclusion that their hearts were then not in spiritual but in material things, and that although the Church of England flourished in outward splendour, there was some canker at the root. More, in his Chelsea retirement, was not blind to the coming storm. Having asked his daughter, Margaret Roper, one day how the world went and how Queen Anne did: "in faith, father,"

said she, "never better. There is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting." "Never better?" said he. "Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs, but it will not be long till her head will dance the like dance." The crisis soon came: the oath of supremacy was tendered to the clergy, who freely took it, but as yet it had not been tendered to any layman. It was resolved to begin with Sir Thomas More, in the expectation that if he did not resist no other would.

It was on the morning of the 13th of April that he received the summons to appear at Lambeth. Before he went thither, he went, according to his custom, to Chelsea church, and there was confessed, and received at Mass devoutly the Blessed Sacrament. He left his home with great heaviness of heart. He took his son-in-law, Roper, in the boat with him, for they went by water. He sat silent for a long time, but at last he spoke, and his words were these: "My son, I thank our Lord that the field is won." What occurred when he was brought in before the Commissioners he narrates in a letter to his daughter. It is to the following effect: After he was called before them he requested of them to see the oath, which when he had read unto himself he answered that he neither would find fault with the oath, nor with the authors of it, nor would blame the conscience of any man who had taken it, but for himself—he could not take it without endangering his soul of eternal damnation, which, if they doubted of, he would swear unto them that that was the chief cause of his refusal, in which second oath if they did not trust him, how then could they trust him in the former? Lord Chancellor Audley told him they were heartily sorry to hear him make such an answer, and that he was the first man who had refused the oath. Thereupon he was commanded to walk about the garden and bethink himself; and, in the meantime, those of the clergy who had been summoned for the same morning were called in—some bishops, many

doctors, and priests—and all took it. except Bishop Fisher and one Dr. Wilson, without any scruple, stop or stay; and the Vicar of Croydon, says Sir Thomas, called for a cup of beer at the buttery bar, and drank very familiarly. Sir Thomas was then called in again, and the oath tendered to him anew, enforced by the examples of those who had taken it. Upon his persisting in his refusal he was severely rated for his obstinacy, and given in charge to the Abbot of Westminster in a kind of honourable imprisonment. This lasted only four days, at the end of which the oath was offered to him for the third time; and on his third refusal he was committed to the Tower. He still kept up his spirits and his sportive disposition. The lieutenant of the Tower had been an old friend of his, and under many obligations to him, and he came to Sir Thomas excusing himself for the hard fare which he was forced to give him, saying he would treat him much better but for fear of the King's displeasure. "Indeed, Master Lieutenant," said Thomas More, "I heartily believe and thank you. I do not think I am likely to find fault with your treatment of me, but, if ever I do, I give you free leave to thrust me out of doors."

After he had been in prison about a month, his daughter Margaret succeeded in getting access to him. He said to her: "I believe, Meg, that they who have put me here think they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee, on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife and you my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room as this, and straiter too. I find no cause to reckon myself here in worse case than in my own house, for methinks God, by his imprisonment, maketh me one of His favourite children, and setteth me upon His lap, and dandleth me even as He has done all His best friends."

From his wife, he received but cold comfort. She was really a devoted wife, and spared no pain or sacrifice to obtain for him whatever he was permitted to receive; but his state of mind was a bewildering riddle to her.

She rated him soundly for lying there through mere obstinacy, as she thought, in a filthy prison, when he had only to speak one word and be restored to his fair house in Chelsea, his books, his family, and his friends. "Don't you think, Mistress Alice," said he, "that this place is as near to Heaven as Chelsea?" And when she answered with her usual petulant exclamation of "Tilly vally!" he said, more seriously: "Suppose I were to go back to my house in Chelsea, how long do you think we would live to enjoy it?" "Possibly twenty years," said she. "Twenty years!" said he; "why, if you had said a thousand years it would have been something, and yet he would be a very bad merchant that would put himself into danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather, as we are not sure of it for one day." If his constancy was, on the one hand, thus assailed in vain, it was on the other hand greatly fortified and strengthened by the example of the Carthusian monks, whom Henry caused to be butchered with all the horrible details of the punishment of high treason.

The reason why More was so long detained in the Tower was this. To refuse to take the oath of supremacy was only misprision of treason, punishable by imprisonment and forfeiture of goods. To amount to high treason there should be a denial of the King's royal style and title of Head of the Church. Every possible effort had been made to induce More to commit himself in this respect, but he had been upon his guard. He had employed his time in prison in writing religious works. To deprive him even of this consolation Henry sent an order to take away his little supply of books, and even his writing materials. The execution of this commission devolved upon a lawyer named Rich, then Solicitor-general and afterwards Lord Chancellor. He was instructed to use the opportunity to elicit from More, if he could, either an admission or a plain denial of the supremacy. "Come, now, Mr. More," said he, "suppose there were an Act of Parliament to make me king, would you not take me for king?" "Yes, I would," said More." "Well, come now," said Rich,

thinking he saw his advantage; "suppose there were an Act of Parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope, would you not take me for Pope?" "Well;" said More, "Parliament can very well settle the temporal power of princes, but in answer to your last question, let me put one to you. Supposing Parliament were to enact that God should not be God, what would you do in such a case?" "Oh," said Rich, "no Parliament could make such a law." More remained silent, discerning his drift well enough, and the books being packed the conversation ended. Nevertheless, even upon this slender evidence, Henry was resolved to bring him to his trial. A special commission under the great seal was issued for that purpose, consisting of Audley, the Lord Chancellor, and of several of the nobility and the judges. He was arraigned on May, 1535; but in the hope of obtaining some better evidence the trial was put off till the 1st of July.

"On the morning of the trial," says Lord Campbell, upon whose language it would be impossible to improve, "More was led on foot, in a coarse woollen gown through the most frequented streets from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had become grey since he last appeared in public; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated; his bent posture, and his feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with his staff, showed the rigour of his confinement and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with dread of the royal authority. When, sordidly dressed, he held up his hand as a criminal in that place where, arrayed in his magisterial robes and surrounded by crowds who watched his smile, he had been accustomed on his knees to ask his father's blessing before mounting his own tribunal as sole judge on the most important rights of the highest subjects in the realm, a general feeling of horror and commiseration ran through the spectators; and after the lapse of three centuries, during which statesmen, prelates, and kings have been unjustly brought to trial under the same roof, con-

sidering the splendour of his talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime ever perpetrated in England under the form of law."

After all, strange to say, he was on the point of being acquitted. He showed so unanswerably that there was not a particle of evidence to bring him within the terms of the statute, that it would have been impossible to find a verdict against him, but for the part which Solicitor-general Rich earned his promotion by playing. An acquittal, indeed, would have been only a temporary respite. It would have simply given Henry the very slight trouble of getting an act of attainder passed by his servile Parliament; but from this necessity his Solicitor-general rescued him. Leaving his place at the bar where he was prosecuting, he stepped into the witness-box, and detailed the conversation he had had with More in the Tower, with an addition which was a pure fabrication, namely, that when he had said that no Parliament could enact that God should not be God, Sir Thomas replied, "No more, then, can Parliament make the King the head of the Church." When this shocking piece of perjury was delivered, Sir Thomas More answered with all the dignity that became him, but at the same time with a righteous scorn for the wretch who was thus forsworn: "If I were a man, my lords, who did not regard an oath, I needed not at this time in this place, as is well known to every one, to stand as an accused person; and if this oath, Mr. Rich, which you have taken be true, I pray I may never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world." He then related what really occurred between them, adding quietly: "In truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjury than for my peril." The senseless rule of the English law, debarring the accused person from giving any evidence on his own behalf, enabled the Lord Chancellor in charging the jury to tell them that they were to attach no weight to the denial of the prisoner as against the oath of the Solicitor-general; and so, after an absence of fifteen minutes, the jury, who no doubt had been

carefully selected beforehand, returned a verdict of guilty.

Such was the flutter of the court at securing the verdict, of which for some time they had been in doubt, that the Lord Chancellor was about pronouncing sentence without even going through the essential legal form of giving the prisoner the opportunity of speaking in arrest of judgement. "My lord," said Sir Thomas, very calmly, "when I was towards the law, the manner in such cases was to ask the prisoner, before sentence, whether he could give a reason why judgement should not proceed against him." The Lord Chancellor stopped, and had the question put to him, but I need hardly add that all the prisoner said against the statute and the form of the indictment was said in vain, and the following sentence was pronounced: "That Thomas More, knight, be brought back to the Tower of London by William Kingston, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a hurdle through the city of London to Tyburn, there to be hanged till he be half dead, after that cut down yet half alive, be ripped open, his entrails burned, and his four quarters set up over four gates of the city, and his head upon London Bridge." This frightful sentence had been executed in all its details on the poor Carthusian monks; but in the case of Sir Thomas More, Privy Councillor and Lord Chancellor, custom and mere decency compelled the King to commute it into simple beheading. To Sir Thomas, I suppose, it made little difference. When this change of his punishment was announced to him with a pompous declaration of the King's great mercy in remitting all the rest of the sentence, he answered with his usual grave irony: "God forbid that the King should show such mercy to any of my friends, and God preserve my posterity from such pardons."

To return, however, to what occurred immediately after his sentence. He then, as if a load had been lifted from his mind, declared that he now at last felt himself free to speak out what he thought of this law. He said he had studied for several years together through all the

Fathers and doctors of the Church, and that he never could find a trace of authority for the doctrine that a layman could be head of the Church. The Judges then assailed him with the same cry which had been round him from the beginning, asking him why he should be so obstinate as to set himself against the bishops of the realm. "Bishop for bishop," said Sir Thomas; "where you can produce one, I can produce a hundred; and as against this single realm, the consent of all Christendom for more than a thousand years." He wound up his speech very beautifully. "More have I not to say, my lords, but that like the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, who was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, holding their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now both twain holy saints in Heaven and there shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust and shall heartily pray that, though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in Heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation."

He was led from Westminster Hall to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards him, as was usual in the case of persons attained of treason. When he reached the Tower wharf, a very touching scene awaited him. His daughter, Margaret Roper, his best beloved child, was there to receive his last blessing. Without consideration or care of herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, she there openly in the sight of them all, clasped him round the neck and kissed him, unable to utter any word but "O my father! O my father!" He blessed her, and exhorted her to patience and submission to the will of God. Even now when he had tranquilly made up his mind to die, the King would not let him be in peace. He would have bought his apostacy at any price. A courtier came to him with the old importunity that he would change his mind; to which Sir Thomas answered at last, "Well I have changed my mind." The courtier, running off to

the King, was at once commanded to go back and learn in what his mind was changed. "Well, said Sir Thomas, "I will tell you the truth. I had intended to shave before I died, but I have changed my mind, and I now intend that my beard (which during his imprisonment he had allowed to grow) shall go with my head." The night before his execution, he wrote with a coal (the only material within his reach) a very beautiful letter to his daughter Margaret, sending her at the same time privately his shirt of hair and scourge, not wishing that the world should publicly know that he used these austerities.

On the morning of the 5th of July, Sir Thomas Pope came to him and told him that it was the King's pleasure he should die that day. Pope, who brought the message, had been a friend of More's, and he burst into tears as he spoke. More, as it were reversing their offices, comforted him, talking cheerily in his usual pleasant vein.

On his way to the scaffold a charitable woman offered him a cup of wine, which he declined, saying that Christ drank only vinegar and gall. Another woman took this very fitting occasion to importune him about some papers, which she said were left with him when he was Chancellor. "Have patience with me, good woman," said he, "and in another hour the King will relieve me from all trouble about your papers and all things else."

His bright wit, the testimony of a still brighter conscience, attended him to the last. His confinement had weakened him so much that he required help in ascending the scaffold. "Assist me up," said he to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "and in coming down I will shift for myself." And what he said to the executioner when his head was actually on the block, is the best known of all his utterances. "Wait," said he, "till I put aside my beard, for *that* never committed treason."

Queen Mary.

(1516—1558.)

By G. AMBROSE LEE.

But I insist upon her maiden mercies
In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
She abrogated the tyrannic laws
Made by her father. She restored her subjects
To personal liberty; to judge and jury
Inculcating impartiality.
Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness
Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor
And fed the destitute: and they loved her.
A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
Of cruelty had been done under her,
As by her. To equivocate she hated:
And was just what she seemed. In fine she was
In all things excellent while she pursued
Her own free inclination without fear.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Her Early History.

Mary, the first Queen-regnant of England, was the only daughter and the only child that reached maturity of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon. She was born at Greenwich on February 18, 1516. Her education must have begun at a very early age, since it is related that, during the absence of her parents in France at the celebrated "Field of Cloth of Gold," she, though little more than three years old, received and entertained several parties of foreigners of distinction, sitting in state, greeting them, and finally playing for their amusement

on the virginals—the sixteenth century predecessor of the modern pianoforte.

Her early youth, which was spent happily in educational and devotional exercises, and such recreations as etiquette allowed to a princess of the time, was most rudely broken in upon by the projected divorce of her mother, from whom she was cruelly separated, to be placed under the surveillance of that mother's successful rival, Anne Boleyn. During this melancholy period, her life was more than once threatened by her brutal father, who, infatuated with his new queen, was willing at her request not only to disinherit and degrade his daughter (which was actually done), but even to kill her; and he was with difficulty dissuaded from his murderous intention. In 1536, Mary was informed of her mother's approaching death, and with agonizing tears implored permission to visit her and receive her last blessing. In vain; for the good and pious Katherine died without again seeing her daughter. This refinement of malicious cruelty raised a storm of reprobation abroad. The English Resident at Venice wrote to Thomas Starkey, an ecclesiastic of the Court, February 5, 1536: "That Queen Katherine's death had been divulged there, and was received with lamentations, for she was incredibly dear to all men for her good fame, which is in great glory among all exterior [foreign] nations." He concludes: "Great obloquy hath her death occasioned; all dread lest the royal girl should briefly follow her mother."

The death of the queen was however speedily followed by the disgrace and subsequent execution of her supplanter, Anne Boleyn, and again the fortunes of the Princess experienced a change; for she received an establishment at Hunsdon—her former prison—and an allowance of her own. At the birth of Edward (afterwards King) she was sponsor to the infant prince, and shortly afterwards attended the funeral of his mother as chief mourner. Her manner of living at Hunsdon is worthy of notice.* She began the day by reading the

* Speaking of the privy purse expenses of the Princess, which form a sort of journal of her life, Miss Strickland (a Protestant) says: "In

Holy Scriptures, hearing Mass, and reciting the Divine Office; she then spent some hours in the study of languages: and devoted a third portion of her time to the acquirement of knowledge of rather an extraordinary kind, viz., astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, and mathematics. She wrote and spoke Latin, French, and Spanish, with ease and fluency, and was well acquainted with Greek and Italian. In music, as it then was, she excelled, and generally finished the day by working with her needle and playing on the virginals or lute. The writings of contemporaries abound with praises of her beauty and virtuous conduct. The Italian Pollino, in his history, speaks of her as "distinguished when a young virgin for the purity of her life, and her spotless manners; when she came to her father's court she gave surprise to all those who composed it, so completely was decorum out of fashion there."*

In the years 1540 and 1541 the tyrannical and barbarous enactments of Henry were enforced against several of the earliest and most devoted friends of the Lady Mary. Already, in May, 1538, B. John Forest, a Friar Observant, formerly confessor to Queen Katherine, had been executed with circumstances of revolting barbarity† for refusing to

this examination of the private life of a Princess so exceedingly detested by her country, a vigilant scrutiny has been kept in quest of the evil traits with which even the private character of the unfortunate Mary has been branded. The search has been vain: these records speak only of charity, affection to her little sister, kindness to her dependents, feminine accomplishments, delicate health, generosity to her godchildren (many of whom were orphans dependent on her alms), and fondness for birds. Her time seems, indeed, to have passed most blamelessly" (*Lives of the Queens*, vol. iii. p. 356).

* Pollino, *Istoria dell' Eccles.*, p. 396, quoted by Strickland.

† "A day at the end of May was fixed for Forest's death. Latimer was selected to preach on the occasion. . . . A gallows was erected over the stake, from which the wretched victim was to be suspended in a cradle of chains. When the machinery was complete, and the chips of the idol"—as the writer calls the large figure of a saint, brought from Wales for this purpose—"lay ready, he was brought out and placed upon a platform. The Lord Mayor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Lord Southampton, and Cromwell were present with a pardon, if at the last moment his courage should fail and he would ask for it. The sermon began. When it was over, Latimer

admit the usurped supremacy of the King in religious matters; and now, Mary's old tutor B. Richard Featherstone, B. Thomas Abell, her mother's chaplain, and B. Edward Powel suffered the death of traitors for the same reason, being dragged on hurdles to the place of execution at Smithfield, together with three Protestants, who were there burnt. Soon after these shocking events, which must have left a cruel impression on the mind of Mary, her beloved friend and venerable relative, B. Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was hacked to pieces on the scaffold at Tower Green in May, 1541. All these were persons of unblemished lives, and innocent of all crime except fidelity to the cause of Queen Katherine and denial of the King's spiritual supremacy.

In 1544, Mary was restored to the rank of "princess," from which she had been degraded during the ascendency of Anne Boleyn; and from that time till the death of her father, she retained the favour of the tyrant, and indeed appears to have been on terms of considerable intimacy with his last consort, Katherine Parr.

Her Half-brother as King.

On the accession of her brother Edward, Mary became, by Henry's will as well as hereditary right, heiress presumptive to the Crown. In this position she was the object of considerable attention, sometimes of a rather equivocal nature; for on one occasion we learn that the house in which she was residing was entered by a "blood-

turned to Forest, and asked him whether he would live or die. 'I will die,' was the gallant answer; 'do your worst upon me. Seven years ago you durst not, for your life, have preached such words as these; and now, if an angel from heaven should come down and teach me any other doctrine than that which I learnt as a child, I would not believe him. Take me, cut me to pieces joint from joint; burn, hang, do what you will, I will be true henceforth to my faith.' It was enough. He was laid upon his iron bed and slung off into the air, and the flame was kindled. In his mortal agony he clutched at the steps of the ladder, to sway himself out of the blaze; and a pitiless chronicler, who records the scene, could see only in this last weakness an evidence of guilt. 'So impatiently,' says Hall, 'he took his death as never any man that put his trust in God'" (Froude's *History of England*, vol. iii p. 291).

thirsty and murderous villain," who was prevented from carrying out his assumed design of taking her life by Sir Edward Browne, an officer of her household, who was thanked by the King for his service rendered to "our dearest sister." Indeed, during the whole of the reign, Mary, being too well known and conspicuous an opponent to the religious changes now being carried out, was not permitted to remain unmolested.

In 1594 she suffered from a long and tedious illness, aggravated by a strained correspondence with the Protector Somerset respecting her required conformity with recent religious enactments. The point of contest was her refusal to deliver up her chaplain and other domestic officers for examination by the Privy Council regarding her private devotions. These proceedings were threatened in conformity with a most tyrannical law, recently enacted under severe penalties, against every priest who should celebrate and every lay man or woman who should attend Mass, even in a private house. On the death of Somerset this controversy was continued between Mary and the Council, before whom and the King she appeared for a "two hours' conference," during which Edward attempted vainly to induce her to conform. The day after this conference the ambassador of her cousin, the Emperor Charles, intimated that "if his master's kinswoman was any further molested in her religious rites, he should quit the country, preparatory to a declaration of war." This opportune and unlooked for menace was the cause of some amusing perplexity to the Council. On the one hand a war in the Low Countries, which would probably be the ruin of England; on the other, the reluctance of Edward to permit his sister to continue in what he considered "idolatry" and the daily commission of "damnable sin." However, Archbishop Cranmer, together with Ridley, the new Bishop of London, and another, undertook to soothe the conscience of the youthful theologian, maintaining that "though to give license to sin was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne"—a most convenient and comfortable doctrine. This unwilling toleration was not of long continuance.

Mallet, her chief chaplain, was arrested and closely confined in the Tower. He was a kindly and sincere man, learned, and of a retiring disposition, and his imprisonment was the cause of great grief to the Princess, who in vain wrote letters of remonstrance to her brother and his council. Mass still being said by her other chaplains, and menaces or persuasions having failed to induce her household to exercise coercion over her, the Council were reduced to the expedient of sending a deputation of their own body to reduce her to obedience. A long discussion ensued, and the deputation departed, leaving Mary decidedly the victor. As the King's health rapidly declined, and it became obvious that his death could not long be delayed, the popular homage paid to the Princess increased, the principal nobility being constantly seen in her train. When that event actually took place, she was residing at Hunsdon, whence, in spite of a cunning attempt of the Council (who had decided to declare her illegitimate, and place the Lady Jane Grey on the throne) to get possession of her person, she rode, with a few devoted attendants to the castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk. Here she raised the royal standard, and in an incredible short time was at the head of 13,000 men.* This military preparation was rendered necessary by the treasonable conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, Cranmer, and other members of the council, who not only proclaimed Northumberland's daughter-in-law, the young Lady Jane Grey, Queen, but had the insolence to call on Mary to submit as a dutiful subject to her lawful and undoubted sovereign. Ridley, preaching at St. Paul's, also exhorted all who prized the

* Foxe asserts, and builds a formidable structure of censure against Mary on the assertion, that the Protestants of Suffolk, before they would support her claim, extorted a promise from Mary that the religious changes made by Edward should continue unaltered. No proof is, however, given for this assertion, and, during the subsequent persecution, these very persons presented a long petition in favour of their religion, in which not the remotest allusion is made to any such promise. If it had been given, *then* was certainly the time to urge it; and their silence on this occasion would appear conclusive that no such promise was ever made. See also Lingard, vol. v. p. 270.

pure Gospel to side with Lady Jane against the "idolatrous" Mary. At the head of an army Northumberland himself had marched to Cambridge, where at his request Dr. Edwin Sandys, the Vice-chancellor of the University, preached against Mary's title to the throne as well as her religion.*

The next day news arrived that most of the Council had acknowledged the Queen, and that the citizens of London had also enthusiastically declared in her favour. Northumberland, in terror and despair, made a foolish attempt to obliterate his treason by personally proclaiming Queen Mary in the Cambridge market-place, remarking afterwards to Dr. Sandys that "Queen Mary was a merciful woman, and that doubtless all would receive the benefit of her general pardon." The entry into the city of the Earl of Arundel, with a body of royal troops, was the immediate forerunner of the arrest of both traitor and preacher, and their despatch to the Tower. All opposition being now at an end, Mary made a gradual and triumphant progress to London, receiving the homage of her subjects at her various resting-places. At Wanstead she halted, to dismiss the army, received her sister Elizabeth, and prepare for a solemn entry into the capital of her kingdom. This event took place on August 3, 1553, amid great popular rejoicings. Arriving at the Tower, she saw kneeling on the green before St. Peter's Church, all the state prisoners—male and female, Catholic and Protestant—who had been lawlessly detained during the last two reigns. There were the deprived Bishops of Durham and Winchester—Cuthbert Tunstall and Stephen Gardiner; the aged Duke of Norfolk, still under the sentence of the tyrant, Henry; the young Earl of Devon, Edward Courtenay, a prisoner from his tenth year; the Duchess of Somerset, an early friend of the Queen, and other victims of cruel and lawless enactments. Bishop Gardiner, in the

* Whilst the sermon was proceeding, a soldier held up to public scorn a Missal and Gradual just taken from a house where Mary had recently slept. Dr. Sandys was subsequently pardoned by the Queen, by the advice of Gardiner, and in the following reign was made Archbishop of York (See Foxe, iii.).

name of all, addressed a congratulation and supplication to Mary, who burst into tears as she recognized them, and exclaiming, "Ye are *my* prisoners," raised them one by one, kissed them, and at once restored them all to liberty.

Her Reign.

Mary now found herself firmly settled on the throne, all opposition being practically ended on the arrest of Northumberland and the other leaders of the conspiracy, in whose ambition, indeed, and not in the wishes of the people, it had had its rise. Her first acts on her accession will be found to be in direct variance from the popularly accepted view of her character; for they were acts of *mercy*—a quality unusual in those times of indifference to human life, especially when it is considered that the parties concerned were taken red-handed as it were in these acts of treason. A certain Judge Hales had, during the Queen's sojourn in Suffolk, been imprisoned by the indiscreet zeal of the Council for some alleged trivial offence. The Queen hearing of this at once released him, and herself "spoke many words of comfort to him." In another case, a Worcestershire gentleman, Edward Underhill (known from his extreme Protestant zeal as "The Hot Gospeller"), for writing and publishing a scurrilous ballad against Catholics, had been thrown into Newgate, whence on the Queen's arrival he was liberated by her, and soon became one of her most attached personal adherents. But to turn to the more important prisoners. A list containing the names of twenty-seven persons, whose complicity with the recent conspiracy was a matter of little uncertainty, was submitted by the Council to the Queen before these persons were brought to trial. From this list she erased all but eleven. Of these, seven were tried, and eventually three only were executed—Northumberland, Sir John Gates,* and Sir

* It is of interest to notice here the speech made on the scaffold by Sir John Gates:

"Good people, my coming here this day is to die; whereof I

Thomas Palmer. In vain the imperial ambassadors entreated the Queen to bring the Lady Jane to trial. They urged, that as long as she lived the danger of her again being made a rival to the throne would be present: that she had actually usurped the Crown, and that prudence and policy alike required that she should expiate her presumption with her life.* To this Mary replied that she could not find it in her heart or conscience to put her unfortunate relative to death, but that every requisite precaution should be taken before she was restored to liberty.

The well-known attachment of the Queen to the Ancient Faith, which might not be considered loosened

assure you all I am well worthy; for good people, I assure you I have lived as viciously and wickedly as any man hath done in this world of sin. I was the greatest reader of Scripture that might be of any man of my degree and station; and a worse follower of the said Scripture there was not living. I did not read the Scripture to be edified thereof; nor to seek the glory of God; but contrarywise, arrogantly to be seditious, and dispute thereof, and privately to interpret it after my own brain and affection, and to suit my passions. Wherefore, good people, I exhort and pray you all to beware how, and often, with what sort of feeling, you come to read God's holy Word with. For be assured, good people, that it is not a trifle, or playing game to deal with God's holy mysteries. Stand not too much in your own conceit; for like as a bee of one flower gathers honey and the spider poison of the same, even so you, unless you humbly submit yourselves to God, and charitably read the same to the intent to be edified thereby, it is to you as poison and worse; good people, it were better to let it alone. I ask you all to remember me in your prayers to the Lord Jesus; and beg the intercession of our Blessed Lady the Queen of Heaven. And now I put an end to my talk to you by bidding you all farewell. Remember my sad fate; practise your grand old religion, and be loyal and true to your Queen."

It is most remarkable that many of the lay "Reformers" of this period, the Duke of Northumberland amongst them, at their deaths returned to the faith of their fathers, and generally confessed that abandonment of it was the cause of their crimes and misfortunes.

* Poynet, Protestant Bishop of Winchester (*temp.* Mary), affirms "that those lords of the Council who had been the most instrumental at the death of Edward VI. in thrusting royalty on poor Lady Jane, and proclaiming Mary illegitimate, were now the sorest forcers of men, yea, became earnest councillors for that innocent lady's death" (Strype, vol. iii. part i. p. 141; quoted by Strickland).

by the recent attempt to identify the cause of rebellion with that of reformation, now became the cause of great uneasiness to the reformed preachers, who perceived that their reign was drawing to an end, and endeavoured with some success to arouse the zeal and religious animosity of their hearers. A riot occurred during the celebration of Mass in a City church; and on the next day, during a sermon at St. Paul's Cross by Bourne, one of the royal chaplains, who complained of the changes made and the illegal deprivation of Catholic prelates in the late reign, a voice cried, "Pull him down!" and a dagger was thrown at the preacher. These and similar outrages drew from the Queen a proclamation forbidding any preaching in public without a license, and advising all to moderation and forbearance.

Archbishop Cranmer, although he had been the chief instrument—indeed the author—of the divorce of the Queen's mother, and had been one of the last to abandon the conspiracy of Northumberland, had merely received an order to confine himself to his palace at Lambeth, from whence he issued and caused to be circulated a very intemperate declaration* on the subject of the Mass, asserting that it was full of horrible blasphemies and was the device and invention of the father of lies. On this he was sent for by the Council, who, "after a long and serious debate, committed him to the Tower, as well for the treason committed by him against the Queen's highness as for the aggravating the same his offence by spreading abroad seditious bills, and moving tumults to the disquietness of the present state." He was followed in a few days by Latimer, who was also committed for "his seditious demeanour."

The Queen now prepared to meet her first Parliament.†

* This declaration is printed at full length in Strype's *Cranmer* vol. i. pp. 437—8.

† Previous to the opening of Parliament, two heavy property taxes were remitted by proclamation. £60,000 per annum was also restored in estates, to some who had been attained in the last two reigns. Knowing this, it is difficult to understand how the Queen managed to bribe her Parliaments, as has been alleged by certain "historians."

According to ancient usage, all the members attended in state at the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," celebrated in the venerable Abbey of Westminster. One of the first acts passed was one affirming that the marriage of the Queen's parents was lawful and could not be dissolved, thus removing the legal stain of illegitimacy from Mary; another annulled all the religious laws passed during the reign of Edward VI., and consequently placed public worship on the same footing as it had been during the last years of Henry VIII. In order to secure the loyalty of their friends, Cranmer, Lord Guildford Dudley, and his wife Lady Jane, were by another bill attainted of treason for conspiring to exclude the Queen from the succession. As long, however, as the country remained quiet, they were merely detained in prison: by the Queen's orders receiving every indulgence compatible with their situation.

But the chief object of interest at this period was the probability of the Queen's marriage, which was warmly discussed by all parties and classes. Several suitors were proposed but the Queen appears soon to have fixed her intention on Philip, son of the Emperor Charles; and in spite of the opposition to this match shown by some of her advisers the negotiations were pushed on, and the marriage of Queen Mary with the Spanish prince, Philip, was officially announced early in 1554. The chief of the opponents to this match were the Duke of Suffolk and his brothers. Although the Duke had heen pardoned for his share in Northumberland's conspiracy, when the marriage was announced he immediately left his residence at Shene, near Windsor, for his estates in Warwickshire, riding with his brothers and proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, queen, in the villages through which they passed. In vain: for the people listened with undisguised apathy, and in less than a fortnight from his departure he was a prisoner in the Tower, involving his unfortunate daughter in the ruin he thus rashly brought upon himself. A more formidable opposition had, however, to be encountered. In Kent, Sir Thomas Wyat, at the head of fifteen hundred men, took up his quarters at Rochester, whence a force of five hundred men failed to dislodge him. News

of his apparently unexpected reverse, and that the successful rebels had left Rochester and were marching on London, created the greatest consternation in the City. The bridges were broken down, boats secured, other precautions taken, and a meeting of the citizens summoned by the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall, at which Mary herself appeared. In a most courageous speech, she complained of the insolence of the rebels, who began by condemning her proposed marriage with the Prince of Spain and now demanded the custody of her person and the royal authority. She then spoke of her marriage, saying if it were not for the benefit of the country it should not take place. "Wherefore," she concluded, "stand fast against these rebels, your enemies and mine; fear them not, for I assure ye, I fear them nothing at all." Leaving the hall she was loudly cheered, and by the next morning twenty thousand men had enrolled themselves for her protection.

In the meantime Wyat had pushed on towards the City, and the day after the Guildhall meeting entered Southwark, his forces swelled to seven thousand men. Forced by the Tower guns to retreat, he formed the extraordinary project of entering the city from the west. Marching to Kingston, he crossed the river, and with painfully thinned ranks made his way to the City, as far as Ludgate, from which he was repulsed, driven back to Temple Bar, and there arrested.

This, the second conspiracy against the Queen, called for more severe measures than the former. On the following day Mary signed the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane and her husband, Lord Guildford;* three days afterwards they were beheaded, Lady Jane, on account of her royal descent, being spared the ignominy of a public execution. She died within the Tower walls; her husband on the hill outside. Of the active ringleaders in the insurrection, six were tried; one was acquitted, one

* Lord Guildford Dudley returned to the Catholic religion before his death. Like his father and brothers, he recanted his supposed Protestantism in the Tower, and was attended to the scaffold by two Benedictine Fathers.

pardoned, and the remaining four—the Duke of Suffolk, his brother Thomas Grey, William Thomas (Clerk to the Council under Edward VI., who had been most urgent with the rebels to destroy the Queen if she fell into their power), and Sir Thomas Wyat—expiated their crimes on the scaffold. Of the other prisoners, fifty, who had deserted to the rebels, were hanged; the remainder, about four hundred, were pardoned, and returned to their homes.* The princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, the Earl of Devon, whom Mary had released and restored to his estate on her accession, having been found to have had communications with the rebel leaders, were sent to the Tower. A short time afterwards, in spite of the efforts of Renard, the Imperial Ambassador, to induce the Queen to order them for trial, they were sent in honourable captivity, the Princess to Woodstock, the Earl to Fotheringay.†

The marriage of the Queen, so long delayed, at length took place with great splendour in the Lady Chapel at the Cathedral of Winchester, on July 25, 1554: and, to judge from the external appearances of joy and satisfaction that greeted them, Philip and Mary might justly flatter

*Let the reader compare these numbers with the number of those who were executed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for similar attempts: also of those who in like mannér forfeited their lives for their shares in the Jacobite rebellions in 1715 and 1745. It will then be seen that the epithet "bloody" might justly be applied elsewhere. "The executions which followed the abortive and imprudent Northern Rebellion (in 1570) were terrible; nearly eight hundred people were hanged. The Queen severely censured the generals in command for not 'executing justice more promptly'" (Sharpe's *History of the Northern Rebellion*—Despatches of Lords Sussex and Hunsdon). The Bishop of Durham wrote that County the Sheriff could not procure juries, "the number of offenders is so grete, that few innocent are left to try the gultie." Sadler II. 95, note.

† At this period several conspiracies against the Queen's life were detected; and, advantage being taken of the recent annulling of the cruel law (instituted by Henry VIII.) which punished *libels* against the Sovereign with *death*, the country continued to be flooded with anonymous and disgraceful publications, reflecting on the private life of the Queen. These caused her much annoyance, and drew from her a proclamation, entreating her "loving subjects" not to listen to the slanders her enemies were actively distributing (see Strickland, vol. iii. p. 497).

themselves that they reigned in the hearts and affections of their subjects.

An indispensable duty now presented itself to the Queen: the restoration of the English nation to unity with the rest of Christendom, from which it had been severed by the imperious policy of the Queen's father. As we have noticed, one of the first acts of her Parliament had been to restore public worship to the position it had occupied under Henry VIII.; it now remained only to re-unite the several bonds with the centre of unity, the Apostolic See of Rome, and with the successor of St. Peter, the divinely-appointed Head of the whole Christian Church. Anticipating this result, the Pope, Julius III., had already on the accession of Mary appointed the venerable Cardinal Reginald Pole Papal Legate to England. But in Henry's time a bill of attainder had been passed forbidding the Cardinal from setting foot in England, in consequence of his resistance to the King's divorce and assumption of ecclesiastical supremacy. This bill was now unanimously repealed, and the Cardinal invited to come to England. At Dover he landed, and was received with every demonstration of respect, making a most triumphant progress to Westminster, where the King and Queen welcomed him with respectful cordiality. A motion was at once brought forward, in both Houses simultaneously, in favour of the re-union. It was carried in the Lords unanimously, in the Commons with only one objector. A petition was then presented to the Queen from both the Houses, stating that, looking back with sorrow and regret to the defection of the realm from communion with the Apostolic See, they hoped now to be absolved from all censures and received into the bosom of the Universal Church.

On the following day, the feast of St. Andrew, the solemn reconciliation took place. In the presence of the Queen and her husband, all the members of both Houses knelt down, and the Cardinal pronounced absolution over them, for themselves and all the kingdom that they represented. A solemn *Te Deum* was then sung in St. Stephen's Chapel in thanksgiving for

so happy a reconciliation. The Clergy made a similar submission; and thus, by the unanimous consent of Parliament and the joyful acquiescence of the people, England became once more a Catholic country. By a comprehensive bill then introduced, the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff was admitted in all ecclesiastical matters, he was akcnowledged as chief Bishop of the Christian Church, with authority to reform and redress heresies, errors and abuses within it, appeals to him from the spiritual courts were allowed, and generally it was declared that the same authority and jurisdiction exercised in the twentieth year of Henry VIII. should without diminution or enlargement be again established. This and some other bills were then passed, and Parliament dissolved. The dissolution was marked by an "Act of Grace," whereby all the state prisoners, including Elizabeth and the Earl of Devon, still confined on account of the rebellions of Northumberland and Wyat, were unconditionally set at liberty.

The return of England to union with the rest of the Christian world,—a union unbroken since the introduction of Christianity into the land—as well as the marriage of the Queen, and the possibility of the Crown remaining in her family, which of course would be Catholic, were events that caused great dissatisfaction amongst that section of her subjects who had embraced the peculiar doctrines of the "Reformers." Nor were these latter content to acquiesce in a state of affairs which, leaving them free to think and believe as they pleased, restored the ecclesiastical supremacy to him whom they designated "The Whore of Babylon," "The Scarlet Lady," and by other extravagant and profane titles. Ferocious and scandalous words were soon accompanied by ferocious and scandalous deeds.* Several of the reformed

* A Protestant named Flower (formerly a monk) attacked one of the priests in St. Margaret's, Westminster, while he was giving Communion to the people. Flower rushed upon him, "cutting at his hand and arm, so that the consecrated Hosts were sprinkled with his blood." This zealous person was executed, and is numbered by Foxe among his "martyrs." See also examples in Strype, 210, 212.

congregations openly prayed for the death of the Queen; two of her chaplains were insulted and stoned. The reformed preachers also thundered against the "cruel Jezabel and ungodly Athalia," who "by God's laws and man's ought to be punished with death;" and those who have been represented to us as simple, pious, and God-fearing divines, made use of the most gross and obscene language in speaking of the Queen, her ministers, and the lawfully established religion of the realm.* It could not be expected that in such an age attempts like these to breed rebellion and contempt of religion and authority would be connived at or over-looked by a government possessing the confidence of the vast majority of the nation. Accordingly we find that, after the Queen's marriage, the question of the punishment of these seditious heretics was discussed in the Council, and the resolution of taking some proceedings against them communicated to the Queen, who gave a limited consent to the proposition. On this an Act was brought into the Houses of Parliament to revive three old statutes, formerly

* A few specimens of the offensive personalities and reckless imputations of the worst motives and most odious vices which characterize the writings of English Reformers at this period, will be read with both interest and disgust. John Bale, Protestant Bishop of Ossory, thus—in 1554, *before* any person had been executed for religion—addresses Bishop Bonner,—"Be ashamed of thy blashemouse doinges thou most beastlye bellye God and dampnable dongehill. . . .This beastli & unlearned bastard Bonner . . . more vyle than any kytchen slave . . . this fylthy swineheard. . . . And what is thy idolatrous mas and lowyse Latine service, thou sosbelly swilbol, but the very draf of Antichrist and dregges of the devil?" From "A Declaration," etc., by John Bale, 1554.

Thomas Becon, chaplain to Cranmer, speaks thus of Gardiner, in a book also written *before* any person had been burnt. "That great wolfe, whose face is lyke unto the face of a she beare that is robbed of her younge ones, whose eyes continually burn with the unquencheable flames of the deadly cockatrice, whose teethe are lyke to the venomous toskes of the rampyng lyon, whose mouth is full of cursed speaking & bitternes, whose tong speakithe extrem blasphemes" etc., etc. From "A humble Supplication" etc., by Thomas Becon 1554. Numbers of more gross and scurrilous passages from the works of the leading Reformers could be quoted, but the reader will probably consider the above are amply sufficient to illustrate the text.

enacted (in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V.) in order to suppress the dangerous and revolutionary doctrines of the Lollards. Every voice was in its favour, and in the course of four days it had passed both Houses.

The new year 1555 opened to the reformed preachers with a lowering aspect: before the close of the first month the storm burst over them. Hooper, Rogers, Saunders, and Taylor were the first victims. They perished at Gloucester, Smithfield, Coventry, and Hadley respectively. All died with great constancy, refusing to purchase a continuance of life by feigning assent to doctrines they did not believe. These prosecutions had been conducted before the Chancellor Gardiner. At their conclusion, however, he transferred the ungracious office to the Bishop of London, Bonner. But the day after this prelate took his seat on the bench, Alphonso di Castro, a Spanish friar, confessor to King Philip, in a sermon preached before the Court strongly denounced the proceedings against the Protestants as contrary to the spirit as well as the text of the Gospel, and called on the Bishops to instruct the ignorant and not seek the death of their misguided flocks. This sermon made a great impression. For five weeks all executions for heresy were stayed, and, had the fanaticism of the extreme Protestants permitted them to remain quiet, it is probable that no more would have taken place. This was not done, and, as a consequence, the magistrates received special instructions to apprehend "the spreaders abroad of seditious reports, the preachers of false and mischievous doctrines and others who assembled secret meetings, or were vagabonds without visible means of subsistence." Of these, such as were accused of heresy were to be sent to the Bishop, that "they might by charitable instruction be removed from their naughty opinions or be ordered according to the laws provided in that behalf." The Bishops, however, as a rule declined to deal with those who, in obedience to these instructions, were handed over to them, and this reluctance drew from the council a reprimand which was sent to Bonner, requiring him to proceed according to

law for the better preservation of the peace of the realm.* This was the signal for persecution, and till the end of the reign it continued with more or less vigour. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who in the preceding reigns had concurred in the torture and punishment of those who disagreed with them,† were now compelled to suffer the same cruel punishment they had so recently inflicted. They were executed at Oxford. Probably two hundred fell altogether under the laws against heretics; and, whilst remarking that, considering the intolerant spirit of the age,‡ and the great provocation given by the

* Foxe, iii. 208.

† In the reign of Edward VI. the relentless ferocity of the "gentle Cranmer" was displayed against a young lady named Anne Boucher. She had been condemned for heresy by the Archbishop, but the strong reluctance of the King to consign the unfortunate lady to the flames delayed her execution for nearly a year. Cranmer was, however, determined the sentence should be carried out, quoted Scripture to support his contention, and at length with tears in his eyes, and an intimation that the responsibility of the action rested with his relentless monitor, Edward signed the warrant; and the poor lunatic (for such Anne appears to have been) perished at the stake. In the face of this and other well-authenticated facts of the same description, Cranmer's advocates still contend that he was a primitive apostle, filled with all the beatitudes, and opposed to persecution!

‡ In 1553, Calvin, the chief of the Protestants of Geneva, caused Servetus, a Spanish Protestant, to be burnt for heresy. The comments of another Protestant on this event are here reproduced, as specially applicable to the matter under consideration. "In passing judgment on the chief actors in this tragedy, we must bear in mind that the principles of religious toleration, as now recognized, were in the sixteenth century not only almost unknown, but reprobated as dangerous and atheistic. Next to professing and disseminating religious error, was the guilt of those who permitted it to exist, and, having the power of punishing heretics, refrained from its exercise. Toleration and indifference were, with our earnest-minded and devout ancestors, convertible terms. And it was argued that if treason and disrespect to earthly powers incurred the severest penalties, much more ought these to be inflicted on the guilty parties, who by their maintenance of false doctrine, had both imperilled souls and done despite to the majesty of heaven. Such sentiments were not peculiar to the Roman Catholics, but were equally shared by the adherents of the Reformed doctrines, who denounced the cruel persecutions of the Papists, not on the ground of religious liberty, but on that of impiety in destroying the holders of the true faith. *All sects agreed in the duty of exterminating heretics and unbelievers by the sword*" (Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 504).

Reformers, it would have been remarkable if Mary had *not* persecuted, it must be freely allowed that these shocking executions reflect dishonour on those who advised and carried out such merciless measures. All evidence is, however, against the theory that the persecution had its rise in the malignant and bloodthirsty spirit of the Queen herself. As we have shown, she had little reason for regarding those who professed the reformed doctrines with favour. She had met with neither pity nor courtesy from them while they were in power; she had been insulted and abused by the Protestant bishops; had seen the Catholic prelates imprisoned for years; the Ancient Faith proscribed; an armed force resisting, in the name of Protestantism, her lawful rights; and her religion publicly outraged and insulted. In spite of all this, though urged by her advisers to extreme measures, she continued opposed to excessive and revengeful effusion of human blood.

Sir James Mackintosh, a Protestant writer, thus sums up the part taken by the Catholic Bishops in this persecution: "Of fourteen bishoprics, the Catholic prelates used their influence so successfully as altogether to prevent bloodshed in nine, and to reduce it within limits in the remaining five."* Cardinal Pole (who on the death of Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury) took no part in the condemnations, and often rescued from the flames those who had been condemned. Gardiner, after the first executions, over which as Chancellor he presided, appears no more on the scene, and in spite of the odium which is associated with his name, really disapproved of such sanguinary intolerance. If we remember that no *proof* exists that Bishop Bonner was by choice a persecutor, † or that he was in the habit of searching for victims, also that a special reprimand from the Council was necessary to rouse him to his

* *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 328.

† "As a man Bonner was never a zealous persecutor. He seemed sick of his work" (Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 260). For an ample vindication of Bonner, see Maitland's *Essays on the Reformation*, pp. 462—576.

ungrateful duties, a part at least of the execrations which are heaped on "bloody Bonner" would seem to be undeserved. Of this Council it is impossible to have a very high opinion. Most of the members had conformed during the time of Henry or Edward, and appear to have been the last persons who would themselves have suffered any inconvenience on account of their religion, though they were only too ready to give others unlimited opportunities of so doing. Bred under the bloody and tyrannical rule of Henry VIII.,* mercy was a stranger to them, and their policy and advice, and *not* the sanguinary disposition of the Queen or the intolerant bigotry of the Catholic Episcopate, is at the root of all the sufferings for religion that disgraced this reign.

Her Death.

Disappointed in the hope of an heir; neglected by her husband, whose long and frequent absences caused her much grief and anxiety, Mary passed the last years of her life and reign in the exercise of private charity and devotion, and in plans of restoring the Church property held by the Crown. In Gardiner, who after a lingering illness expired on November 12, 1555, she lost a zealous and faithful servant.† Her husband had long been

* It is asserted that 72,000 persons suffered death during the reign of this monster. A certain Rouse, who had attempted to poison the Bishop of Rochester, was actually boiled to death at Smithfield in Henry's reign,—a special act of Parliament being passed for this purpose.

† According to Foxe, the death of Gardiner took place under the following circumstances. On the 16th October 1555, being the day of the execution at Oxford of Ridley and Latimer, Gardiner had invited to dinner the old Duke of Norfolk; but so eagerly did he thirst for the blood of the condemned, that he would not begin dinner, but kept the aged nobleman waiting some hours till a messenger arrived to say that the faggots were fired and the execution in progress. Then dinner was served; but in the midst of his triumph he was struck down by an angry God with a fearful disease, was carried to his bed in intolerable torments, and never left it alive. This tale has been accepted as true, repeated and promulgated by almost every Protestant writer who has treated of the subject, down to the present day,—but the following will show that it is false in every detail.

On the 9th September 1555, Noailles, the Ambassador of France

engaged in a war with France, and at length, in 1557, exasperated by the intrigues of the French Ambassador, Noailles, who never ceased to incite her Protestant subjects to conspiracies and revolts against her life and authority, Mary yielded to Philip's representations, and war was declared on the French King, Henry. This war, which was but feebly carried on, resulted in the loss of Calais, the last city remaining to England of all its once vast conquests in that land. The loss was a great blow to the Queen, whose health, always delicate, had lately given way to painful and wasting diseases. Irritated by the number and virulence of the libels that were constantly circulated by the Protestant exiles on the continent, and reduced by a series of dismal, cold, and wet seasons, to the lowest state of health, Mary, early in August, 1558, fell a victim to a fever of the worst form of typhus. With alternations of improvement and relapse, she lingered for three months, edifying all who approached her by her cheerfulness, her piety, and her resignation to the will of God. Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 17th of November she received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and calmly expired shortly before the close of Mass, that was then said in her chamber in St. James's Palace. She had only reached her forty-second year. Cardinal Pole, her friend and relative survived her but a few hours.

Even on the Protestant principles of her own day, the events of Mary's reign admit of the fullest justification. While loudly proclaiming the right of each person to inter-

informed his Court that the Chancellor Gardiner was ill with jaundice and in some danger. On the 6th October that he was worse, and in more danger from dropsy than jaundice. Noailles further added his own opinion that there was no probability he could live till Christmas. *From the 7th to the 19th October* he was confined to his chamber and left it on that day to attend Parliament. These dates alone prove the falsehood of Foxe's story; but when to them is added the fact that the old Duke of Norfolk had been dead and buried rather more than a year at the time when he has been represented as waiting for his dinner, and that Foxe was tutor in the family of his son and had the best opportunities of learning the truth, —the magnificent lying of this great bulwark of popular Protestantism awakens our genuine astonishment.

pret the Holy Scripture according to his own idea, all the leading reformers both in England and Germany had a common desire to consign their opponents, Catholic or Protestant, to the flames or the gibbet. To persecute men for their religious principles was from first to last the leading maxim of the English reformers. The odium attached to the name of this Queen is not therefore on account of the executions for religion that took place during her reign—it is the religion itself which is the cause of offence. The pious, humane, and Catholic Mary is designated "Bloody;" while her cruel, proud, revengeful, but "reforming" sister, comes down to posterity in a halo of pseudo-sanctity as "good Queen Bess."

Sincere, disinterested, pious, and pure-minded, the true character of Mary Tudor is one to extort respect even from the most virulent of her enemies. None of these have dared to doubt her sincerity, and her modern historian, whose bias towards Protestantism in unconcealed, after a careful study of contemporary documents, is bound to admit that such documents, "are in direct opposition to the popular ideas of the character of our first Queen-regnant."* A great sovereign she certainly was not; but she was a good woman, and the decency and sobriety of her court forms a striking contrast to the dissoluteness that prevailed in her father's, and in that of Elizabeth, her successor. One of her favourite recreations was to visit and relieve the poor, in the attire and character of a private gentle-woman: and indeed, in any of the records of her private life it is difficult to find traces of the ferocious and gloomy bigot, whom Protestant "History" has substituted for the real Mary. Like Richard III., she has been unfortunate in having her biography written by those who were her most deadly enemies. But time and the painstaking researches of those whose object is real history—not such as is written in order to vilify and libel the religion which Mary professed—have cleared away many mists, and show us, even through the gloom of religious intolerance, a woman and a Queen of whom England may justly be proud.

* Strickland, vol. iii. p. 587.

APPENDIX.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY CONCERNING PERSONS AND EVENTS ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING PAGES.

"An historian (Burnet) whose bias was not unfavourable to Protestantism, confesses that all endeavours were too weak to overcome the aversion of the people towards Reformation, and even intimates that German troops were sent from Calais on account of the bigotry with which *the bulk of the nation* adhered to the old superstition. This is somewhat a humiliating admission that *the Protestant faith was imposed upon our ancestors by a foreign army*" (Hallam, *Constitutional History*, vol. i. 92).

Gilpin, one of the Reformers, states that "in Edward's reign more blind superstition, ignorance, and infidelity were promulgated in England than ever were under the Bishop of Rome. The realm was in danger of becoming more barbarous than Scythia" (Bernard Gilpin's *Sermons on the Crymes of the Realm*).

In a letter written by Calvin to the Duke of Somerset occur these passages: "As I understand, you have two kinds of mutineers against the King and the estates of the realm; the one are a fantastical people who, under colour of the Gospel, would set all to confusion; the others are stubborn people in the superstition of the Antichrist of Rome. These altogether do deserve to be well punished by a sword, seeing they do conspire against the King and against God, Who had set him in the royal seat. Of all things, let there be *no moderation*. It is the bane of genuine improvement" (MSS. Edward VI. vol. v. 1548). The translation of the above letter is in the handwriting of Cranmer.

"The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a portion of the property of the Church, for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility who had taken a part in the struggle. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now labouring may be traced to this fatal and iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation" (Sir A. Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. xii. p. 384).

The Protestant Tytler, who was practically the first writer with sufficient independence to break through the trammels of Protestant prejudice, and who, like Miss Strickland, feels bound to *apologize* for the conclusions to which the knowledge of facts leads him, thus writes: "The truth seems to be that the principle of toleration, whether we look to Catholics or Protestants, was entirely unknown. In this respect Gardiner and Knox, Pole and Calvin, Mary and Elizabeth, stand pretty much on the same ground." "There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have been part of the national belief; they may have been hastily or superficially assumed; they may be proved

by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous ; but they are fondly clung to, screwed and dove-tailed into the minds of the people, and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the 'Bloody Mary.' The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one; yet having examined the point with some care, let me say for myself that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine years of age, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church ; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Foxe, Strype, Burnet, Carle, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. . . . After her marriage with Philip we can trace a gradual change in her feelings and public conduct. Her devoted attachment to her husband, and the cold neglect with which he treated her, could not fail to tell upon a kind and ardent heart. Blighted hope and unrequited affection will change the best of dispositions. . . . The subsequent cruelties of her reign were deplorable ; yet it is but fair to ascribe much of them rather to her Ministers than to herself" (Tytler's *Edward and Mary*, vol. i. pp. 49, 50).

"To the Universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation. *To the people of England it had brought misery and want.* The once open hand was closed ; the once open heart was hardened. The ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the scuffling of selfishness. The change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The prisons were crowded, as before, with sufferers for opinion, and the creed of one thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday. Monks and nuns wandered by the hedge and the highway as missionaries of discontent ; and pointed with bitter effect to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants" (J. A. Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. p. 28).

"The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country, during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the reformers. The Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinion ; and when the reforming preachers denounced as loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there is little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics" (*Ibid.* p. 529).

The Venerable Edmund Arrowsmith

(1585–1628).

BY THE REV. F. GOLDIE, S.J.

Our story has for its opening scene the heart of sturdy Lancashire, a Lancashire of the past, of farms and homesteads, not the county of to-day of coal-pits, of chimneys, and factories. About half way between Wigan and Warrington at Haddock in Winwick parish there was living in the dangerous days of Elizabeth Tudor a yeoman called Robert Arrowsmith. His wife Margery was a lady of gentle birth, of the ancient house of Gerard. It could have been no easy matter for Catholic maidens to find Catholic husbands in such times. But both the Gerards and the Arrowsmiths were ennobled by their sufferings for the Catholic Faith. Margery's father, when carried to Protestant service—a frequent practice in those days—by order of his renegade brother Sir Thomas Gerard, was unable to resist, for he was rendered helpless by an attack of gout. But the minister was glad enough to have the unwilling worshipper removed, for he sang out at the top of his voice the Psalms in Latin, and so lustily as to drown the responses of the parson and his clerk. The Catholic gentlemen and yeomen in York Castle had been obliged to defend themselves in like manner when dragged by their gaolers again and again to hear anti-Popery sermons.

Robert Arrowsmith's father, Thurstan, a farmer like

his son, after being robbed and worried by the hungry pursuivants, was often thrown into gaol—and we know what gaols were in those days—and there finally had rotted and died. There were some thirty-eight Catholics immured in Salford Gaol with Thurstan, during one of his imprisonments in 1583. These were of all ranks of life, noblemen and gentry, priests, schoolmasters, farmers and labourers, and women of high and low degree; and on all the men there was levied a fine of £240 for twelve months' absence from the Protestant church.

It was in 1585 that there was born to Margery Arrowsmith a child, who was christened Bryan or Barnaby. The little fellow had an early taste of what his faith would cost him. One night the pursuivants broke into his home, searched it from roof to cellar, thrusting their swords into any nook or corner that could hide priest or altar furniture, and then, tying the elder members of the family in couples, drove them off to Lancaster Gaol. Poor Bryan, then but a child, and three other little ones whom the ruffians had pulled out from their cots in their nightshirts, were left in the ransacked house, shivering in the cold, for the officers would not let the family put them back to bed. Some kind neighbours came in to look after these little confessors for the faith when their parents were gone.

Wearied with repeated imprisonments, and the extortions which were the only alternative, Robert Arrowsmith fled to Belgium, then the great refuge for persecuted Catholics, and with him went his brother Peter. The terrible revolt of the Netherlands was going on against the Spanish rule, and it had by that time become a religious war between Catholics and Protestants. Hardly had the two Lancashire men landed before they were forcibly enlisted in the Protestant ranks; probably in the English army which Queen Elizabeth had sent under her favourite Leicester in aid of the rebellion. Unwilling to shed blood in an unjust quarrel, the brothers, whenever they encounted the Catholic forces, took care to fire their muskets over their opponents' heads; and at last, when Sir William Stanley with his Irish regiment passed over

to the Spanish side, the two Arrowsmiths followed his example. Peter met with his death-wound in the service of Philip II., and was carried to Brussels, where he died, and was buried with the honours due to a brave soldier.

Whatever may be our view of Stanley's conduct, we can easily understand that Catholic soldiers took the side of Philip, not against their country, but against an unwarrantable intervention of her troops in the affairs of a foreign state, especially when the only reason of that intervention was to crush out the faith in a Catholic country, as it was being crushed out at home. Robert made his way to the English College at Douai or Rheims —for we do not know precisely where the College then found itself, as about this time it was forced to migrate into France from Douai, owing to the occupation of that place, then a Belgian city, by the Prince of Orange, the Protestant leader. The object of Robert's visit was to see another brother of his, Edmund, a distinguished professor at the College, who was then or afterwards a Doctor of Theology. Thence, some time after, Robert Arrowsmith returned to Lancashire, and there died a holy death.

Meantime his child Bryan began to show early fruits of his parents' good example, for as he went with his brothers to a school, a mile or so from his home, he used to say the Little Hours of Our Lady's Office with them, and in the same way they recited her Vespers and Complin while coming back. As soon as he reached his home, Bryan went to his little oratory and there recited the familiar Jesus Psalter, or the Seven Penitential Psalms, no short task for even older heads. He was a bright and gentle boy, and so well behaved that, when obliged to go to a Protestant master, the man became very fond of his Catholic pupil. But whether it was that his masters were not skilful, or that the boy gave more time to prayer than to his books, he seemed to have got "blunt-witted and dull." Still for all that, though he gave scant time to learning his lessons, he managed to beat his companions when he was asked to say his task.

He was "full of mettle and courage, for he never seemed daunted by any difficulty." His father's death had left his widowed mother in straitened circumstances; so a good priest* took Bryan off her hands, and in return for his services undertook to teach him grammar. Young Arrowsmith must have given some promise of success in his studies, for it was determined to send him to an English College in Spain. However, the scheme fell through—the journey was always full of perils—but Bryan managed to get across in 1605 to what is now French Flanders, to his uncle's College, which had then returned to Douai. Here "his wits began to sharpen, and very apt he was and desirous to attain to learning."

Though Bryan was then twenty years old and though Confirmation was so needed in such times, there was no bishop to administer that Sacrament in the length or breadth of England. Very soon, therefore, after his arrival at College, he was confirmed, and took his uncle's name, Edmund, a name which had just won a fresh lustre from Blessed Edmund Campion's martyrdom,† and by it he was afterwards called when on the English Mission. Unfortunately, after a stay of two years, and when he had not quite finished his classical studies, he got dangerously ill and was obliged to be sent home. However, Lancashire air soon restored him to health, and the kind priest who had been his master sent him back to Douai. During a spiritual retreat at the end of his course of philosophy, Edmund, for so we shall henceforth know him, resolved on entering the Society of Jesus, and informed the confessor of the College, who was of that Society of his intentions; and in fact a year after he seemed to have thought of leaving Douai for the English Jesuit novitiate, then just opened at Louvain. However, for reasons we do not know, it was ordered otherwise. He took the oath binding himself to serve the English Missions, but leaving him free to enter a religi-

* In parts of Lancashire, where Catholics were powerful and numerous, priests could live in comparative safety.

† See *Life of B. Edmund Campion* in this series.

ous order.* He thus became one of the Papal scholars, entitled to one of the burses founded by Gregory XIII., so liberal a benefactor of English Seminaries.

Edmund, who had matriculated in 1606 in the then University of Douai, worked very hard and very successfully, in fact so hard that his superiors had reason to fear that his health, never strong, would break down again. Twice in fact his life had been despaired of, and he had received the last sacraments. He had not finished his theological studies, but it was quite necessary that he should return to England. There were such risks in passing to and fro that his superiors would not expose him to them by returning again, and so his ordination was forestalled. Edmund received minor orders at Douai in St. Nicholas' Church on June 14, 1612, and was made subdeacon, deacon, and finally priest, at the cathedral city of Arras on the 9th of December of the same year, being of the age of twenty-seven.

Some months passed, perhaps because the scaffolds had been streaming with priestly blood, and prudence dictated that he should wait, until, on June 17, 1613, Dr. Kellison, the new president of Douai, sent him into the vineyard of the Lord, then a battlefield, a *via dolorosa*—"a way of sorrows"—and of toil, leading often times to prison and to death.

Edmund was in person small and rather uncouth, but he was of a bright and pleasant disposition, and very attractive in conversation. He did not spare his fun when he met with travellers on the road, and his companions had to restrain him, when he saw ministers riding by on their sleek steeds, from following his strong impulse to enter into dispute with them. A gentleman who came up with him one day began to play the fool with the simple, uneducated yokel, as Edmund Arrowsmith seemed to be, but he met with such clever rejoinders, and found the tables so thoroughly turned upon him, that "swearing a great oath, he said, 'I thought that I had

* Later on in 1625 Urban VIII. imposed a fresh oath on the alumni, which prevented their entrance into any religious order without leave of the Pope or of the Propaganda.

met with a foolish fellow, but now I see he is either a foolish scholar or a learned fool.'"

For some ten years Edmund laboured hard in God's field. Then he was arrested. The wonder was that this came so late, so boldly imprudent and ardently zealous he always was. When lodged in Lancaster gaol, Edmund Arrowsmith was brought before Dr. Bridgeman, the Protestant Bishop of Chester. His lordship was at supper with a number of his clergy, and, though it was Lent, all were eating meat. Dr. Bridgeman made his own apology, saying that he was old and weak and dispensed withal. "But who dispenses your lusty ministers there?" said Father Arrowsmith, "for they have no such need." Edmund Arrowsmith seized the opportunity for argument, and soon a hot discussion arose. "Turn all your dogs loose at once against me," he merrily said to the Bishop, "and let us have a loose bait." It seems he had the better of his adversaries, and silenced them by his learned references to history and authority. This happened probably in 1622, at the time of the proposed Spanish match, and he was shortly after released from prison.

After working some nine years with zeal and virtue as a secular priest, Edmund again felt a call from God to enter religion, and to become a member of the Society of St. Ignatius, through whose Exercises this call first had come. To enter a novitiate was no easy matter in those days, though there was one, and no small one, within the sound of Bow Bells; and in the register of the Jesuit novice-house at Clerkenwell, Edmund's name was found inscribed as a novice when, some three years later, the place was broken into and all the documents and books were seized.

But we do not know that Father Arrowsmith was ever there. When at last his desire was fulfilled, he withdrew for two or three months to Essex, during which time, no doubt, he went through the thirty days' retreat which forms so important a part of a Jesuit's training, and learned the rules and constitutions of his order. Perhaps he did go for a brief space to Clerkenwell, and there took his first vows, and then returned to the dangers of the battlefield.

At all events he entered the Society of Jesus in 1624. Each year he retired for ten or twelve days to some quite out-of-the-way spot in Lancashire, to spend the time with others of his religious brethren in retreat and meditation, and to renew his pledge of self-consecration to God's greater glory.

A Mr. Holden in Lancashire had married his first cousin, a Protestant, before a minister. He applied to the Father for a dispensation. It was at last obtained; but Father Edmund insisted on a separation for a full fortnight before the valid marriage should be celebrated. Though the woman was then a convert, both she and Holden became furious, and in their anger denounced the Jesuit to one Rostern, a magistrate, telling him at what time Father Arrowsmith could be found at the house of Holden's father. Recusants in Lancashire were as sturdy as they were numerous, and pursuivants often got a good beating for their trouble, and we read of one who had to eat his warrant. So the justice was loth to go, and when pressed by the malicious traitors, he warned the old man that he was coming, and of course the priest was off before the searchers arrived. This was in the summer of 1628, when the quarrel between King and Commons was running high. As the officers returned from their bootless errand they fell in with Father Arrowsmith himself, who was riding along on a good horse with a relation of his, dressed as his lackey. The justice's servant rushed at Father Arrowsmith with drawn sword. The Father put spurs to his horse, but in vain, for he got into a bog, and had to dismount and fly; but he carried so heavy a weight of books and luggage—no doubt his vestments and books of devotion—that he could get on but slowly, and his pursuer came up with him near a ditch and struck at him again with his sword. Though Father Edmund also carried a sword, he did not draw it, but parried the blow with a strong stick which he held, and it was cut right in two close to his hand. He seems to have thought his adversary a common footpad, and made off again. But at last he was overtaken, dragged to a public house, searched to the skin, and subjected to

every infamy. There his captors began drinking at his expense, and the saintly priest had to listen to the loose talk of the half-drunken crew. His words of grave reproof were afterwards made matter of accusation.

Before long Father Arrowsmith was lodged by the pursuivants in his old quarters in Lancaster gaol. The oath of supremacy was tendered to him, and of course refused and he was committed by the magistrates to take his trial at the next assizes, which were then close at hand. The judges on the circuit were Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir James Whitelock. The family of the Yelvertons, like many others of their day, were some of them Catholics, some Protestants. The judge's grandfather had compromised his faith externally to save his earthly goods. The barbarous judge had a first cousin who had become a Catholic, entered the Society of Jesus, and died on the English Mission.

But Sir Henry was a staunch Puritan, and to his zeal against Popery was added the personal motive that before coming down from London he had been told to his face he durst not hang a priest. The Commons, angry at the lenity of King Charles, and to show their displeasure at his Catholic Queen, had insisted on a rigorous enforcement of the brutal laws which the Crown would gladly have left in abeyance. Religious hate, wounded vanity, and popular fury left little chance of impartial justice holding her own. The very day after his arrival, on August 26 1628, Judge Yelverton summoned Father Arrowsmith to the bar, and there he stood amidst a crowd of thieves and felons, whose rough hearts he had won by his gentle manners and earnest words.

"Sirrah!" said the judge, going directly to the chief accusation against the prisoner, "are you a priest?" The Father made the sign of the Cross, and twice replied, "I would I were!" The proscribed priest held the lives of all who had sheltered him in his hands. To own his sacred character was to bring ruin on his hosts. "Yes," argued Sir Henry, "though he is not, yet he desires to be a traitor; this fact makes him guilty. But are you no priest?" Father Arrowsmith gave no answer.

"You may easily see," said the judge, turning to the jury, "he is a priest. I warrant you he would not for all England deny his order." Lee, a parson-magistrate, who perhaps had met the prisoner at the famous supper with the Bishop of Chester, was sitting on the bench, and he whispered something in the judge's ear, and then began to inveigh against Father Arrowsmith as a seducer, who if order was not taken would convert half Lancashire. Did the Father recollect the face of his assailant? At all events the judge dared to assert that the prisoner could say nothing in behalf of his faith. Father Edmund gladly offered, before the whole court, to defend his faith against all comers. Of this the judge would not hear, saying Father Arrowsmith only wanted to let people of his own way of thinking hear him talk. "I will not only defend it by words, but would gladly seal it with my blood," was the martyr's reply. Sir Henry was lashed into a fury. "You *shall* seal it with your blood," and he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the town before the prisoner was hanged, and his bowels burnt before his face. "You shall die!" he said again and again. "And you too, my lord, must die," was Father Arrowsmith's calm retort.

Every means failed the judge to extort from the prisoner his own conviction. "If any man can lawfully accuse me, I stand here ready to answer him." The married couple seem to have repented of their treacherous betrayal, for no witness was forthcoming, save the son and the servant of the magistrate by whom the martyr had been arrested. The letter written by Holden and his mother, or his wife's mother, to the justice of the peace, in the first instance, was also produced. The two witnesses both swore that Father Edmund had tried to pervert them from the faith by law established, and the martyr answered by telling the disgraceful story of his arrest, which has been narrated above.

This was an unpleasant statement for Mr. Rostern, who was present, and he openly begged that no favour should be shown the prisoner, lest, were he acquitted, he should do his worship some mischief. Father Arrowsmith

could not help smiling at the justice's fears, and this raised again the anger of the judge, who abused him for laughing and flouting at those who sat there in the King's name. Father Edmund could not bear any reproof against a loyalty which his brethren were soon to prove at Naseby and at Worcester, and throwing himself upon his knees he prayed aloud for his Majesty, the bench, and all there present; begging God to confound all heresy and make them all of one heart and one faith. "Look you, gentlemen of the jury," was the judge's answer, "how he wishes God to confound us all and root out heresy, by which he means our religion."

It is no pleasant thought for an Englishman to recal such a trial as this, where the judge was accuser and cross-questioner at once, and where he openly pronounced his sentence once and again long before the jury had given their verdict. Sir Henry, with no more evidence than has been told, then charged the jury, using his eloquence to crush out any lingering remnants of fairness that hatred of Popery might have left in their minds. The court went to dinner while the jury retired for the verdict, and Father Edmund, who was suffering acutely from toothache, gladly accepted the rest thus procured him. He did not, doubtless, wish to meet his sentence with even the appearance of sadness.

When the court assembled,* the jury appeared and gave their verdict—"Guilty of high treason." Father Arrowsmith's only answer to the usual question of the court was silently to lift up his eyes and hands to heaven. Then the brutal sentence was delivered by the judge. "You shall go from hence to the place from whence you came, from thence you shall be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution. You shall then be hanged by the neck till you be half dead; your bowels shall be burnt and your quarters shall be set on the four corners of the castle. And may God have mercy on you." But he added of his own to the revolting language of the law—

* Bishop Challoner, quoted from a printed relation, says that the court rose before the indictments and charge to the jury had been made.

"Know shortly thou shalt die aloft, between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either; and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers. I would that all the priests in England might undergo the same sentence!"

The long-wished for crown was won, the one desire of the Seminarist, the Missioner, the Jesuit. Father Arrowsmith sank on his knees, bowed down his head, and *Deo gratias!* burst from his lips. Then he repeated this thanksgiving in English, that all might know his joy. The ferocious judge sent the sheriff to bid the gaoler to load him with the heaviest fetters he could get, and to shut him up alone and in a dark dungeon. The gaoler, who seems to have had a kind heart, said there was no cell of the sort, and the answer he received was to put him into the worst he had. Father Edmund could hardly walk with the weight of iron at his ankles—the "Widow's Mite," so these shackles were called—and had almost to be carried to a den so narrow that one could not lie down at full length therein, and into which hardly a ray of light could enter. As he was borne along he recited in a clear, loud voice the *Miserere* psalm. Unable to stand, he had to sit on a bolster which was thrown in to him, and in that position he was forced to remain without taking off his clothes till his death. The very gaol-birds were stricken with pity, and raised a shriek of compassion when they heard of the sentence. Guards were kept at the martyr's door, and not a soul was allowed to enter his prison, under a penalty of £100, save the parson and Justice Lee, who came to accept in private the challenge which Father Arrowsmith had offered him in the court. But Edmund knew how once before a minister had boasted falsely of a controversial victory, gained under like odds, or rather not gained at all, by the same divine over a Catholic gentleman in prison. He simply declined the offer, and Mr. Lee went off boasting, much as Cassaubon boasted against Baronius, that his adversary was a weak, silly fellow, and not conversant with Greek. All his biographers are agreed that Father Arrowsmith was a ripe scholar. On a second visit, which he made towards nightful, the parson-justice did not like the hideous

gloom in which his enemy was fettered, and called loudly for a candle, "lest that traitor should desperately mischief me in the dark."

There Edmund sat, with nothing but his martyr's reward to cheer him, from two o'clock on Tuesday till mid-day on Thursday, hardly any, if any, food or drink being allowed to pass his lips. Good people hoped that King Charles would send a royal pardon: but his Majesty was too busy with his rebellious Commoners and their Petition of Rights. Yet unexpected hindrances arose. The whole trial had been so entirely against the forms of law, that when Yelverton had drawn up the sheriff's warrant, and sent it to his brother Whitelock to sign, that prudent judge said Yelverton had better sign it himself first; nor would Whitelock even then have anything to do with it, but warned Sir Henry it would bring him into trouble.* However, by dint of altering some words and by warning the officer to conceal the illegalities, that difficulty was got over.

But no one would serve as executioner. A butcher offered for £5, to send his man, but the servant took to his heels and he never saw him more. A promise of life was offered to any felon if he would take the office, but all refused the bribe, till a deserter, whom Father Edmund had saved from starvation when in prison, offered for forty shillings to do the deed. He had to be protected from his fellows lest they should handle him roughly, nor would any one in the town lend his axe for the butchery. The judge, anxious to see the death of his victim, contrary to custom, ordered that the execution should take place at an earlier date than the day that had been originally fixed.

Sir Henry seems to have wished the martyrdom to have been as private as possible, and ordered it at mid-day, when the Lancaster folks would be at dinner. It was at eight in the morning on the 28th of August, when the High Sheriff came to tell the martyr that he must die

* "It would cost Yelverton £500," were his exact words; probably alluding to some fine to which the judge had subjected himself.

that day. "I beseech my Saviour to make me worthy of it," was his reply.

There was another priest in the prison at that time, one John Southworth, whose crown had been delayed, but not taken away; for, seven years later, he was found working side by side with the future martyr, Father Henry Morse of the Society of Jesus, during an outburst of the plague in London; and twenty-nine years after, in 1654, when Cromwell was practically ruler of England, he died at Tyburn. At the time of Father Edmund's condemnation, John Southworth stood reprieved, and they had arranged together that he should give absolution to his brother-priest before his death. But the guards and the bolts had hindered all possibility of this, till, crossing the castle yard, Father Arrowsmith gazed around for his last chance, and saw his friend looking down on him from a large window above. Our martyr raised his hands—the signal which had been agreed upon—received his last absolution, and passed out joyfully into the open street. A dense multitude was there awaiting him. Spite of the unusual earliness of the hour, there was hardly a soul in all Lancaster who had not come to be present at the last terrible scene. As the gaoler was handing his prisoner over to the sheriff, a Catholic gentleman burst from the crowd, and reverently embraced him, kissing tenderly the marks of the wounds he had received in his capture, till the sheriff caused him to be torn away.

Father Arrowsmith was tied down to the hurdle, with his head, out of scorn, towards the horses' tails, and so along the ill-paved road he was dragged, the javelin-men marching beside him to keep the Catholics from the martyr. Before him strutted the executioner bearing a big club, while Protestant ministers intruded their questions on the few minutes left to the Father to prepare for death. Father Arrowsmith had written out on a sheet of paper an act of love of God and of contrition, under the title of "The Two Keys of Heaven," and holding it in his hands, he kept his eyes and heart fixed upon them. He feared, no doubt, least the natural terror of the moment, the noise of the crowd, the wearisome

interruptions of the preachers should prevent his soul and thoughts from adhering to his Lord and God.

The journey was a short one, and at a quarter of a mile from the prison the gibbet was reached. The unwearying Mr. Justice Lee was at Father Edmund's side, and called his attention to the fire over whose flames roared the cauldron, to the knife and the block, and to the massive gallows and the rope. "Look you, Master Rigby,"—the assumed name by which the martyr was known—"see what is prepared for your torment and death unless you are ready to conform to the laws and accept the King's mercy." It was a sight to make the heart sick, and Father Edmund did not need a further tempter. "Good sir," he said, smiling, "tempt me no more. The mercy which I look for is in heaven, through the death and passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I most humbly beseech Him to make me worthy of His death."

No sooner was the martyr freed from his rough hurdle, than he knelt down under the shadow of the gibbet and offered his life to the King of Martyrs in satisfaction for his sins. "I wish this little blood of mine may be a sacrifice for them." The parson was at his elbow to criticize his last prayer. "You attribute nothing to Christ's merits and passion." "O sir, say not so!" was Father Arrowsmith's answer, "Christ's merits are always presupposed." And so for a quarter of an hour he continued praying aloud, so that every word was noted by loving ears, and was exposed to the cavils of the unrelenting ministers.

At last the sheriff bade him to make haste. "God's will be done," he said, as he sprang to his feet, and reverently kissing the ladder, began courageously to mount it, begging all good Catholics as he went up to join their prayers to his. Lee assured him that there were none present, but offered himself to pray with him. "I neither wish for your prayers, nor will I pray with you," answered Father Edmund, "I will have nothing to do with you, and if what you say be true, that there are no Catholics here, I wish to die as many deaths as here are people, on condition that they were all Catholics." He paused on his ascent to pray for King Charles and his realm,

and especially for his persecutors, expressing freely his pardon for them, and begging pardon of any he might have wronged.

Not daring to show himself on the spot, but still unwilling to miss the cruel sight, Judge Yelverton had taken a place at a window, whence by help of glasses he could see everything that passed, and there he swore he would remain till he had witnessed the end of his victim. The martyr's prayer went up for him, but the grace, if given, fell on too hard a soil.

Father Edmund had got high up on the ladder, and then turned round to say his last words to the great crowd around and beneath him,—"Bear witness you, who are come to see my end, that I die a steadfast Roman Catholic; and for Jesus Christ's sake, let not my death be a hindrance to your well-doing and going forward in the Catholic religion, but rather may it encourage you thereto. For Jesus Christ's sake have a care of your souls, than which nothing is more precious; and become members of the true Church, as you tender your salvation, for hereafter that alone will do you good. I beseech you request my brethren, for His sake Who redeemed us all, to be careful to supply my want and insufficiency, as I hope they will. Nothing grieves me so much as this England, which I pray God soon to convert."

He held a paper, the same, no doubt, that he had brought with him, and read some prayers from it, and then, with the rope round his neck, and with the cap drawn down over his face, he waited for his death. "Pray, sir," cried the unwearying tempter, "accept the King's mercy. Take the oath of allegiance and your life shall be granted. Good sir, accept your life. I desire you to live. See, here is one come from the judge to offer you mercy. You may live if you will conform to the Protestant religion." This was a full explanation of the sentence of high treason—it was the writing plain for all to see, that Edmund was there only to die for his faith. He lifted up the cap and sternly told Lee, "O sir, how far I am from that! Tempt me no more, I am a dying man." And as he went on to exhort the sheriff

and all around him to embrace the one true faith, the ministers round about muttered, "We shall look after ourselves;" while the people at a distance began to cry out the cry of Calvary, "No more of that, no more of that. Away with him, away with him." Once more Father Arrowsmith covered his face. "*Bone Jesu*," came from his lips; the ladder turned, the body fell, but not till he was dead did the revolting butchery begin. The blood that spurted out at the quartering was carefully scraped up and thrown into the fire. The severed head was placed on the tower of the castle, and the quarters were carried from the cauldron to be viewed by the inhuman judge. A present of two stags had just been brought in, and the English gentleman and guardian of his country's laws placed them side by side with the martyr's remains, and cracked his coarse jokes at the comparison.

The quarters were hung up at the castle, and next day when Sir Henry was riding off, he turned his horse's head and looked back to take a last view of them. He thought that the head was not visible enough, and his last orders, were that it should be raised some six yards higher on the battlements. Many of the Protestants had other feelings, and wished their soul might be with the martyr's, while others said it was barbarous so to treat a man for his religion.

The very next January, Sir Henry Yelverton was at table at his house in Aldersgate Street, London, when he felt as if a heavy blow had been struck him on the head: he turned in a fury on his servant, and while the man was protesting that neither he nor any one else had touched him, the Judge felt a second stroke. He was carried to his bed, and died in great excitement the next morning, crying out, "That dog Arrowsmith has killed me."

The Catholics succeeded in securing some relics of Edmund Arrowsmith. His clothes were obtained by a priest of the name of Leigh, and they and the executioner's knife were deposited in the safe keeping of Sir Cuthbert Clifton. Portions of his body were got from the keeper

of Lancaster Castle. Rumours went abroad that the father of the martyr-priest Southworth, then in Lancaster Castle, had seen, just at the moment of Father Arrowsmith's death, "a most resplendent brightness, such a one as in all his life he never saw before, which did show itself from the prison unto the gallows, as if it had been a glistening glow, the sun at that time being obscured with clouds, and the most part of that day likewise." A little Catholic girl named Margery, whose father and mother lived in the same part of the castle as Father Arrowsmith, had stood by him as he was laid on the hurdle, and he asked her by name whether she wanted anything of him. She said, brave soul, she only wished for his company, and so he told her she must keep firm to her faith, and she would certainly be for ever blessed in Heaven. That night, Margery was sleeping in a room with the wife of one of the keepers, and suddenly the woman heard her cry out, "Lord! Mr. Rigby,* what a stately place is this where you now live, which is so bright, composed of silver and gold; would to God I might remain with you, for methinks the place is most sweet, like flowers or perfumes!" The child herself did not recollect next morning that she had had a dream, but her sleeping words were not forgotten.

A strange event occurred to one who was to suffer in the same way as Father Arrowsmith had suffered, and at the same place. Father Barlow, a Benedictine monk, was at that time working on the English Mission at a distance from Lancaster. On the night after Father Edmund's death, the Martyr appeared to him, standing by his bed-side, and said, "I have suffered, and now you will have to suffer. Say little, for they will try to take hold of your words." We have this narrative in a letter the monk penned to his brother, who was also a Benedictine, fourteen years later, in the cell at Lancaster, while awaiting his death. The prediction nerved him to win the crown, and he refused to hear of any proposal to make his escape from the gibbet.

* Father Arrowsmith's *alias*.

To appeal to the evidence of miracles is to excite the contemptuous smile of the modern enervated world. But a Christian ought not to forget that miracles are the grounds of his belief; and unless we deny the possibility of a miracle and so strike at the very existence of revelation, we must admit that God's arm is not shortened, and there is no intrinsic reason why a miracle should not take place to-day, no reason why we should not recognize it as a miracle, provided the evidence is trustworthy and complete. In approaching the wonders wrought by God to honour the memory of His servant, we do not pretend to go beyond our evidence much less do we forestall the strict inquiry which is always made by the Catholic Church before it endorses the truth of any miracle. We simply give these wonders for what they are worth, and leave our readers to decide how far they are supported by authority of credible witnesses.

Of the many relics of Edmund Arrowsmith, the only one that remains to us is one of his hands, taken no doubt from his arm as it stood on the walls of Lancaster Castle, and preserved with lively respect in the neighbourhood from which he sprang. The hand is dry, but perfect, except where the devotion of the faithful have carried off portions for relics. It is wrapped up in linen, and kept with much care and reverence in a silver casket in St. Oswald's Church at Ashton-in-Makerfield, in Lancashire.

In 1735 a boy named Thomas Hawarden, of Appleton-within-Widnes, in Lancashire, who had been strong and healthy until he was ten years old, when about twelve was stricken down with a slow fever, accompanied with pains in his legs and joints, which, in a little more than two months, reduced him to such a state that he could not walk, even with crutches. The fame of the many cures wrought by Father Arrowsmith's hand made the boy's mother anxious to try its efficacy on her child. The Holy Hand accordingly was sent for, and on the 25th of October, in the presence of several people, it was applied by the mother. But she had hardly done this twice when the boy said positively it had done him good, and at once stood up without any help, and then began to walk.

Protestants and Catholics alike crowded in to see the wonder of a boy walking about who had been for so long, and up till so recent a time, without the use of his limbs. Before long all trace of his illness was gone, and eyesight and memory were vigorous as before. A document drawn up on the spot and signed by a number of witnesses, Catholic and Protestant, attests to the cure.

Another miracle, equally well attested, was that wrought upon Mary Fletcher, of Prescot, in Lancashire. At the age of fifteen she lost the use of her right side. Taken by her aunt to St. Winefride's Well at Holywell, in North Wales, a noted place of pilgrimage, she returned decidedly better, though not completely cured. Fresh bad symptoms coming on, she was treated by the clumsy practitioners of the time in a way that only aggravated her conditon. A slow fever with convulsions, continual pains in head and heart, an enfeebled stomach, left her at the age of forty-five unable to move or even to stand without help, and fits of great severity oftentimes seemed to bring her to death's door. The account of the boy Hawarden's cure made her hope for a supernatural remedy when all human remedies had failed. On November 20, 1768, she being then forty-nine years old, her brother brought her the Holy Hand. As her sister applied the relic, the sick woman prayed earnestly —"Holy Father Arrowsmith, pray for me to Almighty God, that I may receive the use of my limbs, if it be God's holy will and pleasure." John Fletcher, her brother, who had been waiting outside, was then called in, and the patient finding herself better was raised upon her feet.

Supported on both sides she walked, or rather shuffled, across the room with great pain and difficulty, then—we are quoting Mary Fletcher's own account—"leaning on a chair which runs on castors I found my strength increase very fast, still praying and repeating, 'Sweet Jesus, help me.' In less than six minutes after the holy hand had touched my breast my tremblings both interior and exterior left me, and have never since returned. I then knelt me down, but not in an erect

posture, to return thanks to Almighty God for the benefit I had received. Finding my strength still increase, I soon imagined myself able to kneel upright. Accordingly, I raised myself without assistance, and leaning on the chair with castors I went across the room and back again with ease, and without any other help. Soon after I walked about the room by the help only of two sticks, and finding my strength continue to increase and the use of my limbs restored, with tears of joy I returned thanks to Almighty God, Who had wrought this miracle in my favour by the intercession of holy Father Arrowsmith, and the ministry of the martyr's Holy Hand. After saying my usual prayers (which for the first time for above three years I recited upon my knees in an erect posture) I retired to rest. Unable to sleep for joy, I spent a great part of the night in thanksgiving, sometimes on my knees in bed, and sometimes walking about the room without a stick or any assistance. The next day being Monday, the 21st of November, I got up about six, and it being washing-day I assisted my sister Ellen at the washing-tub, after which I baked some cakes for the family, and performed several other domestic employs that day, to the great astonishment of those who had seen me a miserable cripple the day before, and had known me a wretched helpless object for many years.

"As to my other infirmities, thank God for it, they daily mend and grow better, without the assistance of any medicine or human application whatever. I have never yet had the least return of any convulsion, hysteric shivering, or trembling fits, but continue daily to improve in health and strength.

"A slight pain, indeed, serves frequently to put me in mind of the immense blessing I have received from the merciful and all-powerful hand of God, Whose wonderful goodness has wrought the above miracle in my favour, through the intercession and by the Holy Hand of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, to His own great honour and glory, to the adorning the crown of martyrdom in His servant; to my own unspeakable joy; to the edification of the faithful, and to the admiration of all who know me. In

testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand-seal, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1769."

Such is the simple statement of Mary Fletcher, attested to by Bishop Petre, by his Vicar-General, Rev. Philip Butler, Lady Blount, Mary Fletcher's sister and aunt, and Father Joseph Beaumont, who himself the following year proved in his own person the efficacy of the Holy Hand. Father Beaumont's throat and mouth had mortified, and instant death was expected, when upon the touch of the relic of Father Arrowsmith he was cured in a moment, "to the great surprise of the doctor and everybody else." It is from a letter of Father Francis Blundell, dated March 17, 1770, that we learn this fact, and the writer adds: "Several other attestations might be procured of cures no less miraculous by the same Holy Hand."

In the year 1832, Mary Selby, one of the children in the convent school of St. Mary's, York, daughter of Walter Selby, Esq., of Biddleston, in consequence of constitutional disease, had lost the use of one arm for many months. It was contracted, and had pined away to such a degree, that no flesh remained upon it; the skin was parched up, and the arm was of a burning heat. She had been attended by two eminent doctors, but without deriving any benefit from their treatment. Miss Selby had however the utmost confidence that the application of linen which had touched Father Arrowsmith's Holy Hand would effect the desired cure. She prayed earnestly for it, and all in the house made a novena, or nine days' prayer, to the martyr in her behalf. During the course of the novena she spoke of her cure with a certainty which made some of her companions remonstrate with her; but this only induced her to repeat her assertions still more energetically, and to specify the work she proposed for the poor as a thanksoffering. On the last day of the devotions, Mary, in full confidence, approached the altar rails, where the Rev. John Ball, who was doing duty for the chaplain applied the linen to the withered arm. Instantaneously it was restored to strength and flexibility, the flesh returned, and the arm became

in all respects like the other. After a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving; Mary wished to prove to her companions in the school the favour she had received. Going into a room, where one of the children, Miss Loura Stourton, was practising, she said merrily: "Laura, I am cured, I am cured!" "I don't believe it," retorted Laura, "I am not going to believe it." For answer, Mary pulled her off the piano stool with the cured arm, and with it dragged her round the room. There was no gainsaying such evidence; the cure was attested by medical men, as being beyond the power of human skill, and it proved its thoroughness by being as lasting as it was sudden.

Another wonderful cure took place in the same convent in 1844. Mary, the daughter of the Right Hon. Judge Ball, of Dublin, and niece of Frances Teresa Ball, Mother and Foundress of the Loreto branch of the Institute of Mary in Ireland, had, when quite a child, met with a serious accident, which threatened to leave her a cripple for life. The celebrated surgeon, Sir Philip Crampton, attended her without beneficial result; and the subsequent treatment of a Manchester bone-setter, though enabling her to walk at a slow pace, left her dependent upon a crutch and a stick. At this time she was placed in the school at York, and, before leaving it, several years afterwards, she became conscious of what she believed to be a religious vocation. The retreats given to the children by Dr. Gentili deepened her attraction into steady conviction, and the famous Father of Charity gave her the support of his cordial encouragement. But the lameness was an obstacle to her admission to the novitiate, and she was told on all sides that her state was incurable.

Matters were in this unpromising state when, some time after leaving school, she resolved as a forlorn hope to consult an eminent surgeon in Paris. On her way from Dublin, she stayed some weeks at the York Convent; and recognizing that the forlorn hope was her only refuge from hopelessness, the thought struck her of asking the English martyr, Father Arrowsmith, to obtain her admission into the convent as a nun, by curing

her infirmity. The same idea seems to have come to the Superiors of St. Mary's who were loth to lose a candidate in whom they saw singular capacities of saintliness, and who was besides remarkably well qualified for the duties of the Institute. Accordingly, at the beginning of January, 1844, a novena was made by all in the house to obtain Mary Ball's cure, through the English martyr's intercession; and at its close, which was on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, some linen which had been wrapped round the Holy Hand was applied by the Superioress to the affected leg and knee. The moment they were touched the hitherto incurable cause of lameness disappeared, and after an earnest prayer of thankfulness, the quondam cripple cast aside her stick and walked easily and firmly. All pain was gone; the attendant surgeon confidently pronounced the cure miraculous; and to its permanence many who are now living can testify. Within three months the favoured client of our English Martyr was a postulant at York; July of the same year saw her receive the habit of St. Mary's Institute; and when, after a fervent noviceship, she made her profession in July, 1846, she added to her religious name of Mary Joseph Alfonsa, that of Edmunda out of gratitude to Father Arrowsmith, who, as a kindly pilot, had steered her safely into the haven of conventua llife.

When the Process of the English Martyrs was compiled in 1874, some mention of twenty different miracles wrought at Father Arrowsmith's intercesssion reached the Postulator. Unhappily the witnesses were not forthcoming in most cases, but one or two were juridically examined. Bishop Grant said that he had just seen the last surviving witness of a miracle, an old man who had taken his son in a cart to Ashton. The boy was perfectly helpless, but on being touched by the holy hand, he stood up and walked home. In this case the priest was not at home, but the housekeeper took the holy hand out to the boy as he lay in the cart.

In 1887 the process of canonization of our Martyr reached the stage which gives him the right to the title of Venerable.

The cures effected by the Holy Hand go on to this day, and as many as twenty to sixty supplicants for health make their way to Ashton-in-Makerfield every week. If no record of cures is kept, it is because those who come rarely make any state of their case, nor do they send an account of the result of their petition. That health is granted is only learnt indirectly, and when it is difficult to get the necessary attestation. It could be wished that the pilgrims would out of gratitude to their heavenly benefactor take care to obtain a medical certificate as to the state of the patient before visiting the Holy Hand, and another after the cure has been effected, both of which should be sent, in authentic copy at least, to the priest in charge. The mere numbers of those who visit Ashton-in-Makerfield attest to the power of the martyr, and remind us of the Old Testament wonder, when at the touch of the bones of Eliseus (Elijah), the dead man sprung into life.*

* Kings xiii. 21.

The compiler of this sketch begs to acknowledge his obligations to Brother Foley's exhaustive work, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, from which, and from Bishop Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, the larger part of the narrative has been derived.

Don Bosco.

BY MRS. RAYMOND BARKER.

Giovanni Bosco was born in 1815, at Murialdo di Castlenuovo, not far from Turin. His good mother trained him from infancy in the love of God and of our Blessed Lady. Like so many before him who have been called to do great things for God, he began life as a shepherd lad. But while tending his sheep, his heart was drawn to a higher service. At the age of fifteen he quitted the sheepfolds to study for the priesthood, and so to prepare to feed the flock of Christ.

His excellent abilities, aided by his earnestness and industry, soon helped him to acquire an amount of theological and other learning which is usually attainable only after many years. He was ordained in 1841, and was at once appointed to visit the town prisons. He was shocked and distressed to find among the prisoners large numbers of boys, a great proportion of whom were orphans or poor neglected children, and nearly all of whom had been led into evil-doing by villains much older than themselves. From this time he resolved to devote himself in a special manner to the friendless and homeless lads abounding in all the poorer quarters of Turin.

While pondering as to how he could best benefit them, his first orphan was sent to him unsought for. He was vesting for Mass, before daylight, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1841, when he heard an outcry in the church, and hastened to learn the cause. A ragged vagrant, attracted by the lights, had wandered in, and was gazing at the paintings and statues, when the sacristan asked him to come and serve the

priest's Mass. On the boy's refusal, this testy functionary had boxed his ears. Don* Bosco questioned the lad kindly, found that he was an orphan, Bartolomeo Garelli by name, and utterly ignorant. He taught him then and there how to cross himself, took him home with him, and bade him come every evening for instruction.

Garelli was a mason's apprentice. He soon brought other boys with him; these again brought more, and, in less than three months, they numbered a hundred. They used to meet at first in the Institute of St. Francis of Assisi. Don Bosco gave the name of "the Oratory" to his work, to implythat its existence depended entirely on prayer, and he placed it under the special protection of Our Lady Help of Christians. Later on, when, besides many older youths who attended the evening schools, the boys amounted to three hundred, the Marchesa Barolo gave him the use of two rooms adjoining her House of Refuge. These he turned into a chapel; and finding there a portrait of St. Francis of Sales, he chose him as the patron of his work, assured that nothing but sweetness and tenderness, like that of this holy bishop, could win and save these children. Hence it became "the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales," and Don Bosco's assistants, of whom the first was the devoted Abbé Borel, are called Salesians.

But now, lest this work should lack the mark of the Cross, a succession of trials began. The Marchesa, no one knew why, suddenly withdrew the loan of the two rooms, saying that she wanted them for something else. The Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. Franzoni, who warmly appreciated Don Bosco and his work, gave him the use of a deserted church, almost in ruins. Here, except in the public square in front of the building, the boys had no playground. Theinhabitantsofthesquarecomplained to the Syndic or Mayor of the noise they made, and they received notice to quit.

The Mayor and Town Council, however, willingly lent Don Bosco another disused church, with schoolroom

* "Don" is a title given in Italy to priests. "Dom" is that of Canons Regular of St. Augustin, and some other Religious.

and playground adjoining. Great was his joy and that of his boys. But alas! they were no sooner in than they were out again. An aged and retired rector, who lived hard by, took alarm at the thought of so many noisy neighbours, especially at their playtime, and so strongly urged the Town Council to withdraw its loan, that, on the second day, the children were all adrift again.

For the next two months they and the Father met in the open air. On Sundays they accompanied him to some church in the suburbs, where he said Mass for them. After a frugal but merry breakfast they were catechised, and then had games till Vespers. A long walk often closed the day, the happy and orderly band singing hymns and litanies as they returned into the town.

This out-door existence was all very well while summer lasted, but, as winter drew on, Don Bosco hired three rooms in a house called the Casa Moretta, opposite the site now occupied by the splendid Church of Our Lady Help of Christians. But fresh trials were in store. Count Cavour, a man of no religion, pretended to see, in the harmless assemblies of these poor boys, a threatened danger to the State, and declared his intention to suppress them. It required all Don Bosco's energy to avert the destruction of his work, which, moreover, was regarded with a sort of jealous fear by some who should have been among his natural protectors. In a short time, also, the other tenants of apartments in the Casa Moretta complained of the crowds of boys coming to the house, whereupon the landlord gave Don Bosco notice to leave in a week. Thus he and his work were again turned out of doors.

This was in the spring of 1846. As he could not find another house in which to assemble his boys, he hired a field. "Our good God," he said, "will not treat his children worse than He treats the little birds." Early on Sundays, before taking them to Mass, he seated himself on a grassy mound and there heard their confessions. With his arm round the neck of the young penitent kneeling at his side, he listened in this paternal fashion to each in turn.

Before long, however, he received a week's notice to quit even this field, the trampling of so many boys being injurious to the grass. And, as if this had not been trial enough, he at the same time lost his post as Director in the Institution of the Marchesa Barolo, which was almost his only means of living.

Matters looked so hopeless that all his friends, including even the Abbé Borel, advised him to give up all the children except twenty of the youngest, "seeing that Divine Providence gave no encouragement to his work."

"Divine Providence!" he exclaimed, with kindling eyes, "Divine Providence has sent me these poor children and never will I send one of them away! Divine Providence will send me all that is needful for them; and, since I am not allowed to *rent* a place for them to meet in, I will *build* one, where there will be room for all who come! *There* we shall have workshops, where they will learn trades, we shall have schools and playgrounds, a beautiful church, and many priests! All this we shall have, by the aid of Mary Help of Christians!"

As he spoke these fervid words, his friends looked gravely at one another and shook their heads. This poor priest, almost penniless, overpressed by constant work and successive trials, was plainly, they thought, losing his reason. This notion was confirmed by the detailed descriptions he would give, when asked, of his future Oratory, its size, plan, and arrangements. One by one his friends dropped off, even those on whom he had most relied. Not content with avoiding him, certain among them concocted a scheme for getting him quietly into a lunatic asylum, before his "monomania" should bring ridicule upon his brother clergy. A pair of them arranged the matter, to their own satisfaction, with the head doctor of a madhouse. Whether they would find it easy to do the same with their intended victim might be doubtful; still, two wise heads could surely outwit one crazy one. Two ecclesiastics arrived one day in a close carriage, to pay Don Bosco a visit. After drawing him out on the subject of his Oratory, and the results he ex-

pected from it, they proposed that he should join them for a drive. He declined. They pressed him with affectionate solicitude. He yielded. In spite of all entreaties, however, his politeness would not suffer him to get first into the carriage. Impatient at the loss of time from his scrupulous courtesy, they mounted. Don Bosco, instead of doing the same, slammed the door to, and shouted to the coachman, "To the establishment!" The man, under orders to start immediately and stop for nothing, obeyed to the letter. Away went the horses full speed, the driver in no way moved by the vociferations proceeding from within the vehicle. The asylum gates were open, but closed when it had rattled in. The head doctor was in the court ready to receive the parties, who dismounted, hot and angry beyond expression.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I expected only one patient; however, we have ample room for two!"

They protested furiously, upon which the doctor, unable to hear a word for the noise made by both at once, calmly told the keepers to take them to their quarters. They were worse than he had expected, and "might," he said, "require the strait waiscoat or the *douche*."

After a scene of frantic terror, the unfortunate men were only rescued by the house-chaplain, who happily knew them and readily obtained their liberty. But they had had a narrow escape; moreover they brought on themselves, with interest, the ridicule they were so anxious to ward off. This was not the only occasion when Don Bosco's mother-wit stood him in good stead.

But the sorrowful day came when he and his boys met in their field for the last time, and no other place was yet found. His face bore traces of bitter tears. His children saw him fall prostrate on the ground and pray: "My God, Thy holy will be done! Wilt Thou forsake Thy poor orphans? Show me where to find a place for them!"

He had scarcely risen, when a man, Pancrazio Soave by name, crossed the field, and, accosting Don Bosco, said that his comrade, Pinardi, had "a famous shed" to let. Would his reverence come and see it?

He went at once. The shed was so low that the boys' heads would in some parts touch the roof. But Pancrazio undertook to dig out the soil and lay a boarded floor "fit for a prince!"

The bargain was struck, and the shed was to be ready by the next Sunday. Don Bosco returned to his boys, who shouted for joy when told of the shed of Valdocco. Then, with their Father, the crowd of children knelt down, and, in the light of a golden sunset, recited the Rosary in thanksgiving to God and our Blessed Lady. In this shed Holy Mass was said for the first time on Easter Day, 1846. On this spot, then poor as the stable at Bethlehem, now stands the great Oratory of Valdocco.

The boys who flocked to the new quarters soon amounted to seven hundred. The chapel was open to all the inhabitants of that poor neighbourhood, then one of the worst in the town, but which soon showed a marked improvement.

The services and instructions of the Sundays were made so attractive that, when night came, the boys were unwilling to go. "Good-night, dear Father!—till Sunday!—till we meet again!" But the good Father was, by this time, so worn out that he could hardly drag himself to his small lodging.

To his evening schools, open every week-day, young men came in such numbers that there were not enough assistants to teach them. This difficulty suggested to Don Bosco the idea of choosing out some of his most promising youths, and engaging to give them a thoroughly good education, if they in turn promised to become tutors to the others. The plan succeeded beyond all expectation. The "students," as they were called, not only proved excellent assistants, but in many cases were found to have a vocation for the priesthood.

That so many poor lads should be taught to be good Christians as well as good workmen again roused the ire of Cavour. He was now fully resolved to crush the Salesian Oratory, and would have done so, had he not received an unlooked-for check from an unexpected

quarter. The King, Charles Albert, forbade that Don Bosco should be molested: and this was not the only token of his majesty's goodwill. One New Year's Day he sent him a gift of 300 francs (about £12), after writing on the envelope the words, "For Don Bosco's little rascals."

The work of the Oratory, great as it was, did not interfere with Don Bosco's work in prisons. There, as we have said, the numbers of poor lads who, for the most part, had been led away by hardened malefactors, were his chief care, and the results of this care and interest were often most consoling. After one of the retreats he preached for them, almost all went to Communion.

He resolved to obtain for them a treat which they would appreciate more than anything else in the world—a day spent in the country. Acting at once on this splendid idea, he went to the governor, and quite simply made his request. The governor, like others before him, thought that such a request could only be made by a lunatic.

"What, sir!" he exclaimed. "Do you imagine that the King's soldiers have nothing to do but take these culprits out walking! and do you forget that I am answerable for every runaway who escapes?"

"The King's soldiers are not wanted, my lord governor. I will answer for the boys, and engage to bring back every one of them."

And, strange to relate, Don Bosco obtained this unexampled permission. After Mass, on the day chosen, the pic-nic party of three hundred and fifty boys and young men set out from the prison in good order, led by Don Bosco, whose face, like theirs, beamed with happiness. The expedition was to the Castle of Stupinigi, twelve miles distant. All through that happy day there was not a shadow of anything disorderly. The chief thought of all these lads was to keep a tender watch over their good Father and see that he was not overfatigued. And when, after returning to the prison, the names were called over that night, not one was missing.

It is no matter for surprise that, at one time, Don

Bosco could not appear in the streets of Turin without being quickly surrounded by crowds of children.

Besides the prisons, he regularly visited the Hospital Cottolengo. At the same time he was writing various books for the use of the Oratory. Under the constant pressure of work his strength completely broke down, and the doctors sent him away for rest.

But rest was not for him. His retreat, not far from Turin, was daily invaded by his boys and students, and he also returned to the town from Saturday till Monday every week. A severe cold, caught on one of these occasions, brought on so serious an illness that his life was despaired of. He refused to pray that he might recover, until reminded by the Abbé Borel how sorely his children would suffer were he to die yet. Then he murmured, "For their sakes, O Lord, if it be Thy good pleasure, let me live!" and from that night he began to amend. It was then found that nearly all his boys, in order to give weight to their prayers for their dear Father, had made vows and undertaken penances so severe that he had to interpose his authority to commute or lessen almost all.

His extreme weakness made three months of quiet necessary for him. He spent them at home, with his widowed mother, Mme. Margherita; and when the time came for his return, this good mother, whose generous heart had become warmly interested in her son's work, quitted her peaceful home to share in it, and be a mother to his adopted family. The two set out on foot, November 3, 1846, the one with his breviary, the other with a basket of provisions. Near Turin they met Don Vola, a kind priest who sometimes helped to teach Don Bosco's classes. On finding that the Father was as poor in purse as he was rich in faith, he, though equally poor, put his watch into Don Bosco's hand "as a nest-egg towards the new Oratory of Valdocco." Next day the watch was exchanged for furniture for the empty rooms; but as other payments became necessary, the vineyards and fields at Murialdo were sold, and Margherita sent for her house-linen and the few jewels she had inherited.

The best of these she gave to adorn our Lady's altar, and sold the rest to help, feed, and clothe the ragged and hungry boys.

The Signora Franzoni, mother of the Archbishop of Turin, with other ladies, joined this noble woman in becoming the first female co-operators in Don Bosco's work, to which they rendered valuable assistance.

Knowing that many boys who attended the classes had no fixed place to sleep in (or worse than none), Don Bosco hired an empty hay-loft as a dormitory for them, spread it with straw and such blankets as could be spared, and when these failed, with stout sacks. None but those who have tried sleeping upon straw know the comfort of a sack. The sleeper gets inside, and has thus an upper and an under sheet at once, which protects him from the pricking.

Once, to his cost, the hospitable priest took in for the night a band of older vagrants he had met with. When, early next morning, he went to say a few kind words to his guests, they had disappeared, and with them every sack and blanket from the loft. This misadventure, instead of damping Don Bosco's ardour, only increased it, since the more children he could rescue from evil training, the fewer there would be left to grow up thieves.

As yet no boys were lodged at the Oratory. Its first boarder was a poor little orphan, who for two days had not tasted food, and came to the door one rainy evening wet to the skin. He was soon followed by others. But already there was not sufficient room for the numbers who assembled: a second Oratory therefore, that of St. Aloysius, was opened on December 8, 1847 (just six years since Don Bosco had picked up his first vagrant), and placed under the charge of the Abbé Borel; the clergy of Turin, encouraged by their Archbishop, willingly assisting him, until the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales should have had time to train priests of its own for the work.

Don Bosco, who remained at Valdocco, was anxious to buy the house for a permanent home for homeless

boys, but the exorbitant price asked by Pinardi made this impossible. He could only rent more rooms in it when they became vacant, and in these he soon had fifteen waifs and strays. Beside these, he took in, only for meals, fifty boys one week, and another fifty the next, alternately. These dinners—always of soup and bread, bread and soup—were made delightful by the charming stories with which the Father knew so well how to interest his boys in all that is "true, good, lovely, and of good report," in holiness, uprightness, and virtue. Remarking the sweet voices of many of his boys, he much encouraged them in the study of music. The great success of his evening schools having led the Town Council to make him a grant of six thousand francs (£240), they added another thousand as a prize for music.

Don Bosco, as a matter of course, incurred the relentless hatred of the freemasons, socialists, and secret societies, by whose emissaries repeated attempts were made to assassinate him. One day, while surrounded by the children at Valdocco, he was shot at through the window. His arm was raised to beat time to their singing, and the bullet passed through his cassock, between the breast and arm. The boys sprang to his side, but he only said, looking ruefully at the hole: "My poor cassock! old as it is, it is my only one!"

Late one night, he was sent for to "a dying woman." It was a snare laid for him. As he entered the room, four ruffians set upon him with clubs. Throwing down the solitary candle, he escaped in the darkness. On several other occasions when his life was attempted, he was defended by a magnificent dog who attached himself to him, and to which, from his grey colour, he gave the name of *Il Grigio.*

Don Bosco's wish to buy Pinardi's house was realized in 1851, the owner having brought down his price to 30,500 francs (£1,220), the whole sum to be paid within a fortnight. At the moment he made this agreement, Don Bosco had not a single crown towards this amount, but as this was a matter of necessity for his boys, he had

perfect confidence in Divine Providence. Nor was his trust disappointed. No sooner had Pinardi left him, than a priest, Don Cafasso, brought him a gift of 10,000 francs from the Countess Richardi; and, next day, another priest came to consult him as to the use he should make of a sum of 20,000 francs placed in his hands for any charitable purpose to which he should decide to apply it. And so the affair was settled. The banker added 3,000 francs for cost of transfer, and the house of Valdocco became Don Bosco's property.

His first thought was to build the church. This began with the same total absence of funds, and was carried on by the same evident interposition of Divine Providence in sending them. When, early, in 1852, it was completed and consecrated, many persons remembered Don Bosco's words five years before. When, in 1847, the workmen were digging out the floor of the "famous shed," the boys ran up and down the mounds made by the earth thrown out. Don Bosco mounted one of these, and said: "My children; on this very spot will one day stand the altar of a beautiful church; here you will kneel to receive our Lord, and here you will sing His praise!" The High Altar of the Church of St. Francis of Sales stands "on this very spot."

When, some months later, the cholera broke out in Turin, and the hospitals and lazarets were full, it was difficult to find persons willing to nurse the sick. From the first, Don Bosco and his priests had hastened to this work of charity, but, as the scourge increased, he allowed also forty of his boys, who offered themselves, to help as infirmarians, chiefly among the destitute poor of the Valdocco quarter, while Madame Margherita emptied her linen chests one by one, even to her last tablecloth, for the benefit of the poor sufferers. It was remarked that not one of the boys of the Oratory was attacked by the cholera.

The church being finished, Don Bosco began the long-desired Home for his children. His joy at its completion was darkened by the greatest sorrow of his life, the loss of his admirable mother, who, on the 25th of November,

after receiving the last Sacraments, died in his arms. With many tears, he hastened from his beloved dead to offer the Holy Sacrifice for her soul, after which, kneeling before our Lady's statue, he prayed aloud: "O Mother of Mercy! My children and I have no longer a mother upon earth. Show thyself, therefore, more than ever, a Mother to them and to me!"

Most touching was the funeral of Margherita. All her adopted children were there, and many persons who saw them were moved to tears by the grief of these poor boys.

Don Bosco's prayer to the Mother of Mercy was not in vain. His work prospered more remarkably than ever, and it was not long before the great Oratory of Valdocco realized in every particular the plans and predictions which had brought upon him the charge of lunacy.

This Oratory has sleeping room for a thousand persons, exclusive of those who attend the day and evening classes. Every useful trade is taught, by skilled artisans, in the large workshops attached to the main building—the printing department, with its various dependencies, being especially important. The boys are divided into two categories: artisans or craftsmen, and students. The latter receive a good education for the career for which they show the greatest aptitude or inclination, and many of these are now practising creditably as lawyers, doctors, professors, and men of science.

After his works had been going on for some time Don Bosco was strongly urged to form a Congregation to ensure their stability. He first established a Congregation under the direction of the Archbishop of Turin. About fifteen years later (1847) the Salesian Society was definitely approved by the Holy See. It now numbers 1000 priests, with about the same number of clerics preparing for Holy Orders, and a large number of lay coadjutors not destined for the Priesthood. There are 120 Salesian houses in different parts of the world, in Italy, France, Spain, Austria and South America. In 1887 the wish which had long been cherished by many was realized, and the Salesian Fathers have now

found a home in England. By the express wish of the Holy Father, and with the consent of the Bishop of Southwark, they have undertaken the charge of the mission of the Sacred Heart, Old Battersea, London, S.W., where they hope soon to begin their special work for poor boys. We ask the prayers and alms of our readers on their behalf.

It is stated that, including those who frequent the night and Sunday schools, there are now 300,000 children under the care of the Salesians in their various establishments.

It might be supposed that Don Bosco was somewhat rash in his undertakings: this, however, is not the case. To those who utterly give up all things for God and His poor, God refuses nothing. Don Bosco always made it a rule, 1st, only to begin a new foundation when plainly necessary; 2nd, he always began very humbly, asking only for "a roof and bread," at first; but invariably the inmates, so to speak, came before the building: the house did not wait for them, but they for the house. He was a first-rate organizer and administrator, taking everything into account, and overlooking nothing. Naturally eager and quick-tempered, he obtained such perfect mastery over himself, that nothing had power to affect his patience. With weak health and eyesight, he got through a daily amount of work that was simply enormous. Even the letters he received used to amount on an average to two hundred a day.

"When Lord Palmerston went to Valdocco," writes Lady Herbert of Lea,* "he called on Don Bosco simply as an English stranger, without giving his name. He examined all the workshops, talked with the children, and after the simple dinner to which Don Bosco had invited him, asked 'how he managed a thousand boys without any punishment.' Don Bosco smiled and said, 'Stay with us till evening, and you will see.' Lord Palmerston stayed and went into the chapel, where, after the evening recreation, the boys had all assembled, and then he heard

* See *The Month* for January, 1884.

Don Bosco speak to them. He listened to their simple and voluntary confession of the faults of the day, and Don Bosco's words of counsel and loving encouragement to each, and when he came out he wrung Don Bosco's hands, saying, 'Now I understand. You have won all their hearts, and can mould them as you please.' Then he gave his name, and said that 'for the first time he had learned what love could do with rough and untaught natures.'"

In 1865 Don Bosco laid the foundation of the splendid church of Our Lady Help of Christians. Pope Pius IX., on hearing of his wish to build this church, had said that its dedication would draw down many graces from the Queen of Heaven. At the same time His Holiness sent him his blessing, and a gift of five hundred francs. This had helped to pay for the ground, but when the first stone was laid Don Bosco had only forty centimes (fourpence) in his pocket. At the end of a fortnight he owed the workmen a thousand francs, and these poor men could not be kept waiting for their money. Going to inquire after a dying lady, whom he had advised to make a novena to Our Lady Help of Christians, he met the lady, cured, and returning from church, whither she had been to return thanks for the great favour she had received. At the same time she begged him to accept her first thank-offering for the Church of Our Lady, and put into his hand a packet containing fifty gold napoleons, exactly the thousand francs of which he was in need.

Don Bosco kept silence about this cure, but not so the lady. The news of the favour she had received spread rapidly. Numbers of persons made novenas to Mary Help of Christians, promising, if their petitions were granted, to make an offering to her church. And so abundant and continuous were these thank-offerings, that in fact, as the registers prove, this magnificent church was entirely built with them. An appeal for funds never once became necessary, the sums required always coming in, unsought for, except by prayer, and always at the moment when they were most urgently needed. Thus the very stones of this beautiful sanctuary testify to our

Divine Saviour's pleasure in granting petitions which He receives through His own Immaculate Mother.

We have not space to mention more than one or two of the numberless cures which began in connection with the commencement of this church. We give the facts: it is for the infallible voice of the Catholic Church alone to pronounce upon their miraculous character.

The following instance has led to important results, of a spiritual kind, to a whole town.

In San Pietro d'Arena, a town of thirty thousand souls, the church was almost empty, and the influence of the one priest paralyzed by the action of three masonic lodges. In this town the wife of a railway clerk, and the mother of five children lay dangerously ill. Her state being pronounced hopeless, the priest proposed to administer the last Sacraments. The woman, who was not very devout, declared that she would make her confession to nobody except Don Bosco. The priest immediately wrote to him, and he came without delay. The woman received him with great satisfaction. He spoke to her cheerfully, and heard her confession. Instead, however, of giving her the Holy Viaticum afterwards, he said: "With regard to your Communion, we shall be more at our ease in the church. I will say Mass for you, and will set my children to pray for the same intention. Come to my Mass some morning, and I will give you Holy Communion."

The husband, who was in the room, exclaimed with indignation, "This is an ill time to jest! You see that this woman is dying—helpless to rise from her bed, and you talk to her of going to church!"

"Our Lady Help of Christians," said Don Bosco, quickly, "can obtain for us everything she wishes. Let us, all together, pray to her."

And he knelt down—the husband, to his own surprise, following his example—and recited the *Pater*, *Ave*, *Gloria*, and *Salve Regina*. Then he passed a medal round the woman's neck, gave one to her husband, and left the house. Immediately the woman felt a change come over her. All pain was gone, and every trace of

fever. She was completely cured. A day or two afterwards she and her husband were at church, returning fervant thanks for the favour granted to them. The husband's conversion was complete, and was followed by that of large numbers of his fellow-townsmen. The church was soon full again, the good parish priest found three more clergy none too many to assist him, and his heart overflowed with joy.

Soon after a Salesian Oratory was founded in the town. A large church has also been built, to which the Salesian priests are attached, doing a great work among the people.

On the feast of Corpus Christi, 1874, when the doors of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, at Turin, were opened early in the morning, a poor man, bent almost double from curvature of the spine, lay helplessly on the ground before the middle entrance. He said he had come to ask our Lady's blessing, that he might be made straight. He was, with some difficulty, assisted to the sacristy, the contraction of the spine and limbs rendering his stout crutch almost useless. Don Bosco, on seeing him, asked how he had contrived to get there.

"A neighbour brought me in his cart and left me. As the doctors can do me no good, I thought Our Lady Help of Christians would help me, as she has helped so many others."

"Kneel down, my good man," said Don Bosco; and those present managed to get the poor man on his knees.

Signing him with the Cross, Don Bosco said, "If you have faith in God's mercy and our Lady's intercession, stretch out your hand."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you can; begin by the thumb."

He did so, and then, one by one, stretched out the long-rigid fingers. "Yes!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "the holy Madonna has obtained this for me!"

"Then give glory to God by standing on your feet."

The man tried to reach his crutch.

"No! show your confidence by standing up by yourself."

He did so. All stiffness and deformity were gone. He stretched himself to his full height, and strode up and down the sacristy.

"My friend, in token of your gratitude, go and genuflect before the altar of the Most Holy Sacrament."

He obeyed, and as he returned, fervently gave thanks aloud to God and our Blessed Lady.

"And now, promise that you will have a great devotion to the Holy Virgin, and lead the life of a good Christian."

"I promise! and next Sunday I will go to confession and communion." Then, taking up his crutch, he carried it aloft, as if presenting arms, and gravely marched out of the church and back to his parish.

The next instance we will relate decided a vocation to the priesthood.

The Count of Giletta and Casella, one of the highest of the old nobility of Piedmont, being left a widower, desired, after the marriage of his only son, to devote the rest of his life in some special manner to the service of God. He consulted Don Bosco on the subject, and was by him advised to become a Salesian Priest. From motives of humility he hesitated to follow this advice, and took time for consideration.

Going one morning, as was his wont, to see Don Bosco, he found the ante-room already full of people, waiting their turn, and took his place near the door. (This was on May 23, 1877, the day before the feast of Mary Help of Christians.) He at once noticed near him a peasant woman and her daughter, a girl of ten or eleven years old. The child appeared to be in great suffering; she was unable to stand or sit without being supported, and fell helplessly to the right or left as she was moved. After waiting some time the mother, with a deep sigh, rose to go, holding the girl up under the shoulders, while her limbs bent powerlessly under her. Being asked why she was going without having seen Don Bosco, she said, "The child suffers too much to stay longer; besides, I am wanted at home. I only wanted to ask our Lady's blessing for my poor girl." Then she told how her

daughter, who was subject to frightful convulsions, had, after one of them, remained paralyzed, and for a month past speechless, being no longer able to articulate a word.

All present, touched with compassion, offered to let this poor child pass before them. It was plain that nothing short of a miracle could cure her. With this conviction, a sudden thought occurred to Count Giletta. Lifting up his heart to God, he prayed that this child's cure might be to him a sign to enter the priesthood, resolving, should this not be granted, to give up all thoughts of it.

A few moments afterwards the mother and daughter went into Don Bosco's room. The girl was laid upon a couch, while the mother told her sad story. Don Bosco then bidding her to have confidence in God, and in the help of Mary, had the child held in a kneeling posture, and gave her the blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians. He then told her to make the sign of the Cross.

She began it with her left hand, which was not paralyzed.

"No! not with the left hand; with the right."

"But, Father, she has not the use of her right hand."

"No matter! Now, my child, try."

The girl raised the paralyzed arm and made the sign of the Cross.

"Well done! you made that very well indeed, but you did not say the words. Now make it again and say the words with me."

She did so, repeating, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "our Blessed Lady has cured me!"

The mother, hearing the dumb child speak again, burst into tears of joy.

"And now," said Don Bosco, "make haste to thank our Lady, and say the *Hail Mary* with all your heart."

The girl said it distinctly with great devotion, after which she walked and then ran round the room, with a firm and easy step. Her cure was complete. In her

joy she opened the door into the ante-room, and said to those whose pity had let her, a speechless, helpless sufferer, pass before them: "Help me to thank our Blessed Lady! See, she has cured me. I can use my hand, I can walk; there is nothing the matter with me any more!"

No words can describe the emotion produced by the sight and the words of the cured child, nor the tearful joy and awe with which the people crowded round her, with exclamations of wonder and gratitude to God and the Blessed Virgin. Don Bosco himself was so impressed by what had taken place, that he was trembling from head to foot. Mother and child hastened to make their thanksgivings in the church.

The sign that Count Giletta had scarcely dared to ask was given. "The Holy Virgin has spoken," he said, "I will be a Salesian priest."

His resolution was strengthened when, some weeks later, meeting a young girl, who with her parents was taking an offering to the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, he recognized her to be Guiseppina Longhi, the child so marvellously cured. He stopped to ask if her health continued good.

"Yes," she said, "I am perfectly well. I can walk and talk and write, and learn my lessons just as if I had never been ill."

"And see what a fresh colour she has in her cheeks," said the mother; "and her appetite is excellent. All our neighbours agree that her recovery is a miracle." The Count needed no assurance; he saw the child and that was enough.

Guiseppina Longhi is at this moment one of the Religious Congregation of Mary Help of Christians, founded by Don Bosco. Don Charles Albert Cays de Giletta, Salesian priest, died in 1882.—R.I.P.

A year after the cure we have just related, *i.e.*, on May 24, 1878, a young officer came in great distress to Don Bosco, to entreat his prayers for his wife, brought by a cruel malady to the point of death. Don Bosco, as always on such occasions, invited his visitor to kneel down and pray with him, asking our Blessed Lady to

aid them with her intercession. Then, with a few kindly words of comfort and hope from the priest, the officer took leave.

In less than an hour he was back again, asking eagerly for Don Bosco. He was told that he could not now be disturbed, as he was presiding at a meeting of benefactors of the House. His entreaties to see him for "only one moment" prevailed, and Don Bosco hearing his name went at once, to find him radiant with joy.

"Whilst I was with you, Father, my wife suddenly ceased to suffer. All pain was gone! and, not only this, she felt a new strength in all her limbs, insisted on leaving her bed, and dressed herself. I entered the house, she came to meet me, declaring that she was cured." He then put into Don Bosco's hand a rich gold bracelet, a present he had made his bride on their wedding-day. "With all our hearts," he said, "we offer this to Our Lady Help of Christians in token of our gratitude."

Don Bosco returned to the assembly, showed the bracelet, and told how he had just received it as a thank-offering.

The chief works founded by Don Bosco are:

1. The Congregation of St. Francis of Sales, or of Salesians, consisting of several hundred priests, and lay coadjutors. This is a Congregation with the three simple vows of religion, and was definitely approved by Pius IX. in 1874.

2. The Congregation of Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, which is an institute of nuns who do the same work for girls that the Salesian Fathers do for boys. They are under the direction of the Salesians in the same way as the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul are under that of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission.

3. To carry on these works Don Bosco established the "Association of Salesian Co-operators." All persons over 16 years of age may be enrolled under two conditions: (1) to say daily a *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria* to St. Francis

of Sales for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff and (2) to give monthly or yearly some alms according to their means for the Salesian works. They are called upon to unite themselves in spirit and work to the religious themselves. Pius IX. granted to the Co-operators all the Indulgences of the 3rd order of St. Francis of Assisi, and many other privileges. Members may be enrolled by the Rector of any Salesian house. Those who wish to join in England should apply to the Rev. F. Rector of the Salesians, Church of the Sacred Heart, Old Battersea, London, S.W., who will gladly give every information respecting this Association.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on inscribing his own name as Co-operator, said to Don Bosco: "Each time that you have to address your Co-operators tell them that I bless them from my heart. The purpose of your Society being to rescue the young from ruin, bid them unite their heart and soul in aiding you to acomplish this purpose."

The work of the Co-operators is, to assist the Salesian Fathers in seeking out destitute children, to collect small sums towards their clothing and maintenance, and to aid in the distribution of Christian books: and it thus appeals in an especial manner to Members of the Catholic Truth Society.

4. Many young men after a good commercial education and after entering on a business life give solid proofs of a vocation to the Priesthood, but find it very difficult to follow it up, as they have no means of obtaining instructions in Latin. Don Bosco therefore started the "Association of Mary Help of Christians" to facilitate such vocations. He organised in his houses a special course of study for such candidates, so that they may be speedily ready to begin their theological studies. The members of the Association help to defray the cost of maintenance of such candidates.

It is stated by Dr. d'Espiney that among all the thousands of boys trained by the Salesian Fathers, not one has been known to incur judicial prosecution or penalty. Every year thousands of youths leave them, fitted for

the work of their life, and other children enter their Houses, to receive the same care and training in their turn. From various countries requests are received to plant fresh offshoots of their work, but it is with comparatively few of these demands that the Salesians can comply, for want of sufficient numbers of priests and professors to meet them.

For some years Don Bosco had been very feeble, so that it was very difficult for him to go about, and his sight was failing fast. Towards the end of 1887 his condition became more and more alarming. In a letter which he dictated in December for the January number of the *Bulletin Salésien*, giving an account to the Co-operators of the works undertaken during 1887, he seemed to foresee his approaching death. He wrote: "I must tell you that my health is sensibly declining. I feel that I am about to leave you, and that the day of my death is near. If what I foresee is realised, and this is the last letter that you will ever receive from me, let me say one word more to you as a remembrance. I recommend to your charity all the works which God has willed to confide to me during well-nigh fifty years; I recommend to you the Christian education of the young, ecclesiastical vocations, and foreign missions; but I recommend to you also, and in a most special manner, the care of poor and destitute children, who have ever been on this earth the portion of my family most dear to my heart, and who will be, I hope, by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, my crown and my joy in heaven."

On Dec. 22nd, Don Bosco's condition became still more critical, and on the 24th, he received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction from the hands of Mgr. Cagliero, Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia, who had come to Italy for the Papal Jubilee. Mgr. Cagliero was one of the first of Don Bosco's pupils, and dearly beloved by him. For some nine days all hope of recovery seemed lost, but prayers were offered all over the world that a life so precious might be saved to the Church. At length on Jan. 3rd, 1888, a great change took place, and Don

Bosco rallied to such an extent that the doctors declared that he was out of imminent danger. Hope filled the hearts of his children, but only for a little while. He gradually lost strength again, and had great difficulty in taking food. Even during these days of physical weakness, his life-long love for his poor boys was manifested. The doctors deemed it prudent that he should keep very quiet, but Don Bosco would not give way to this in so far as his boys were concerned The priests and superiors might be kept away from him, but his children must be allowed to have access to him. He had lived for them and he would help them as long as he lived. His weakness continued to the same extent all through the month. On the 29th, the Feast of St. Francis of Sales, he saw many of his religious, and spoke words of counsel and edification to them. Towards evening the whole of his right side became paralyzed, and his breathing most difficult. The whole of Monday, the 30th, he continued in the same state, assisted with filial love by Mgr. Cagliero. Towards 2 a.m., on Tuesday morning, the end was fast approaching, and all the superiors of the Salesian Congregation were gathered round the bed of their dying Father. Don Rua, his Vicar General, bent over the bed and begged him to bless once more all those who were so dear to him. The dying man raised his left hand—the right was paralyzed—and tried to bless them with it. At 3 a.m., a telegram arrived bringing a last blessing from the Holy Father. Then for an hour Don Bosco seemed quite unconscious. Soon after four, the bells of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians rang out the Angelus. At their sound Don Bosco seemed to awake: he opened his eyes and looked at those who were around; then a heavenly smile came upon his lips, and he expired gently in the peace of the Lord.

The holy remains were exposed in the first church built at the Oratory, and during the whole of Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st the people of Turin came in crowds to pray round the body of him who for so many years had been the chief glory of their city. On Feb. 2nd, the Requiem Mass was sung by Mgr. Cagliero in the Church of Our

Lady Help of Christians. It had been hoped that it would have been possible to bury Don Bosco in the crypt of the church; but notwithstanding petitions presented by persons of high position, backed by the wishes of the whole people of Turin, the Italian Government refused to grant the necessary authorisation. The funeral took place, therefore in the afternoon, at the Salesian Foreign Missionary Seminary at Valsalice, just outside Turin, and a hundred thousand people followed in the funeral procession. The children whom he had loved so much were not wanting, and thousands of boys and young men followed their great benefactor with tears in their eyes, and prayers on their lips.

Don Bosco is no longer in the world to encourage men by his words and lead them on to the love of the poor and neglected. But his name and example will live for ever; and he will be remembered in the Church as a great servant of God raised up providentially in our own time to do a work the most urgent and pressing that can be conceived, the saving of poor children from loss of faith and virtue. His work lives after him; and the Salesians will go on walking in his steps, helped more powerfully than ever by their Father now that, as we have good reason to believe, he is in presence of that Divine Master Whom he loved so well and served so faithfully during his long life on earth.

St. Columba,

Apostle of Scotland.

(521–597.)

BY THE REV. JOHN GOLDEN.

For three centuries after the time of St. Patrick, the ancient Irish Church was fruitful of saints and scholars. Animated with the apostolic spirit of St. Patrick, her zealous missionaries carried to most of the European nations the glad tidings of the Gospel, and became, abroad, the founders and patrons of numerous churches. "The face of the whole island," says Alzog, "was changed. A nation that but a few short years before had been shrouded in the darkness of paganism, was suddenly illuminated by the pure rays of Divine truth. Churches and chapels, monasteries and convents, schools and colleges, covered the land, and from hill and valley one song of thanksgiving went up to the throne of God; and thus Erin became the Island of Saints, the home and refuge of learning and holiness, and the nursery whence missionaries went forth to carry the light of the faith to the nations of the European continent. Her seats of learning, her monasteries and nunneries, and her charitable institutions were unsurpassed, either in number or excellence, by those of any nation of the world. Her

children preserved the faith as pure and entire as it came from the lips of her Apostle; heresy and schism were unknown to them; and loyalty to the successor of St. Peter was one of their most distinguishing characteristics. They have remained faithful and attached to the Supreme Head of the Church with unvarying uniformity, amid every vicissitude of fortune, from the days of St. Patrick to our own; and there is every indication that their fidelity to the Vicar of Christ will be as unbroken and cordial in the future as it has been in the past."

In the foremost rank of Erin's noblest sons was the great Columba, or Columbkille, whose baptismal name was Crimthain. The cherished name Columbkille, or "Dove of the Churches," was given him, even in early years because of the zeal he displayed in founding churches and abbeys. By this dear name his memory is for ever embalmed in the hearts of the people. After St. Patrick and St. Bridget, Columba holds the next place in the affections of the Irish race. He is a saint whose character is at once remarkable and fascinating. His royal descent; his shining talents as poet, priest, and statesman; his unselfish mode of life; his unwearied labours in Erin and Alba (or Scotland); and the glorious death that crowned his career—all contribute to throw a halo of sweetness and glory around the name of him who was the prince of Irish missionaries, and to enshrine it for ever in the memory of men. As years roll on and are lost in the abyss of eternity, the children of the Church recount his deeds, invoke his fond and potent name, and dedicate temples to the living God under his patronage.

Born at Gartan, amid the picturesque wilds of Donegal, on 7 December, 521, St. Columba closed his beautiful life in his own monastic church of Iona, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, 597. "This Saint," observes the learned Macgeoghegan,* "was of the royal race, having been descended in the fourth degree from the monarch Niall

* *History of Ireland*, p. 171, ed. 1869.

the Great, by his son Connall Gulban, Prince of Tyrconnell and chief of the noble tribe of the O'Donnels." Besides his kinship with the ruling princes of the North of Ireland and the West of Scotland, he was also closely allied in blood with the royal family of Leinster, his mother, Eithne, being a Leinster princess.

The princely Crimthain, graceful of mien and of lofty and dignified stature, was offered the crown of his native province in 544. But because his generous mind had risen superior to perishable honours, he preferred the cowl to the diadem. Beside the excellence of this brave choice the lustre of his high lineage grows dim, and it is in the character of monk and priest and apostle that he stands so prominent and so revered in history.

From his early youth, his deeply religious mind was aglow for the interests of Holy Church ; and thirsting for the acquisition of knowledge he placed himself under the ablest masters of the time. His own island home furnished men and institutions capable of satisfying his highest aspirations in the pursuit of science, religious and secular. From his first instructor, the priest who baptized him, he passed to higher schools, and we find him under Berchan of Glasnevin, near Dublin ; later on, the pupil of St. Finian at Moville, on the picturesque borders of Strangford Lough, in Down ; then in the island schools of the West ; and, finally, at famous Clonard on the Boyne. Deacon when leaving Moville, Columba was ordained priest at Clonard, which was ruled by another St Finian, and which, at one time, numbered three thousand monks.

The gift of prophecy began to manifest itself on the day of his arrival at Clonard. Having asked the Abbot Finian where he should erect his hut, he got the answer; "At the door of the church." The monastery was then young, limited in extent, and humble in pretensions. Columba, however, seeing in vision the future expansion of the place, erected his lowly abode at a considerable distance from the spot assigned him. "You have not followed my directions," said the founder of Clonard, "that spot is not at the

door." "True," replied Columba, "but the door will be at this place hereafter." The prediction was verified. Clonard's fame soon attracted thousands of students, and the door opened at Columba's cell. The spirit of prophecy accompanied him all his life.

Under St. Finian, "a doctor of wisdom, and tutor of the saints of Ireland in his time," Columba enjoyed the intimate friendship of many illustrious men. He had beloved companions in St. Kieran, who became the founder of celebrated Clonmacnois, on the Shannon; in St. Comgall of Bangor, near Carrigfergus, "a place truly holy," says St. Bernard, "and fruitful in saints, most plentifully producing fruit to God;" in St. Canice, from whom Kilkenny derives its honoured name; in St. Kevin of Glendalough, a spot charming for its natural scenery, its round tower, and seven churches; in the two Saints Brendan, the one of Birr and the other of Clonfert; and in many others, who were ornaments of the Church and whose names are in eternal memory. Of these and other fellow-students brilliant, indeed, were the attainments; but St. Columba is reported to have been awarded with universal acclaim, the highest prize in every school which his presence graced. The "white angels" often seen by his side, and repeatedly mentioned in his life, added a lustre to his fame, and made his companions regard him with sentiments of religious awe.

Professor O'Curry relates a charming anecdote of St. Columba's confidence in God. When he was a student on the banks of the Tolka, near Dublin, the church stood on one side of the river, the huts of the pupils on the other. It happened on a certain night that, when the church bell rang out for matins, the river had become frozen over. But Columba passed safely through it, exciting the surprise and the admiration of the Abbot. "Bravely hast thou acted, O descendant of Niall," said the Abbot. "God is omnipotent," replied Columba, "to relieve us of this difficulty." The pupils, on their return after matins, to their amazement and delight found all their huts transported from the west to the east bank of

the Tolka, beside the church. No wonder the fame of St. Columba rapidly spread, and that he was regarded as a favourite of heaven. Remembered well and oft-repeated were the words of the angel, in vision, to his venerable parent before his birth: "Thou art about to become the mother of a son who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country."

Truly marvellous was the zeal St. Columba displayed in founding and regulating monastic institutions, with their churches and noble halls of learning. Historians attribute to him as many as one hundred in Ireland, though he left its shores in the forty-second year of his age, while in the prime of manly vigour. Ullidia, now Ulster, and Sligo, Roscommon and Meath, were chiefly the scenes of his astonishing activity. Foremost among his monasteries were Derry, his "beautiful Derry," called by Venerable Bede "a noble monastery," on Lough Foyle, established in 546; Durrow in the King's County in 550; and Kells in Meath, in the same year. Kells was dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and was "celebrated for its manuscripts, among which was Columba's book of the Four Gospels, adorned with gold and precious stones." The Four Masters style this book "the chief relic of the western world, even as regarded its shrines of human workmanship." O'Curry, who had examined it in Trinity College, Dublin, describes it with admiration. "The purity and brilliancy of the green, the blue, the crimson, the scarlet, the yellow, like the penmanship stand perhaps unrivalled, and can only be realized by an actual examination of this very beautiful manuscript itself." And this marvellous illumination and penmanship were the loving work of Columba's pen. The abbey of Arran amid the western waves, Boyle in Roscommon, Swords, Raphoe, Tory Island, and Drumcliff, were also his foundations, taking their rank as nurseries for the priesthood of Erin; for missionaries destined to carry abroad the torch of religion and science: and for the laity of all conditions. Rich endowments in land, be-

stowed by princes and chieftains, and skilfully tilled by monks, enabled the monasteries of Erin to grant free education, food, raiment, and books to the thousands who flocked to their halls. The monastic schools of the island, for two or three centuries, were regarded by all Christians as the chief centres of education. Touching this subject, the learned author of the *Ages of Faith* writes as follows : "In the fifth and sixth centuries, amidst the dreadful shock of the fall of the Roman Empire and the desolation of Europe by the barbarous hordes, Ireland, from its situation, as Baron Cuvier remarks, being at a distance from the ruin, became the asylum of learning, and monks from Ireland then proceeded to carry back the torch to the devastated regions of Gaul and Germany." The Rev. William Waterworth, S.J., an Englishman, testifies that six thousand scholars received education at the same time at the College of Lismore; seven thousand at Armagh, where there was a "Saxon quarter;" and more than sixty thousand of his countrymen received in Mayo, at various periods, "the knowledge which England could not communicate to them." Among other men of note who graduated in ancient Erin, were Alfred, King of the Northumbrians, Dagobert II., King of Austrasia, and Willibrord, an Englishman, who became Archbishop of Utrecht and Apostle of the Batavians and Frieslanders.

A poet in Celtic and Latin, St. Columba composed admirable poems on various occasions. His hymn on St. Bridget, "the Mary of Ireland," proves that the Catholic practice of supplicating the saints was customary in his time. The translation of the poem runs as follows:

Bridget the good and the virgin,
Bridget, our torch and our sun,
Bridget, radiant and unseen,
May she lead us to the eternal kingdom,
May Bridget defend us
Against all the troops of hell,
And all the adversaries of life.
May she beat them down before us.
All the ill-movements of the flesh,

This pure virgin whom we love,
Worthy of honour without end,
May she extinguish in us.
Yes, she shall always be our safeguard,
Dear Saint of Lagenia;
After Patrick she comes the first,
The pillar of the land.
When old age comes upon us,
May she be to us as the shirt of hair;
May she fill us with grace,
May Bridget protect us.

Great indeed, was St. Columba's devotion to this "dear Saint of Lagenia." or Leinster, and implicit his confidence in her intercession. She died in 525, only four years after the birth of Columba, whose poem in her praise was composed in 560. The beautiful poem, descriptive of the virtue of the "excellent seven" disciples, to whom he assigned the government of Durrow, shows the benevolence of his heart, the affectionate regard in which he held his disciples, and the secure confidence which he reposed in them. Among them was Cormac, the bosom friend of St. Columba, his dear companion in many labours and travels, whom he subsequently greeted in Alba as "Cormac of aspect bright," who had come to him across the sea "upon a visit, upon a pilgrimage;" "Cormac, the devout cleric," for whom "the soft-toned bell rang here at Catamæl's city;" "Cormac, son of the noble-faced Dima, whose face was pleasant, and who was the champion of heaven and earth;" "Collan of the noble heart," and others he names in order as the "seven pillars" of the monastery of Durrow.

While in Ireland St. Columba travelled much in quest of knowledge and of books. He is said to have transcribed 300 copies of the Gospels and the Psalms. To refuse him the loan of books was a dangerous experiment. There is an ancient legend to the effect that a holy and learned recluse of Ossory, Longarad by name, would not allow St. Columba to examine his books. Indignant at the refusal of "Longarad of the white legs," Columba exclaimed: "May thy books no longer do

thee any good, neither to thee nor to those who come after thee, since thou takest occasion by them to show thy inhospitality." When the venerable hermit had been numbered with his fathers, the curse fell upon his books, and "no man could read them," as the legend runs. Be this as it may, St. Columba was of a very ardent temperament, and had a very live-long passion for reading and multiplying books. According to several historians of high repute there was one remarkable instance wherin his passion for valuable manuscripts brought on him a train of events, stirring and serious. This brings us to the history of the "Cathac" or Fighter, which served to shape his after destiny.

In St. Columba's 39th year, while visiting at Clonard, he secretly made a copy of a beautiful book of the Psalms kept by the Abbot Finian in the abbey church. The venerable abbot soon discovered the fact and demanded the copy as his right. The book had cost Columba many a sleepless night and he stoutly refused to surrender it. Unable to agree, the disputants appealed to Diarmaid, the chief King of Ireland. "To every cow belongeth her calf," was the judgement of Tara's King. Sorely grieved at the loss of his copy, which he was obliged to surrender to his old master, he boldly exclaimed: "This is an unjust decision, O Diarmaid, and I will be avenged!" The breach ensuing therefrom was further intensified by another incident. In violation of the right of sanctuary attaching to the person of Columba, the King tore from his arms a prince of Connaught and put him to death. The prince whilst at play on the broard plains of Tara had accidently killed a nobleman. Fearing serious results he fled for protection to the arms of Columba. But to no purpose. Moreover, St. Columba was placed in durance by order of the monarch; but the "white angels" were his guardians. Having miraculously escaped from Tara, where his life was threatened, he directed his lonely footsteps to his kinsmen in distant Tyrconnell. On his journey, and while in the midst of bleak and lonely mountains, he poured forth his noble

"Song of Trust," inspired by angels. An English version of this pathetic poem runs as follows:

Alone am I on the mountain;
O royal sun, prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.
Were I guarded by six thousand,
Though they might defend my skin,
When the hour of death is fixed,
Were I guarded by six thousand,
In no fortress could I be safe.
Even in a church the wicked are slain,
Even in an isle amidst a lake;
But God's elect are safe
Even in the front of battle.
No man can kill me before my day,
Even had we closed in combat;
And no man can save my life
When the hour of death has come.

My life;
As God pleases let it be;
Naught can be taken from it,
Naught can be added to it;
The lot which God hath given
Ere a man dies must be lived out.
He who seeks more, were he a prince,
Shall not a mite obtain.
A guard!
A guard may guide him on his way,
But can they, can they guard
Against the touch of death?
Forget thy property awhile;
Let us think of the world's hospitality,
The Son of Mary will prosper thee
And every guest shall have his share.

Many a time
What is spent returns to the bounteous hand,
And that which is kept back
Not the less has passed away.
O living God!
Alas for him who evil works!
That which he thinks not of comes to him,
That which he hopes vanishes out of his hand.

*

There is no sreod that can tell our fate,
Nor bird upon the branch,
Nor trunk of gnarled oak.
Better is He in whom we trust,
The King who has made us all,
Who will not leave me to-night without refuge.

I adore not the voice of birds,
Nor chance, nor the love of son or wife.
My Druid is Christ the Son of God,
The Son of Mary, the great Abbot,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
My lands are with the King of Kings,
My Order at Kells and at Moone.

The illustrious Count Montalembert mentions the "Song of Trust," "which," he remarks, "has been preserved to us, and which may be reckoned among the most authentic relics of the ancient Irish tongue."

With the utmost enthusiasm his kinsmen hailed his safe arrival. But the story of his sufferings awoke in their breasts feelings of amazement and indignation. The "Dove of the Churches," the idol of the people, must be avenged. To arms flew the Prince and chieftains of Ullidia, to arms the King of Connaught, as their willing ally. Most decisive was the victory they won at Cooldreoney, near Sligo, against the King of Tara, with his famous national militia. "Three thousand was the number that fell of Diarmaid's people. One man only fell on the other side," say the Annals of the Four Masters. At this great battle, fought in 561, St Columba was not only present, but prayed with all the energy of his ardent soul for the success of his kinsmen. Like another Moses, his hands were sustained uplifted in supplication until the enemy was utterly and hopelessly driven from the field. If Columba had sought to be avenged, his feelings were now satisfied. His persecutor was forced to seek safety in flight to Tara. But Columba's victory will soon cost him tears and sorrow and exile, to be followed by the grandest chapter of his eventful life.

At Teilte, now Teltown, in Meath, there is a great gathering together of the prelates and abbots of Erin.

The question for debate in this solemn synod is St. Columba's conduct respecting the civil strife, whereof he is alleged to have been the chief cause. His condemnation seems to have been a foregone conclusion, as the fathers, without awaiting his arrival and defence, pronounced against him the high sentence of excommunication. When, however, the valiant "descendant of Niall" approached the synod, the great abbot of Birr, St. Brendan, ran to throw himself upon his neck and give him the kiss of peace. "How can you give the kiss of peace to an excommunicated man?" exclaimed the fathers. "You would do as I have done," replied the fearless Brendan, "had you seen what I see—a pillar of fire which goes before him and the angels that accompany him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to an eternal life." St. Brendan's pleading was successful. The sentence was immediately withdrawn. But the Synod enjoined as penance, that Columba should convert to God as many unbelievers as Christians had perished in battle. The high-souled Columba was moved with profound sorrow. Deeply and sincerely did he repent the loss of so many lives. Grace touched his sensitive heart and found there a ready response. To go in quest of the best masters of the spiritual life became now his settled purpose.

In the Queen's County, at Kilabban, lived a recluse, Abban by name, and greatly revered for his years and remarkable austerity of life. He was the son of Cormac, King of Leinster. An ancedote of much interest respecting this saint and Gobban Sáer, the famous "church builder," runs as follows: "There was a distinguished builder residing near St. Abban, and Gobban Sáer was his name. And it was his constant occupation to do the work of the saints . . . until at length he had lost his sight because of the displeasure of the saints on account of his dearness and the greatness of his charge. St. Abban went to ask him to build a church for him. Gobban told him that it was not possible because of his being blind. St. Abban

replied, 'You shall get your sight while you are doing the work, and it shall go from you again when you have finished the work.' And so it was done, and the name of God and of St. Abban were magnified by this." Dr. Petrie regards as probable that Gobban was the builder of some of the round towers of Ireland.

The venerable recluse of Kilabban afforded St. Columba the most heart-felt relief, by assuring him that the souls of those fallen at Cooldreoney enjoyed eternal repose. This assurance assuaged the grief and calmed the fears of our Saint, respecting the victims for whom he held himself responsible. But his future destinies are to be shaped by the advice of another saintly man. Accordingly, we find him in consultation with St. Molaise, Prior of Devenish Abbey, in Loch Erne, a monk distinguished for knowledge of the Scriptures. The decision of the Synod of Teltown St. Molaise confirms, adding thereto a sentence which required all the fortitude of a saint to obey—that of perpetual exile! To his native soil and kindred; to the great bardic order, whereof he was a bright ornament; to the numerous and flourshing foundations which owed to him their existence; to all he cherished and held most dear on earth he must now bid adieu! But the brave hearted Columba is equal to the great trial. The power of grace subdues nature; and, fortified by Him in whom St. Paul could do all things, the future Apostle of Caledonia exclaims: "What you, O Malaise, have commanded shall be done." Taking as his model Abraham's obedience, he resolved to leave kindred and country, and the promise God made to Abraham, "I will make of thee a great nation," was in him fulfilled. A chosen band of disciples, corresponding to the number of the Apostles, volunteered to accompany their beloved master. Principal among them was St. Mochanna, son of the King of Ullidia. Alba, wild home of the heathen Picts, is their destination, and the scene of their future triumphs. In his forty-second year and in the prime of vigorous manhood, St. Columba, with his twelve disciples, set sail from the land of his affections. The frail skiff, having

braved the perils of the deep, landed these heroic men on the bleak shores of an island, off the coast of Argyle. Hy, or Iona, is its name. No shelter here for the "exiles of Erin," no traces of civilization. But Connal, prince of the Irish Colony of Argyle and the Isles, kinsman also of St. Columba, made him a grant for ever of Iona. Rude huts were at once erected; but these, in after years, were replaced by stately monastic buildings; and like the mustard seed in the Gospel, Iona grew into a fair and flourishing tree. It became the sun from which radiated light that illumined all around; the centre of religion and civilization to Alba and the north of Britain; the grand picture which rose in Dr. Johnson's mind, when he described it as "that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion;" and the celebrated school which "became," in the words of Father Burke, "the great mother and fountain-head of the great monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, to Christianize all Scotland and the northern parts of England." The date of St. Columba's landing on Iona is A.D. 563, and its brightest era continued up to the ninth century, when the Norsemen began to check, but failed to destroy, its usefulness.

The Irish colony of Argyle was, for the most part, Christian, but sadly in need of priests and discipline. Beyond the rude Grampians, in the north-eastern provinces, were the war-like Picts, unconquered by Rome and strangers to the Gospel. The remaining thirty-four years of his life, Columba spent among both nations. Those whom Roman generals failed to conquer by the sword, were reached by our Saint and subdued to the sweet yoke of Christ. Against Pict and Scot were built walls of great strength to imprison them in their fastnesses. Agricola and others failed to subdue them to the Roman Eagle; but Columba succeeded in bringing them under the Standard of Christ, and under the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. Into the waste places he

wandered, bearing with him the glad tidings of salvation, and everywhere winning souls and planting the Cross of his crucified Master. His perils and labours were great, but his victory was signal and complete.

The strongest fortress of the Picts stood on a bold rock, commanding the entrance to Loch Ness, and was occupied by Brude, their King. When this "powerful prince," as Venerable Bede styles him, heard of Columba's approach, he rudely barred the gates against the messenger of God. Nothing daunted at this hostile reception, the Apostle and his companions prayed aloud and chanted the psalms of David. As the standard of the Cross advanced, the chant was heard by the King, and the gates were thrown open. The power of prayer is wielded by Columba to good effect, Brude's hostility is disarmed, and the Cross prevails. The powerful prince, if not converted, becomes henceforward the friend and protector of the apostle. The victory of Columba at Ness resembles the victory of Patrick at Tara. Each was the successful opening of a grand campaign, each the prelude of many victories. The Druids, proud of their influence and celebrated Order offered stout resistance everywhere; but were defeated all along the line.

Convinced by the arguments and the miracles of the Apostle, the tribes all around submitted, were baptized, and enrolled as members of the great Christian family, and the Supreme Pontiff rejoiced in this latest conquest of the Cross. Columba and his companions were indefatigable. Everywhere they preached, instructed, and baptized; everywhere they planted churches and schools, and everywhere their preaching was confirmed by miracles. The islands round were evangelized in turn. The Orkneys and Shetland on the north-east, the Hebrides on the west, and the Faroes on the north, heard and accepted the Gospel. Even on distant Iceland, missions were established and the Cross of the Redeemer, was planted. Even within the life-time of its great founder, Iona was able to send forth missionaries to the kingdom of Northumbria, to the Isle

of Man, and to south Britain. It had its fleet of boats to visit the various groups of islands and make their way up the bays. With Cormac, the most skilled and daring of the monk-navigators, the venerable Abbot traversed the sombre gulfs and straits, regardless of danger and unsparing of toil. Over schools and churches and monasteries he placed monks trained in the mother-house, and filled with zeal like their master. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord," was heard and obeyed. Nor were the temporal interests of the people neglected. Agriculture, navigation, and the various other sciences of the age, were taught to a people hitherto unacquainted with them. Religion and civilization have ever gone hand in hand.

In St. Columba's time lived St. Kentigern, or Mungo, "the lovable," Bishop of Glasgow, and apostle of the region between that city and Liverpool. Born at Culross in 516, and of noble Pictish extraction, he closed a glorious and eventful career in A.D. 601. The Pelagian heresy had perverted the few, Welsh and Picts, who had been Christians in this district before his time. St. Mungo's preaching defeated this deadly heresy. Being forced by a wicked prince, Morcant by name, to seek refuge in exile, he spent some years with St. David at Menevia. Prince Roderick, the "bountiful," having returned from exile in Ireland, on the death of his persecutor Morcant, recalled St. Mungo to his bereaved flock. Between Saints Kentigern and Columba there existed a most intimate and cordial friendship. When they met in conference at Glasgow, they made an interchange of pastoral crosses, in token of mutual charity and goodwill. On another occasion, when they met at Dunkeld Abbey, founded by St. Columba, they cheered each other by a prolonged sojourn of six months. The noble example of those high-souled apostles was copied by their disciples, who frequently met in the discharge of their sacred calling; and it edified the people.

In 449, at the invitation of Vortern, a British prince, two Saxon brothers, who are familiar to us by the names of Hengist and Horsa, landed on the coast of Kent.

Soon the pagan strangers, fierce, warlike, and godless, waged a relentless persecution against the British Christians. The death-knell of the Church had sounded when the last of the British Bishops, those of York and London, took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Wales. This occurred in 586, and the disaster was complete. "Almost every trace of Christianity," writes Alzog, "disappeared from those portions of the country occupied by the Anglo-Saxons, and a rude idolatry, possessing none of the graceful features of comparative purity which characterized the worship of the ancient Celts, was substituted in its stead." Persecution raged until the offices of the Church ceased to be celebrated. The Venerable Bede testifies that the work of Saints Paulinus and Ninian, in Northumbria and beyond the Tweed, had been ruined by the victorious pagans, when Iona sent Aidan and Colman and Fintan, and many others to re-establish the faith. The pious Oswald, thoroughly instructed in the tenets of Christianity by the fathers of Iona during his exile, now in possession of his rightful throne, invited the monks of the North and received a ready response. Then was witnessed a spectacle, unique as it was edifying—a king interpreting the instructions and sermons of bishops and priests. Oswald, who had acquired a competent knowledge of the Celtic at Iona, translated the discourses of the fathers into Saxon, his mother tongue. The children of Iona, aided by recruits from Ireland, prosecuted the work of evangelization with the utmost vigour and the most eminent success. The glories of Lindisfarne, founded by St. Aidan, will never fade from the annals of Christianity. Lindisfarne became to Britain what Iona was to Caledonia, the great fountain-head of religion and civilization Thus did the fair tree of Iona spread its flourishing branches far and wide, even after he who had planted and watered it, had gone to his blissful reward.

In 590, Aedh or Hugh, chief king of Ireland, convened a National Synod at Dromceat, Co. Derry. At

that great assembly of states attended kings and chieftains, bishops and abbots. St. Columba and Aidan, King of Argyle, with a brilliant train of churchmen and laics, came to "the hill of meeting." Two questions, deeply interesting to Columba, were to be debated at this parliament. One had reference to the powerful order of the bards; the other, the claim of the mother country to impose taxation on the transmarine colony. The bards, now too numerous, had abused their influence and excited against themselves strong feelings of indignation. Certain destruction awaited them, had not St. Columba come to their rescue. In him, a born poet, they found an advocate, earnest, eloquent, and victorious. An order so ancient and renowned he would not allow to be destroyed, but he brought about a wholesome reformation. A new and enlightened code of laws, drawn up by himself, was adopted by the assembly, and received by the bards with the utmost gratitude. "The doctors or master-singers," writes McGee,* "were prohibited from wandering from place to place; they were assigned residence with chiefs and princes; their losel attendants were turned over to honest pursuits; and thus a great danger was averted, and one of the most essential of the Celtic institutions, being reformed and regulated, was preserved."

A federal alliance had subsisted between the Scoto-Irish colony and the mother country. King Hugh, dissatisfied with this, sought to tax the colony, and threatened armed force. Here also Columba's intervention was most fruitful of beneficial results. His arguments prevailed; the King renounced his pretensions; and a cordial relationship of mutual assistance against Saxon, Dane, and Norseman, was established between the two nations, and continued unbroken for centuries after. Besides the political aspect of this alliance, it had also a most beneficial effect on religion. A lasting friendship was cemented between the saints and scholars of Erin and Alba; and Irish missionaries aided very

* *History of Ireland*, p. 34.

materially in developing the institutions of the colony, and in conveying the blessings of religion to every portion of Scotland and the northern provinces of England. This result, so eminently beneficial to the interests of the Church, was effected by the enlightened statesmanship of St. Columba.

In 574 died Connal, Prince of Argyle, a kinsman and generous benefactor of St. Columba. The solemn consecration of his successor, Aidan, is said to be the first authentic instance in the West. The ceremony was performed by Columba on the "Lia Fail," or Stone of Fate. The Stone of Destiny, translated first to Dunstaffnage Castle, opposite Iona, afterwards to the Abbey of Scone, near Perth, continued to be used for long generations after by the Scoto-Irish Kings at their coronation. The same venerable relic, transferred by the first Edward to Westminster Abbey, rests there still under the coronation chair.

Under Aidan's prosperous rule, the Church enjoyed peace and freedom. A king at once powerful and peaceful, he lent the force of his authority to the extension and protection of religion. He bestowed on Columba many valuable endowments for religious and educational purposes; and between the King and the Abbot there existed the most cordial friendship. The Abbot blessed his arms and secured him victories the most signal, when he led his troops to check the raids and punish the insolence of the pagan Saxons. Defeated and dispersed by Aidan, they never after, during his reign, molested his kingdom. Nine years after the death of Iona's sage, the pious monarch closed, in 606, a career fruitful of splendid results to the Church and State. He was one of the most worthy and distinguished of the long line of Scoto-Irish Kings, the male issue whereof became extinct only with the death of Alexander III. in 1283.

The numerous monasteries established by St. Columba, whether in Erin or in Alba, acknowledged his jurisdiction and were subject to him. Moreover, so great was the influence he wielded that, whereas he was only a priest

himself, he exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the bishops of the province subject to Iona. "The island," says Venerable Bede, "was always accustomed to be under the guidance of an abbot and an elder, to whose rule the entire province and the bishops, a thing so unusual, should be subject." And so profound was the veneration for his memory that his successors, long after his death, were permitted to enjoy this singular privilege. The Columban Rule, a monument of his great genius, was religiously observed in the numerous institutions which he and his successors established. Our Saint was also the author of several excellent works, among them a beautiful composition on St. Kieran of Clonmacnois. He composed hymns in Celtic and in Latin, dealing with the great mysteries of God and religion. The last of his works was a life of St. Patrick. Commentators distinguished by talent, research, and ripe scholarship, linger over his compositions, prose and poetic, with pious veneration, admiring their elevation and breadth of thought.

Any life of St. Columba would be incomplete without some reference to the great and abiding love he cherished for the land of his birth. This was with him an absorbing sentiment, a life long passion. From his beach of exile, often did he cast a wistful gaze towards the land of his affections. He writes, "My sad heart ever bleeds. There is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin, nor her sons, nor her daughters. I look over the sea, and great tears are in my eye." In another place he writes: "Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Alba." Comparing the two nations, he calls Alba "the land of ravens;" whereas in Erin "the song of the birds is so sweet; and the monks sing like the birds; the young are so gentle, and the old so wise; the men are so noble and the women so fair." He laments his "Irish oak-groves," around which the "white angels" hovered. "Young traveller," he exclaims to a monk revisiting Ireland, "take my heart with thee, and my blessing. Carry my blessing across the sea. If death should come

upon me suddenly, it will be because of my great love of the Gael." The birds that winged their weary flight across, he took up tenderly, caressed and fed, until they were able to return to sweet Ireland, where they were born. This is enough to show the esteem in which he held the land of his nativity, and the ardent longings of his heart after it. A great consolation was vouchsafed to Columba in a vision, and he foretold that, long years after his death, his remains should be conveyed across the sea and deposited in the same tomb with Saints Patrick and Bridget. "They shall bury me first in Iona; but by the will of the living God it is in Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and Bridget the spotless—three bodies in one grave." And so it happened.

Deeply as he loved his native land, Columba was satisfied with his cell of exile, his stone pillar, his meagre food, his almost superhuman labour and austerities. It was when Jacob had his head on a stone pillow, that he beheld the ladder of angels. It was amidst his severe penances in his cells of retirement, that Columba was favoured with mysterious visions. Away in the lonely isles of Eigg, Himba, and Skye, he used to spend weeks together in holy retreat. The "white angels" were not absent from his sequestered cell; and through their agency he saw his "kinswoman down yonder in Ireland" in imminent danger of death. He poured out his loving soul in prayer till the danger was past, and thereupon exclaimed: "She is delivered! The Lord Jesus, who deigned to be born of a woman, has come to her aid." His timely prayers rescued the monks from perils, and they, on their return, thanked their dear Father for his goodness to them.

He had the gift of seeing men's souls—how they stood before God. On one occasion he foretold to his brethren the immediate arrival of a Pictish chief, who was very aged, who had preserved intact the laws of nature, and was now coming to receive the grace of faith and baptism, after which would follow a happy death. Soon the skiff arrived, the chief came ashore,

and all else happened as foretold. He rescued from death the youthful Prince Hector, and prophesied his future greatness. Like all great saints, to himself he was severely austere; to others, kind and condescending. The pain and sorrow of others filled him with sympathy. His splendid gifts of head and heart he devoted to the service of God and the benefit of his fellow-men. His active charity was ever on the alert to discover new methods of extending the domain of religion and of promoting the welfare of the people. He made frequent visits among the Picts and Scots, to console, instruct and fortify them, and to satisfy himself regarding the efficiency of the institutions he had established everywhere. Pict and Scot hailed him with the utmost enthusiasm, regarding him as an angel in human form. His shining virtues won the admiration of all men; for he rejoiced with them that rejoiced, and wept with them that wept. Within the wide range of his apostolic labours, there was left no spot that did not experience the humanizing influence of his wonderful life. To him may be applied those beautiful words of St. Bernard: "A voice of joy hath sounded in our land; a voice of exultation and safety in the tents of sinners."

In the thirtieth year of his apostleship and exile, while wrapt in prayer, a celestial light was seen round him. At first joy, and then sadness, appeared in his countenance. The monks, in tears and sorrow, anxiously besought their Abbot to reveal the secrets he had seen. Let the Saint himself explain the reasons of his joy and sadness. "Dear children, I do not wish to afflict you; but it is thirty years to-day since I began my pilgrimage in Caledonia. I have long prayed to God to let my exile end with this thirtieth year and to call me to the heavenly country. When you saw me so joyous, it was because I could already see the angels who had come to seek my soul. But all at once they stopped short down there upon that rock at the farthest limits of the sea which surrounds our island, as if they would approach to take me and could not. And, in truth, they could not, because the Lord had paid less

regard to my ardent prayer than to that of the many churches which have prayed for me, which have obtained, against my will, that I should still dwell in the body for four years more. This is the reason of my sadness. But in four years I shall die without being sick. In four years, I know and see it, they will come back, these holy angels, and I shall take my flight with them towards the Lord."

His death, at the close of the "four years more," verified the Abbot's prediction. Standing on a hill, and directing his gaze the last time towards the West, he sent his blessing across the blue waves to the land of his birth and early labours. He next imparted his loving benediction to his dear Iona, and prophesied for it long years of honour and usefulness. Diarmaid, a devoted attendant, witnessed the outpouring of prayer and prophecy. Dermot's tears drew from his master the touching words; "This very night I shall enter into the path of my fathers. Thou weepest, Diarmaid, but console thyself. It is my Lord Jesus who deigns to visit me. It is He that reveals to me that my summons shall come to-night." As St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, foretold his death at Clairvaux in 1148, while on a visit to St. Bernard, so the "Dove of Churches" predicted the hour of his release at Iona, in 597. The welcome summons found him at his favourite work—transcribing the Psalter. Stopping suddenly short, he said: "Here I stop; but what follows let Baithen write." The interruption occurred at those words of the thirty-third Psalm: "But they that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good." Having left his cell, he assisted in the church at the first Vespers on Sunday, and then returned to the monastery, where he delivered his last message to the community. From his bed of stone he spoke: "Dear children, this is what I commend with my last words. Let peace and charity always reign among you."

It is the 9th of June. The bell has called the monks to recite Matins of Sunday. The beautiful church is yet in darkness, for it is the hour of midnight. Prostrate

in deep contemplation before the high altar is the venerable Abbot. "Where are you, father?" inquired the anxious Dermot. The brethren arrive with torches, in time to receive his last benediction. The feeble hand is raised, the loving benediction is imparted, and, in the midst of his tearful children, the saintly Columba yielded up his spirit. Calm and sweet was his passage from life; and his pure soul, released from its earthly abode, winged its happy flight to the heavenly Jerusalem. Sublime end of a sublime life! "One thing," exclaimed holy David, "I have asked from the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." And so St. Columba, after having dwelt in the house of the Lord and loved its beauty here on earth, went to dwell for ever more amid the eternal tabernacles.

The relics of St. Columba were entombed in his beloved Iona. According to his own prediction, the monks alone attended at his obsequies, for a great storm prevailed until the last rites had been performed. But as places are deemed sacred in which just men are buried, so the resting-place of the Dove of Churches became the scene of pilgrimages for centuries after. Iona, the "Mother of monks, the oracle of the West for over two centuries," became also the burial-place of kings and princes, prelates and abbots. Seventy kings, from Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, found there an honoured sepulture. The living hastened from all sides to venerate the Abbot's tomb and to invoke his intercession; and the dead were brought to Iona, the most celebrated burial-place of the North.

Devotion to St. Columba spread rapidly everywhere and attained a vigorous development. The scourge, however, which afflicted the shores of Gaul, Britain and Ireland, did not spare Iona, hallowed though it was by the life and labours and burial of its saint. The fierce Norsemen, merciless pagans, directed their fury against monks and church and monastery, They plundered, desecrated, and gave to the devouring flames every shrine of religion and education.

> The arched cloisters, far and wide,
> Rang to the warrior's clanking stride.

Though the sacred places were several times sacked and the holy inmates put to the sword, yet so dear was the place that other monks were found to repeople Iona and erect afresh both church and school and cloister. But the venerated relics of St. Columba were in the ninth century conveyed by pious hands across the blue waves, and deposited in the Cathedral of Down, beside the sacred remains of St. Patrick and St. Bridget. From an old Latin poem we learn that in Down

> Three Saints one grave do fill,
> Patrick, Bridget, and Columkille.

Here his sacred relics remained for centuries. The shrine of the three beloved Saints became most famous. Thither came pilgrims from many lands, to pay their vows and obtain the grace of repentance. But a great scourge came at last. Henry VIII. and his followers had no regard for church or shrine or relics. Lord Deputy Gray, in his campaign of plunder and profanation, having robbed the venerable Cathedral of Down afterwards gave it to the flames, and demolished the shrine of the saints.